

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

September

15c

Luise Rainer

Robert
Taylor
tells his own
Real-Life Story

the Truth
about
Hollywood Diets!

MARLAND
STONE

"Well, she *finally* made the grade!"

"SO 'B.B.B.' finally put it over!" Dave, the City Editor mused. "Nice scoop for you, Clara."

"'B.B.B.'? That's a new one on me, Dave."

"Bad Breath Bertha. Society's been calling her that behind her back ever since she came out 10 years ago. You know it as well as I do."

"Better! But they can't say it any more."

"How come?"

"About a year ago I told her what her trouble was; felt sorry for her . . . suggested she use Listerine."

"And now she knocks off the prize catch of the town; you had nerve, Clara."

"She thanked me for it. She'd never have landed him but for that hint."

"Say! There's an idea there for the Advice to Women column. 'Control your Breath and you Control your Future.'"

"Not so dumb, Dave. If you met as many men and women as I do you'd realize that most of them have halitosis and never realize it."

"That's the insidious part about it, as the ads say."

"Show me a woman who's careless about her breath and I'll show you a gal that's already on the shelf."

"Right you are, Clara. My girls wouldn't think of going to a party without first using the old Listerine."

"Smart kiddies!"

"By the way, Clara, how's Listerine for that morning after taste and the old next day breath?"

"My husband says it does the trick."

"O. K., Clara, I'll give you a report Monday."

DON'T OFFEND OTHERS

There's no doubt of it; Listerine Antiseptic, with its remarkable deodorant power, is the accepted treatment for halitosis (bad breath) whether caused by excessive eating and drinking, fermenting food particles in the mouth, or decaying teeth. Use night and morning, and between times before social and business engagements.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE



Pampers her skin with costly lotions but she ignores her tender, ailing gums



How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

PAT, PAT, go her deft fingers—attending to the important business of beauty. Creams and lotions to aid her skin—a hundred brush strokes nightly for her hair—those are details she never overlooks. *And rightly so!* Yet how little they count, when her lips part in a dull and dingy smile—a smile that ruins her loveliness, destroys her charm.

Yet hers might be a smile, radiant and

captivating—but not until she learns the importance of *healthy* gums to *sound* teeth—not until she knows the meaning of—and does something about—that warning tinge of “pink” on her tooth brush!

Never Ignore “Pink Tooth Brush”

“Pink tooth brush” is only a warning. But if ever you notice it, *see your dentist*. You may not be in for serious trouble. Probably, he’ll tell you that modern soft foods are to blame—foods that deprive your gums of necessary stimulation. “More work and exercise for those tender, ailing gums” is the likely verdict

—and, very often, “the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.”

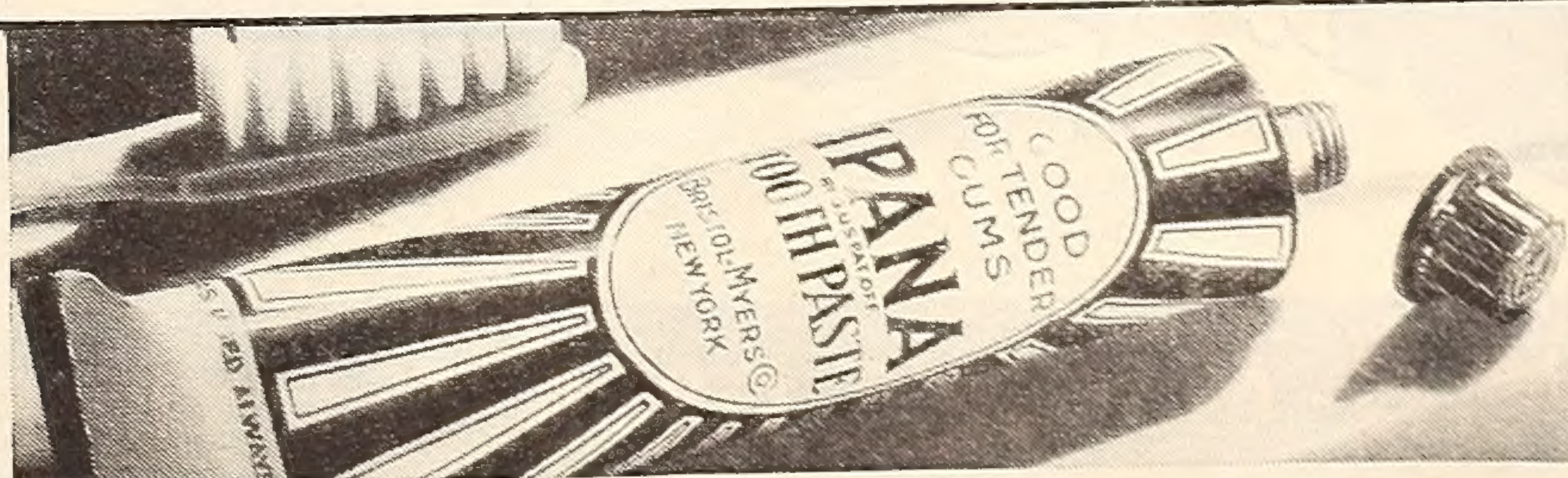
For Ipana, with massage, is designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth bright and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—gums become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Don’t wait for the warning tinge of “pink” on your tooth brush. Start today with Ipana and massage—one sensible way to a lovely smile.

LISTEN TO “Town Hall Tonight”—every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P.M., E.D.S.T.

Remember

a good tooth paste,
like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.



I P A N A
Tooth Paste

Watch THE MOVIE SKY!

Of course, the brightest lights announce great M-G-M attractions coming soon to your local theatre. Here are just a few, starting the greatest New Season Hit Festival in amusement history!



JEANETTE
MACDONALD · JONES
ALLAN
THE FIREFLY

Plus WARREN WILLIAM and Big Cast! Another grand musical romance from the producers of "Maytime"!



GRETA
GARBO · BOYER
in
MARIE WALEWSKA

A grand romantic team in a spectacular drama. Garbo as the woman who won—and lost—the heart of the great Napoleon!



WILLIAM
POWELL · LOY
in
DOUBLE WEDDING
MYRNA

That "Thin Man" couple in their gayest, brightest romping romance... Bill's an artist in love with Myrna's sister—till Myrna comes along!



JOAN
CRAWFORD · TONE
FRANCHOT
THE BRIDE WORE RED

A big star-jammed fun-fest for Joan and Franchot to gallivant through... with Reginald Owen, Robert Young and Billie Burke for extra laughs and romance!



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S GREATEST YEAR 1937-38



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

September, 1937

Vol. XXXV. No. 5

Spend a Real Day with Don Ameche

And until you've spent that day with Don, you've missed a lot of fun. Frankly, we were skeptical about Ameche, who's married and a family man, as the subject of one of our "Real Days," to follow such gay men-about-Hollywood as Bob Taylor, Clark Gable, and Tyrone Power. But now we've spent that day with Don, and read the story which resulted—and we feel safe in promising you the very best yet in SCREENLAND's exclusive series.

As a radio and screen star, Don Ameche is rapidly climbing to the top these days. As a fellow-worker in screen and radio studios, he is rated very high. But not until we read what just one "Real Day" means in his life did we fully realize just what we, and Hollywood, have in this Don Ameche. You'll want to be among the first to meet the man, get to know him, find out what he's all about. You won't be disappointed. Watch for this and other features in the October issue of The Smart Screen Magazine, on sale September 3rd.

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Cover Portrait of Luise Rainer by Marland Stone.

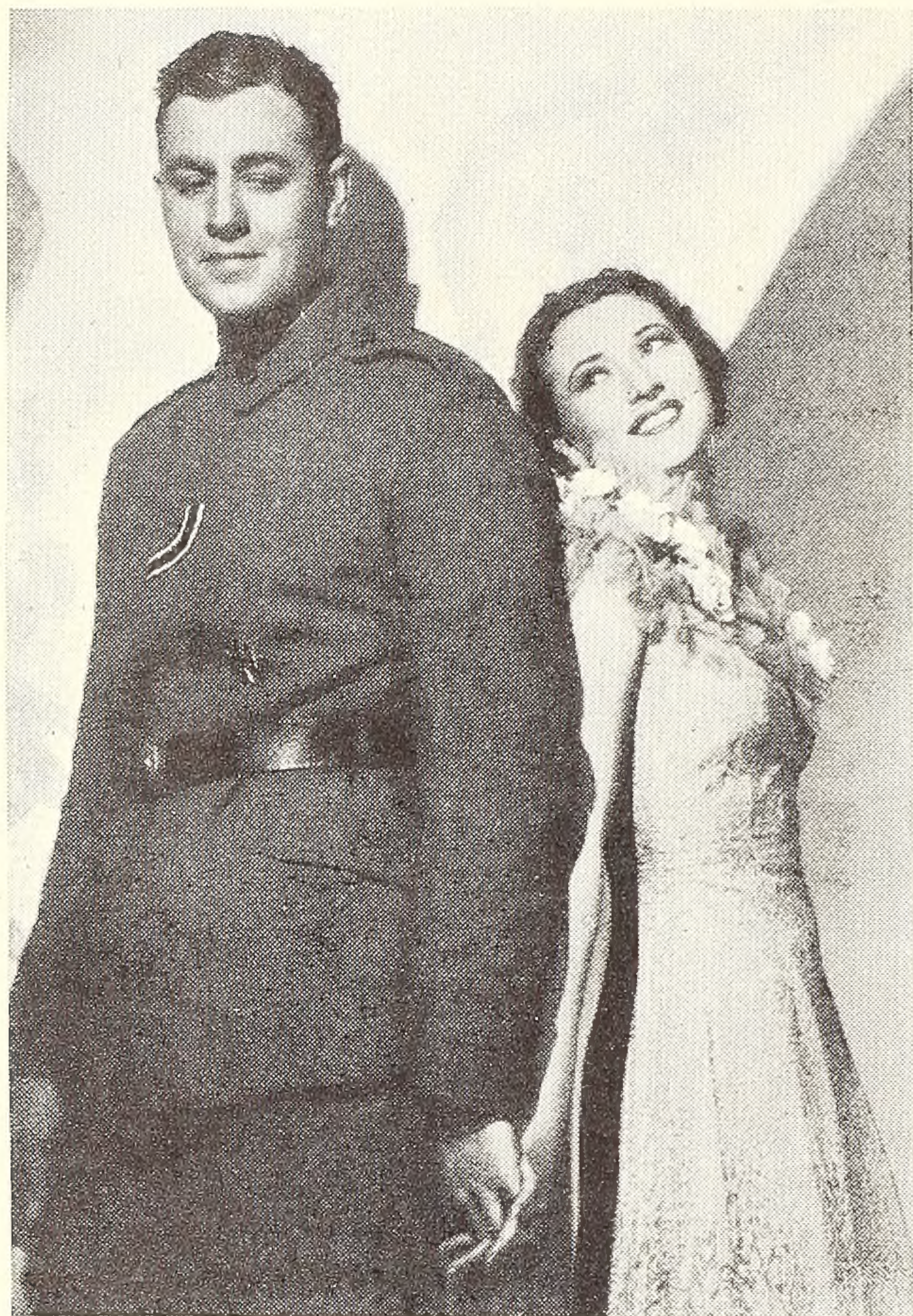
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SCREENLAND

Honor Page

Heralding John King, whose first big film, "The Road Back," is for him the highway to the Hollywood heights of fame and fortune



A comparative newcomer, John King, was selected by that great director, James Whale, to portray the leading character in "The Road Back," picturization of Erich Remarque's powerful post-war novel. King brings to his first important rôle a deep sincerity that will endear him to all audiences. Right, two close-ups. Above, in a scene with Jean Rouverol.



IT'S an old story, perhaps, but there's always a thrill in it. "Young man makes good" has particular poignancy, whether the event occurs on some Main Street or in Hollywood where rewards are highest. Now the spotlight selects John King, tall, personable, gifted young actor, and encourages him to hope for permanence in the motion picture scene. His rôle in "The Road Back" was not an easy part for an inexperienced actor to play—it required depth, conviction, imagination. That John King met the requirements may be mainly due to Whale's direction, but credit must also be given to King himself, who justified his director's faith in him and proved himself worthy of Universal's promised future exploitation of his winning personality.

**20th CENTURY-FOX GAVE IT
EVERYTHING TO GIVE YOU A
GREAT BIG SINGSATIONAL SHOW**

...hotter 'n' sweeter than "On
The Avenue" ... faster 'n'
funnier than "Sing, Baby,
Sing" ... bigger 'n' better
than "Wake Up and Live"!

**'YOU CAN'T HAVE
EVERYTHING**

ALICE FAYE

Honey lovely ...
lilting to new
hi-de-heights!

**CHARLES
WINNINGER**

Surrounded and
dumbfounded by
Hollywood's
smartest girls!

Tony MARTIN

Romantic rave of
the airwaves!

TIP, TAP & TOE

Rhythmic as rain
on the roof!

with
RITZ BROTHERS

Triple threats to gloom
... give 'em room ...
give 'em room!

LOUISE HOVICK

Bringing a new personality
to the screen!

ARTHUR TREACHER

One l-o-n-g laugh!

**LOUIS PRIMA
AND HIS BAND**

The trumpet king
at his hottest!

Don AMECHE

Your new heart-
throb...now star
of radio's big-
gest show!

RUBINOFF

and his Violin...that
talking, laughing,
tuneful fiddle!

Phyllis BROOKS

Sweetest of
tomorrow's stars!

Tyler BROOKE

Rootin', tootin'
trouping!

Darryl F. Zanuck in charge of production
Directed by Norman Taurog
Associate Producer Laurence Schwab

**TODAY'S HIT TUNES BY
MACK GORDON AND HARRY REVEL**

'Afraid To Dream'
'Danger, Love At Work'
'The Loveliness Of You'
'Please Pardon Us, We're In Love'
'You Can't Have Everything'



THE TRADEMARK THAT IS YOUR GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST IN ENTERTAINMENT!

TOO FAT?



IF YOU DO NOT
Reduce
3 INCHES IN
10 DAYS . . .
it will cost you nothing!

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches in 10 days we believe we are justified in making the amazing offer above.

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to Perfolastic. . . the quick, safe way to reduce. You will not only be gracefully slender but will feel more like doing things. "Reduced my hips 12 inches" writes Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds" says Mrs. Derr. "Reduced from size 42 to size 18 and eat everything" writes Mrs. Faust.

Appear SMALLER at Once!

Look in the mirror before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere . . . and afterwards. You appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear your Perfolastic garments, the massage-like action and gentle pressure are actually reducing hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm. . . the spots where fat first accumulates.

No Diets, Drugs, or Exercises!

No strenuous exercises to wear you out. . . no dangerous drugs. . . no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness! And with loss of fat come increased pep and energy. The many perforations and soft silky lining make Perfolastic wonderfully comfortable when worn next to the body.

YOU RISK NOTHING

Why not test Perfolastic NOW . . . and prove what it will do for you? You do not risk one penny. If it does not reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days it will cost you nothing! Learn the details of our 10-Day Trial Offer in the free illustrated booklet!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 739, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET in plain envelope, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____



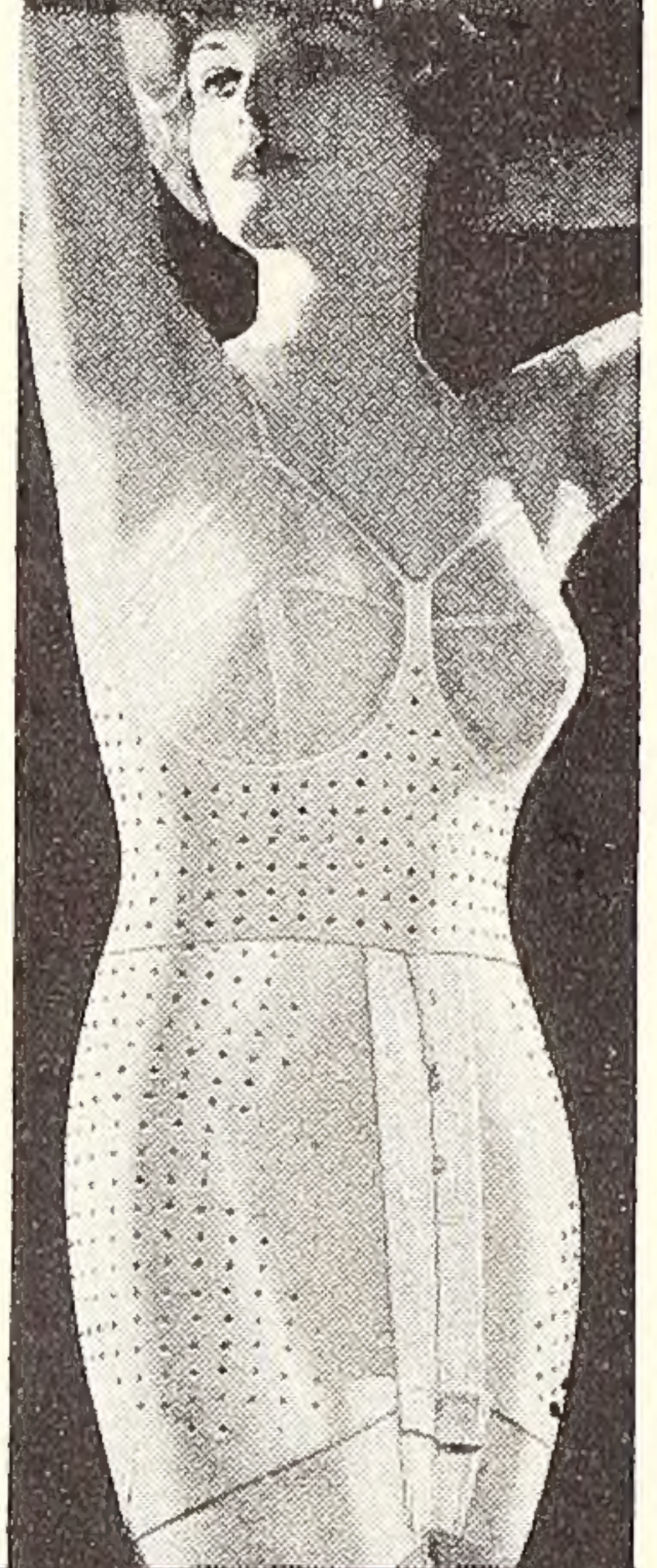
"I was very fat. . . then I sent for a Perfolastic and appeared inches smaller at once!"



In only 10 days I had actually reduced 3 inches without dieting, drugs or exercises.



Now I am 9 inches smaller in the hips and weigh 40 pounds less! I never felt better!"



ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Ellen F. Randolph Scott is a Virginian. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall, has light brown hair and hazel eyes. When he attended college, he was a football player, a member of the glee club, and greatly interested in musical productions and stringed instrument orchestras. He is fond of all outdoor sport and gives much time and attention to horse racing; and he sure does know his horses!

Helene M. Fernand Gravet was born Christmas morning, 1908, in Belgium; educated in England, toured as an actor in Germany, Roumania, and other central European nations, and finally selected France as his permanent residence. He came to the United States to star in his first American picture, "The King and the Chorus Girl," produced by Warner Bros., with whom he has a contract. So you'll be seeing him in another picture soon.

Frances F. Write to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, California, for a picture of the late Jean Harlow.

K. E. Deanna Durbin was born in Winnipeg, Canada, December 4, 1922. Her real name is Edna Mae Durbin; she has blue eyes, brown hair, and weighs 100 pounds. She lives with her parents in Hollywood, and her outstanding interest in life—except for singing—is her cocker spaniel!

M. A. G. Yes, Ginger Rogers is even prettier off the screen than on, believe it or not. Rumor has it that Fred Astaire and his sister, Adele, are to make a picture together. As far as I know, nothing definite has been decided. Read our "London" department in this issue for news of Adele's British film work.

A MacDonald Fan. "How did she begin her musical career?"—by singing a solo

at the age of five at a school recital. When Jeannette was fourteen she appeared in Ned Wayburn's Revue; at the same time studying voice and dancing. Her schools have been hard work and study and then more study. Don't miss "Maytime." You'll be sorry if you do! Her next will be "Firefly," with Allan Jones.

Joe L. Bette Davis was born April 5, 1908, in Lowell, Mass. She won two scholarships in John Murray Anderson's dramatic school, after which she appeared in stock. Her first picture for Warners was with George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God." She scored such a success in this picture that she was given a long term contract.

Joan M. Nino Martini was born in Verona, Italy. He is a noted Metropolitan Opera tenor. His last picture was "The Gay Desperado." Write to RKO Studio, Los Angeles, California, for his picture. His new film for RKO has not yet been titled.

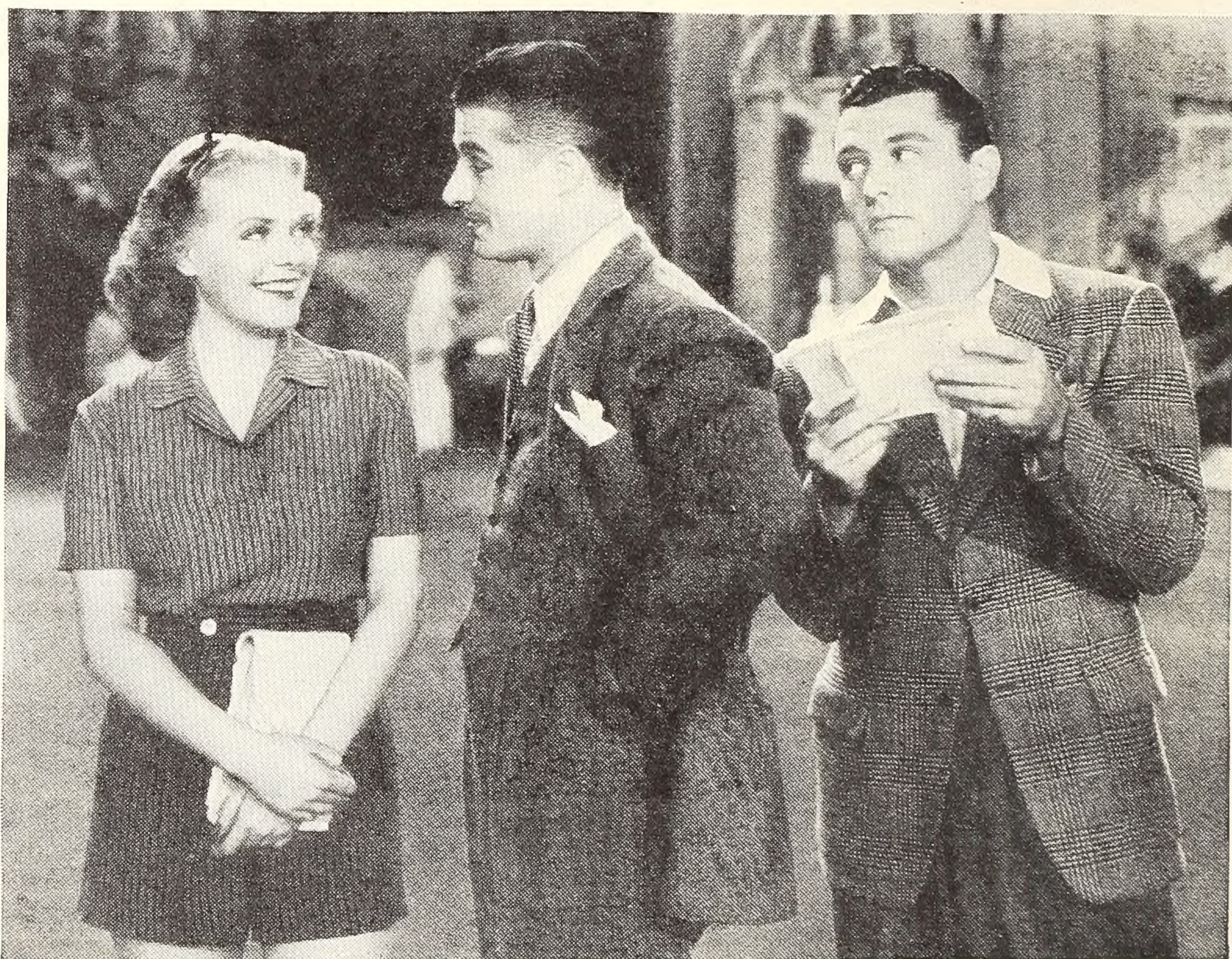
Karolina S. "The Toast of New York" will be Edward Arnold's next picture; as you admire him so greatly, be sure to see him in this.

Jane R. Sylvia Sidney was formerly married to Bennett Cerf, her only marriage.

M. B. John Wayne in "Midnight Court." Born in Winterset, Iowa, May 26, 1907. He is 6 feet 2 inches, weighs 198 pounds, has brown hair and gray eyes. He's married.

E. Shaver. Yes, Jean Parker is under contract to Columbia Pictures. Her first picture for them will be released soon. Jean is Mrs. George MacDonald in private life.

(Please turn to page 83)



Don Ameche cuts himself in on Alice Faye's smile, leaving Tony Martin merely among those present. But the script for "You Can't Have Everything" had something to do with that.

A Revelation in Entertainment

Set in a big, human, heart-story
by the authors of "Boy Meets
Girl" that will give you the great-
est thrill in years! Girls... music
... romance... stars... comedy...
fashions... all done in *Advanced*
TECHNICOLOR so daz-
zling it takes your breath away!

MISCHA AUER—
twice as funny as in
"My Man Godfrey"!



ALAN MOWBRAY—
what a riot of laughs
this guy gives you!



HELEN VINSON—
alluring, but oh!... so
aggravating!



WARNER BAXTER JOAN BENNETT

Walter Wanger's

VOGUES OF 1938

IN TECHNICOLOR

with

Helen VINSON • Mischa AUER

Alan MOWBRAY • Jerome COWAN

Marjorie GATESON • Dorothy McNULTY • Alma KRUGER

Polly ROWLES • Victor Young and his orchestra

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS

Original Screenplay by Samuel and Bella Spewack

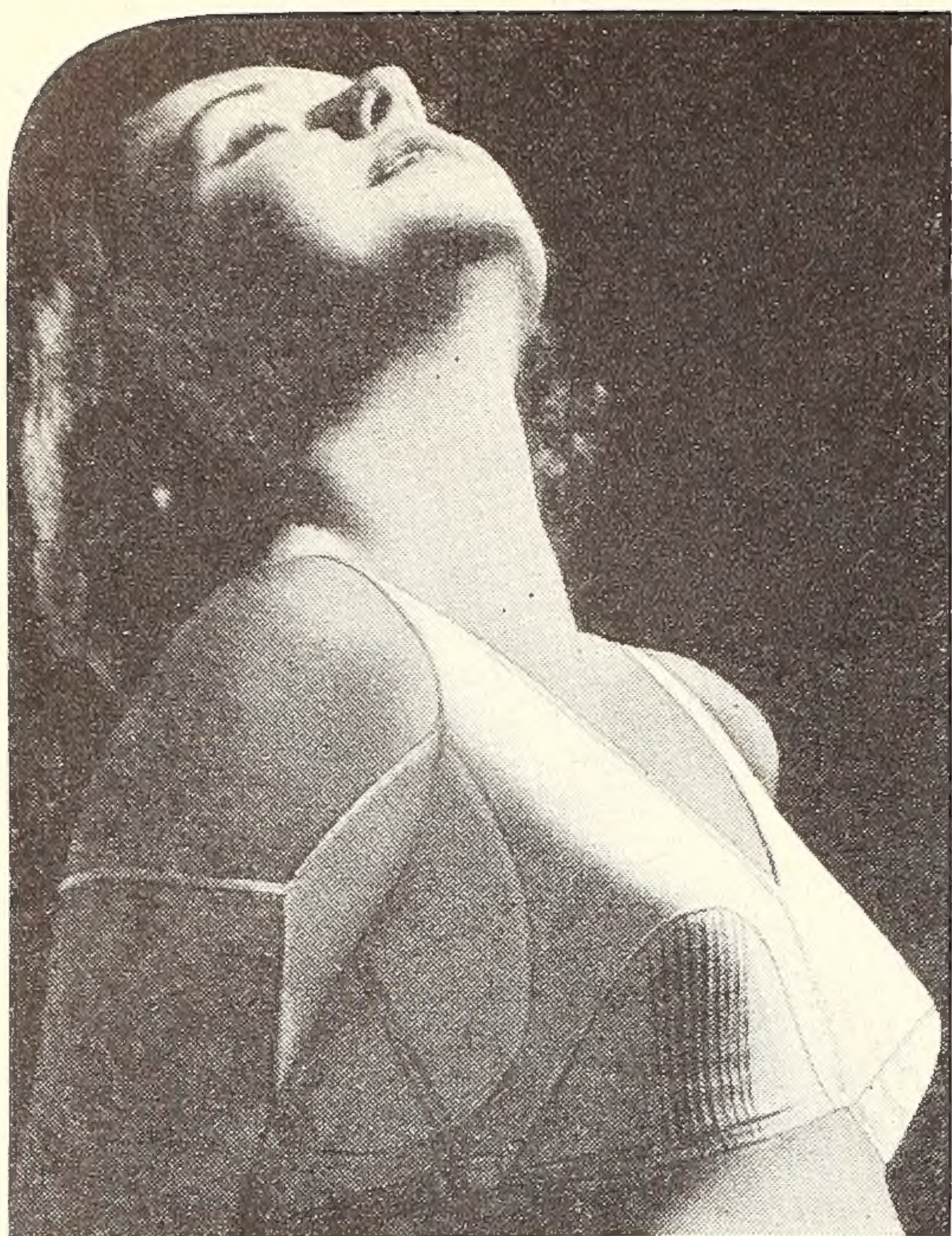
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS



with "The Most Photographed Girls in the World"... those

WALTER WANGER MODELS

WEARING A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF ADVANCED FASHIONS



Clothes Last Longer With Dress Shields

You can ruin your new frock in an hour—without dress shields! Make a vow, now, never again to wear a dress or blouse without a Kleinert's* Bra-form.

First of all, you'll look better. Bra-forms are carefully fitted to give smooth high rounded lines to both slender and mature figures.

The dress shields are held in exactly the right position and no matter how much you exercise, your clothes will be safe not only from under-arm moisture but friction and harsh under-arm cosmetics, too.

Your favorite Notion Counter will gladly show you a variety of Bra-forms, from a dollar up, in all the popular brassiere materials. Washed in a moment, always ready—without sewing—to wear with any dress. Also, Kleinert's sew-in Dress Shields from 25¢ a pair up.



Ask for Kleinert's
Laund er it e
Shields—25¢ a pair
at Notion Counters.

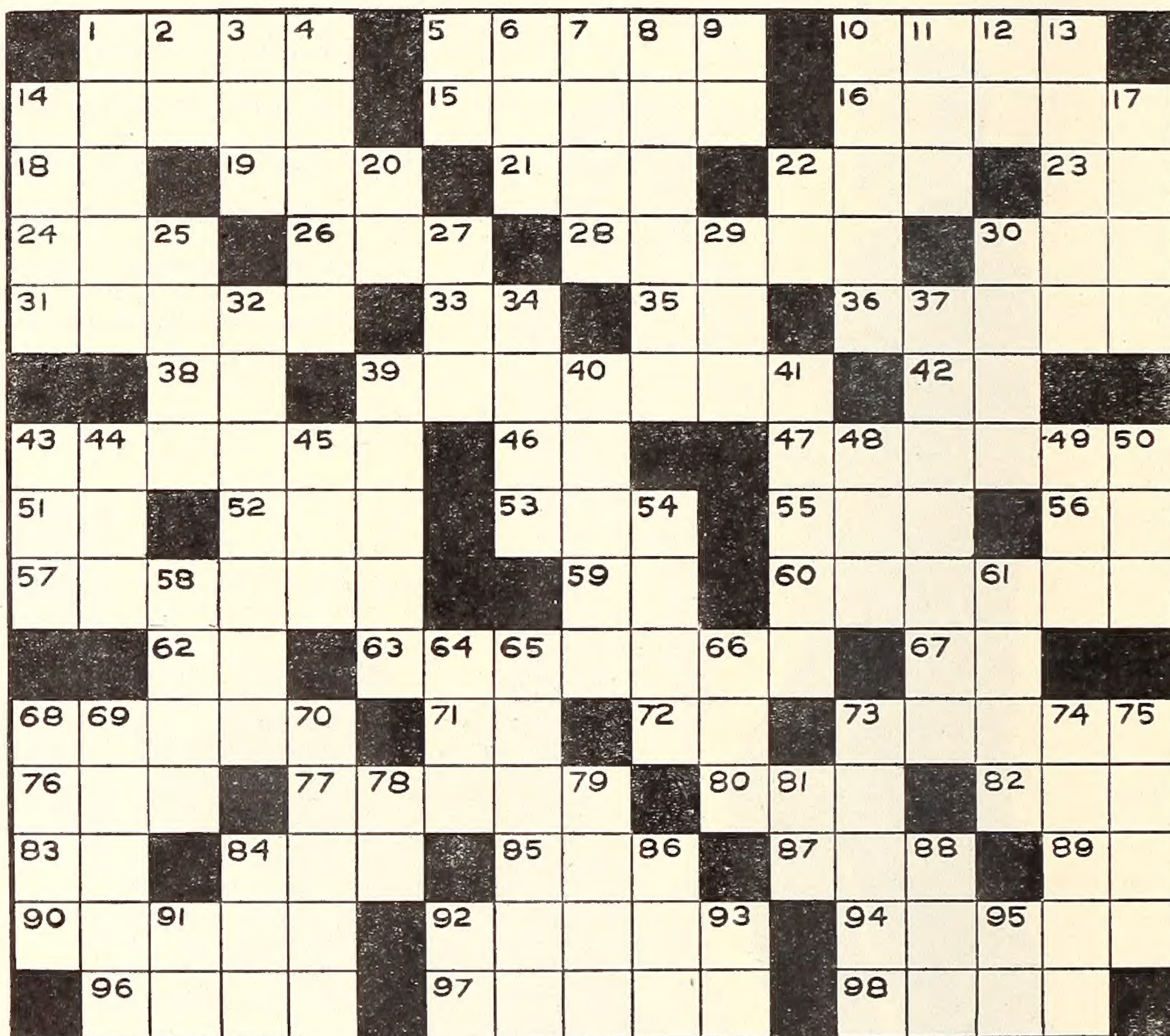
Kleinert's

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

485 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
TORONTO, CANADA... LONDON, ENG.

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



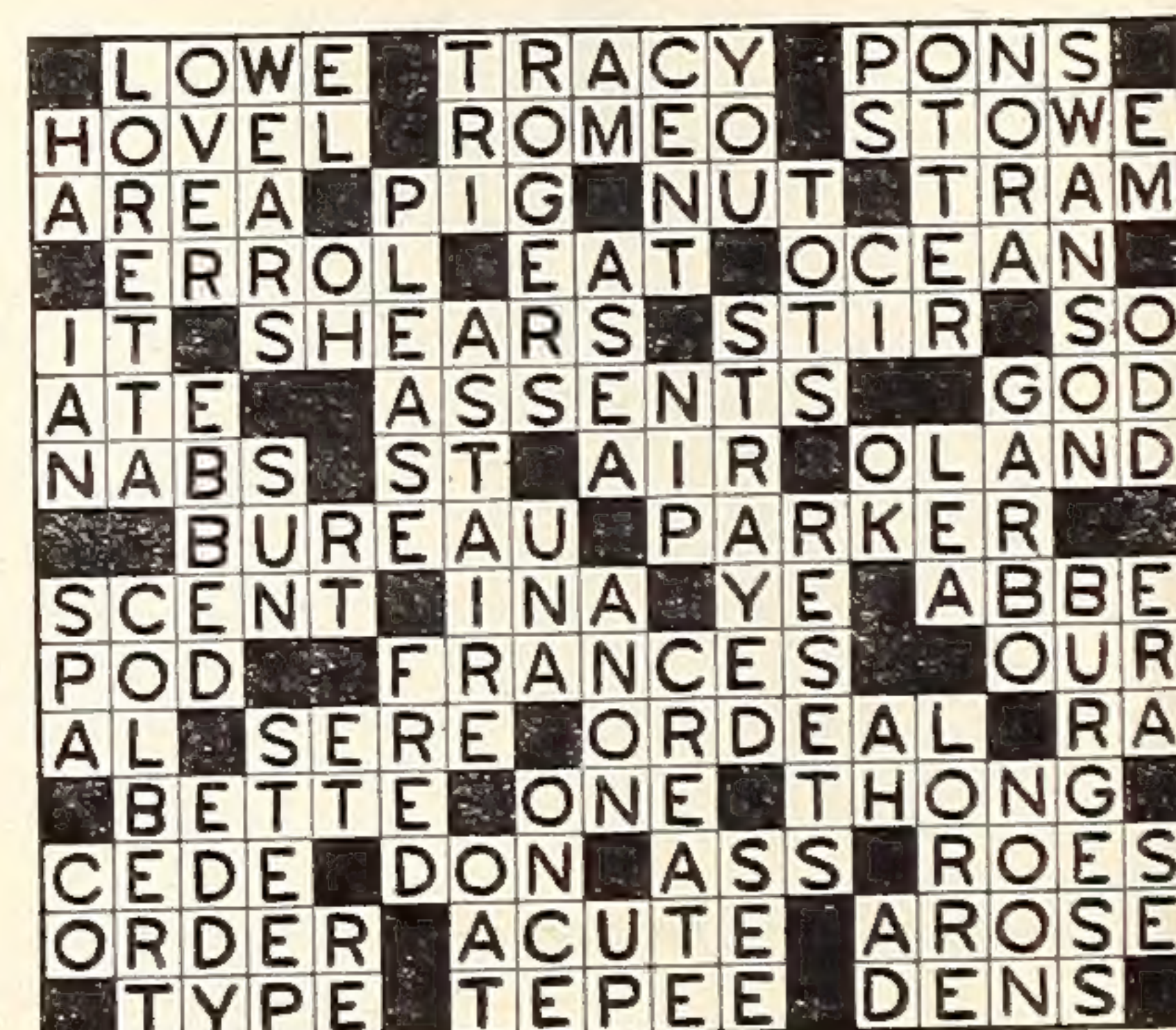
ACROSS

- Co-star of "Internes Can't Take Money"
- Star of "Top of the Town"
- Comedy actress in "Women of Glamor"
- Our Beloved Swedish film star
- "Beloved—," a movie
- Open, aboveboard
- Within
- Incidentally
- Compass point (abbrev.)
- To be indebted
- Exclamation
- Wager
- Also
- Section of a movie
- Heroine of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
- Torch singer in "Anything Goes"
- You and me
- Exclamation
- A black bird
- He's married to Ruby Keeler
- Her new one is "I Met Him in Paris"
- Japanese measure
- Star of "The Thin Man" series
- European measure of area
- Star who recently died
- One
- Forever
- Feather or fur neckpiece
- Anger
- Ma's husband
- She's featured in "The Good Earth"
- Pronoun
- A church festival
- To act
- Star of "Night Key"
- Toward
- Star of "When You're in Love"
- To proceed
- Pa's wife
- The diary girl
- Sick
- Strong liquors
- Brown

DOWN

- Epoch
- Note of the scale
- Arid
- Finial on a spire
- To immerse
- Near
- To follow
- He and brother Ralph are good actors
- One of the senses
- "— Tell the Wife"
- To try out, as metal
- To the sheltered side
- Star of "A Star Is Born"
- Either
- To decline (as tide)
- Faithful
- Compass point (abbrev.)
- A number
- Part of eyeglasses
- His new one is "Fifty Roads to Town"
- An Eastern state (abbrev.)
- Co-star of "Cafe Metro-pole"
- Adam's wife
- Note of the scale
- Treasure
- To mock
- Rather
- Printers' measure
- "— The Avenue" (a movie)
- To melt
- A duet
- What you hear a talkie with
- Bad
- Dancing star in "Broadway Melody of 1938"
- A thick slice
- Takes into custody
- A "white collar" worker
- To cook by open flame
- Robber
- Equal
- Girl's name
- Caustic solution
- Southern constellation
- To open (poetic)
- Battle
- Unit of matter
- Pagan god
- To carry (colloquial)
- Past
- Her new one is "Shall We Dance"
- Obese
- Unit of length
- Charlie Chan
- Heron
- Ingenu in "Call It a Day"
- To make a speech
- Percentage
- Railway (abbrev.)
- Health springs
- Paid notice (abbrev.)
- To press for payment
- A former wife of John Gilbert
- Comrade
- Therefore
- Note of the scale
- Southern state (abbrev.)
- Compass point (abbrev.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



Inside the Stars' Homes

Wendy Barrie, British beauty in Hollywood, "discovers" American dishes, especially desserts. Share her enthusiasm—and recipes

By Betty Boone

Wendy greets you at the doorway of her "adopted" home in Beverly Hills. Below, she samples her own favorite dessert, pecan roll.



"I'M THE only prompt person in America!" cried Wendy Barrie, as I put in my appearance at her smart Beverly Hills duplex. "You're fifteen minutes late!"

She wasn't too pleased with me, even when I pointed out that there are two streets with the same name, one about six miles away from the other, and I went to the wrong one first.

"Nobody," she assured me, severely, "is ever on time in Hollywood. Except me. And that's where all my spare time goes—waiting for people! Where's the cameraman?"

The Universal Pictures cameraman was probably at the other street, but any white-washing I might have done for him wasn't necessary because the hat arrived just then.

It was a leghorn hat, with three flat flowers on the brim and streamers falling behind. Wendy looked like a dream girl in it. She felt better. It would have made

any girl feel better—until she looked at the price, which was twenty-five dollars.

The boy who had brought the hat, Wendy's maid, a pretty young colored girl in blue silk slacks, George, the cook, and I revolved around Wendy in the hat. It was decided that the girl plus the hat were an ideal combination, too good to lose.

Wendy has light brown hair; her blue

eyes, heavily fringed with dark lashes, are oddly set; her somewhat petulant but can curve in a most endearing smile. She has an incredibly slim waist and long legs; the shoes have been made specially built for this woman's style.

"This place?" Wendy informed me, after the affair of the hat had been disposed of, "was decorated and furnished by Arthur J. Jones, my mother. There's not a trace in the house, except my clothes and personal belongings, that is actually mine, even to the radio and clocks, but it all might have been designed for me. I love it!"

The decor is done in white. Modern, with upholstery in soft pastels and variety of a lower scale. There's a white piano in the living room, with a picture of James Stewart in the place of honor, and today there was a bowl of lilies beside the picture, pink lilies with an odd plant design.

"Do you see this?" Wendy lifted a silver plaque from the music rack. "The crew of 'Wings Over Honolulu' gave it to me when we finished the picture last week. See the horseshoe—that's for luck. They've all scratched their names on it—the whole cast and the entire crew. Am I flattered?"

The plaque is inscribed to "Wendy (Buck) Barrie."

"All the boys call me 'Buck.' I don't know why," she commented. "My mother is completely horrified. When she hears people call me 'Wendy,' she stiffens. 'You must not let people call you by your first name,' she tells me. 'Make them say 'Miss Barrie.' 'Imagine me upstaging an electrician! So Mother stays shocked. But I like it. It's all so informal."

"It's funny for me to be posing at the piano, because I really play very little. But I've sold two songs. I composed them and hummed them to a musician I know, and he wrote the orchestration. This is one: *I Might As Well Have Tried to Hold the Breeze*. Like it?"

Wendy was born in China and brought up in England.

"When I came to this country, I was simply appalled at the food," she confided. "In England, you know, no one eats salad. At least it's never served there as a luncheon dish. When I saw girls actually eating pineapple and cottage cheese together, I thought Americans were all crazy. But now I'm beginning to discover how amazingly good American dishes can be."

"Hot cakes—I never heard of them until I got here. But now I can eat a stack six inches high. George makes such nice thin ones, served with what I call treacle and you call syrup. I think serving bacon or sausage with them is all nonsense!"

THIN HOT CAKES

Break two eggs in a bowl and stir. Add a pinch of salt, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour and 6 tablespoons milk. Beat well until batter is smooth and light. Add 1 cup and 10 tablespoons milk gradually. Bake on griddle greased with butter, making cake very thin. Cook to light brown on both sides. Serve with Log Cabin Maple Syrup or Brer Rabbit Molasses.

"I'm underweight as a rule," went on Wendy, "so I'm always being urged to build up. I suppose American desserts are a revelation to me because I've never eaten sweets. I've never eaten a chocolate or a piece of candy in my life! Maybe that's why I have nice teeth where so many English girls haven't."

"I haven't the urge for sweets that other girls seem to have, but in the search for extra pounds I've discovered several desserts that appeal to me."

"George's special virtue is in serving dainty looking dishes. I can't eat messy food. He can take a ripe peach, scrape the fruit from the skin, leaving a firm shell, then mix the pulp with strawberries, and

(Continued on page 52)





New Glory FOR YOUR HAIR

Colorinse truly glorifies woman's crowning glory -- her hair. This natural-color rinse magically reveals the hidden beauty of your hair and gives it sparkling brilliancy. It is neither a dye nor a bleach -- but a harmless coloring. Colorinse does not interfere with your natural curl or permanent wave. 12 different shades; see the Nestle Color Chart at all counters.



SO SIMPLE TO USE

Shampoo your hair, then rinse thoroughly and rub partly dry with a towel.

Dissolve the contents of a package of Colorinse in warm water and pour the rinse over your head with a cup.



Dry hair thoroughly, brush it, and you will see a sparkle and brilliance in your hair that will astonish and delight you.

10c for package of 2 rinses, at 10c stores; 25c for 5 rinses at drug and dept. stores.



Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

Salaries of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage run as high as \$40 to \$70 per week but many prefer to open their own offices. Large incomes from Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums and private patients come to those who qualify through our training. Reducing alone offers rich rewards for specialists. Write for Anatomy Charts, sample lesson sheets and booklet--They're FREE. **THE College of Swedish Massage** 1601 Warren Blvd., Apt. 682, Chicago (Successor to National College of Massage)



Now, you too, can afford this magic lotion. It's a new, creamy liquid that takes the place of powder or powder base. Leaves your skin fascinatingly smooth--clear as crystal. Closes large over-active pores. Whisks away blemishes. Tightens sagging lines. Smooths out wrinkles. And it's perfectly grand as a before and after protection for sunburn. Mail the coupon TODAY for your giant size bottle--there's more than enough to last over a month. *Double your money returned*, if you're not satisfied!

MAIL COUPON

Party Face Co., P. O. Box 3, Station Y, N.Y. C. Please send postpaid one giant-size bottle Party Face for (blond, brunette)....., for which I enclose \$1.00 payment in full.

Name.....
Street & No.....
City & State.....

CALLING HOLLYWOOD! THE READERS TALKING

Now it's your turn to tell Hollywood what you think about pictures and stars! Write your thoughts in letters to this department -- all ideas welcome. Address: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.



Sincerity! That's the keynote of Don Ameche's appeal, and the motif of all your letters about him which make him Leading Gentleman of this page this month.

CAST FOR THE PERFECT WEDDING

Here's what seems to me the perfect cast for the perfect wedding:

The Bride: Lovely Loretta Young. The Groom: Tyrone Power. The Maid of Honor: Ginger Rogers. The Best Man (I'll say!): Robert Taylor. The Bride's Maids: Ann Sothorn, Janet Gaynor. The Flower Girl: Deanna Durbin. The Soloist: Grace Moore.

Now would that be a dream--or just a Hollywood mix-up?

Marie Bouse,
Utica, N. Y.

THAT ROMANTIC DON

A round of Salutes to Ann Sothorn and Don Ameche for their engagingly pleasant work as the two lovers in "Fifty Roads to Town." It was lively entertainment, and the best reason in the world for giving Don Ameche more, and more prominent romantic rôles, in better and even bigger pictures.

Gloria Pother,
Burlingame, Calif.

THE TROOPER SOUNDS OFF

I'm just a hard-working State Trooper (better known, I fear, as a State "Cop.") We don't find clues hanging on every bush and tree, nor are our prisoners the "easy going, trail-give-aways" shown in too many movies. I'm fed up with such pictures as "Fugitive in the Sky." Let the victim sometimes get away--as he does, despite our very best to have it otherwise, in real life occasionally.

Tpr. J. B. Jack,
Clarksburg, W. Va.

"SOMETHING" IS RIGHT!

They all have Something! Take Garbo, for instance. She's good for love, but not for dancing. How about Jeanette MacDonald? Her singing's swell, but Ruby Keeler beats them all at dancing.

Patricia Pritchard,
Buffalo Center, Ia.

AMERICAN BOY SPEAKS UP

Jackie Cooper, Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Searl, and others--are what we, the youth of the nation (male) have to repre-

sent us on the screen. They're good, sure. But now we have two boys who play their parts wonderfully, and are very much "just boys" as well. The weaker sex has found its Deanna Durbin; and we of the opposite sex in the twelve-year-old division have discovered two real boys for us—those Mauch chaps, Bobby and Billy—honest-to-goodness boys, ready, willing, and, most important, able to do what seems like the real thing is boy stuff on the screen.

Rucks Martin,
Fort Jay, N. Y.

IDEA DEPARTMENT

I approve, heartily, of the suggestion made here by other letter writers, that Simone Simon and Robert Taylor be teamed. And I'd also like to make the suggestion that Hollywood turn out a story about a beauty shop operator—lots of color there, you know, (I know, because I'm in the business). The small talk, the gossip, the human interest incidents, to say nothing of demonstrations of how we in the business do make ladies look much nicer—all would be interesting particularly to women. If such a picture has been made, I've missed it. Furthermore, it would be a good vehicle for Simone and Bob. How about this, Hollywood?

Josephine Mackie,
Newark, N. J.

GOOD MUSIC ALWAYS WELCOME

Why should the subject of opera in pictures continually be under discussion? There would always be a sufficient number of music lovers to make pictures with operatic sequences popular, even if they were not enjoyed by the public in general—which they are—and there's proof in the tremendous success of "Naughty Marietta," voted one of the best of its year; "Rose Marie," listed among the ten best the following year, and "Maytime," which from present indications is likely to stand equally high this year.

Mabel E. Conway,
Philadelphia, Pa.

MORE POWER FOR TAYLOR

Being a Taylor fan, naturally I enjoy all of Bob's pictures. But it would be a grand and welcome change if for once Bob was not a wealthy playboy even though the part seems "Taylor" made for him. In "This is My Affair" he again gave convincing proof that he is not only handsome but an able actor.

Teresa Tripp,
New Bedford, Mass.

POINTING WITH PRIDE TO PARKER

I wish something could be done to make producers see the talent they let languish unhonored by not giving Jean Parker some really substantial acting opportunities. Jean has beauty, talent, and experience in the screen art. But how much chance does she get? Jean must take insignificant parts in mediocre pictures or remain out of the picture altogether—which seems a great pity.

E. Shaver,
St. Catharines, Ont.

GAYNOR GOES AHEAD

Not one, but many Salutes to Janet Gaynor for her splendid work in "A Star is Born." Was that a surprise! Fredric March, of course, was up to expectations. He never lets us down. Hollywood really has something in these two!

Mara Tudor,
Redmond, Wash.

CINDERELLA FROCKS inspired by

Deanna Durbin

New Universal Pictures' Star



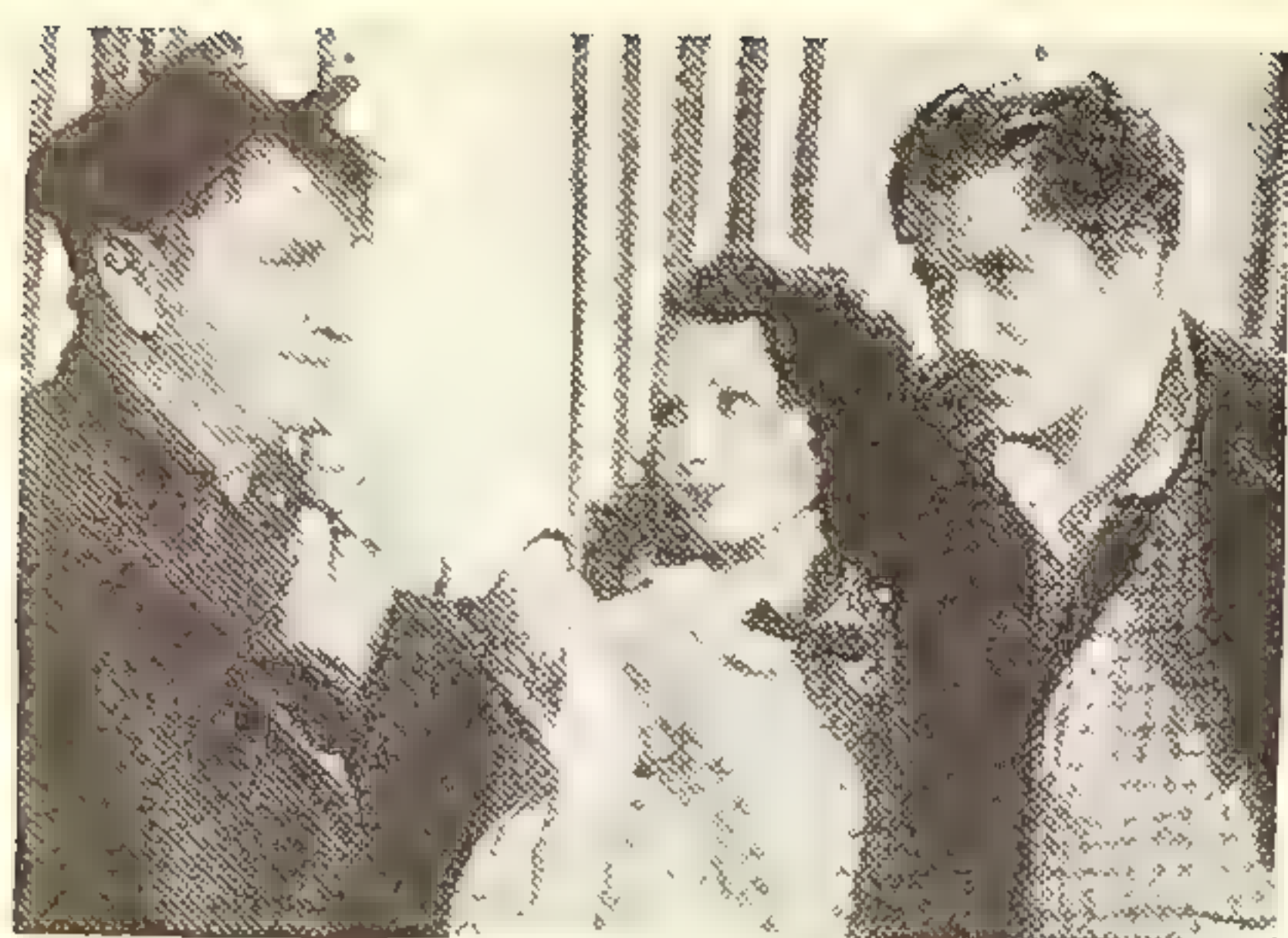
THEY'RE IVORY-WASHABLE

Back to school, looking pretty as a picture in Deanna Durbin Fashions! And they're sensible, too! Every print, every gay trimming has been Ivory-Flakes tested for washability. Follow the washing instructions tagged to every Cinderella Frock to be sure colors stay bright as new through a whole school year.

Psychologists say: "Teen-age girls should look their best. It creates a sense of well-being . . . makes studies easier." Give your daughter lots of these delightful Cinderella Frocks. Keep them sparkling with frequent Ivory Flakes tubbings.

Ivory Flakes keep fabrics new . . . colors bright . . . because they're pure

IVORY FLAKES
99 1/100% pure
TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT.



Slave Ship
20th Century-Fox

Brawny melodrama, very pictorial with its eye-filling shots of action aboard a barque manned by a rough crew and engaged in slave trading. If you like your melo straight, here's something! Warner Baxter, slave trader who reforms, but whose crew mutinies as he tries to make for Jamaica with his bride, shoots and is shot at. Elizabeth Allan Wallace Beery, Mickey Rooney are outstanding. Unreal but punchy.



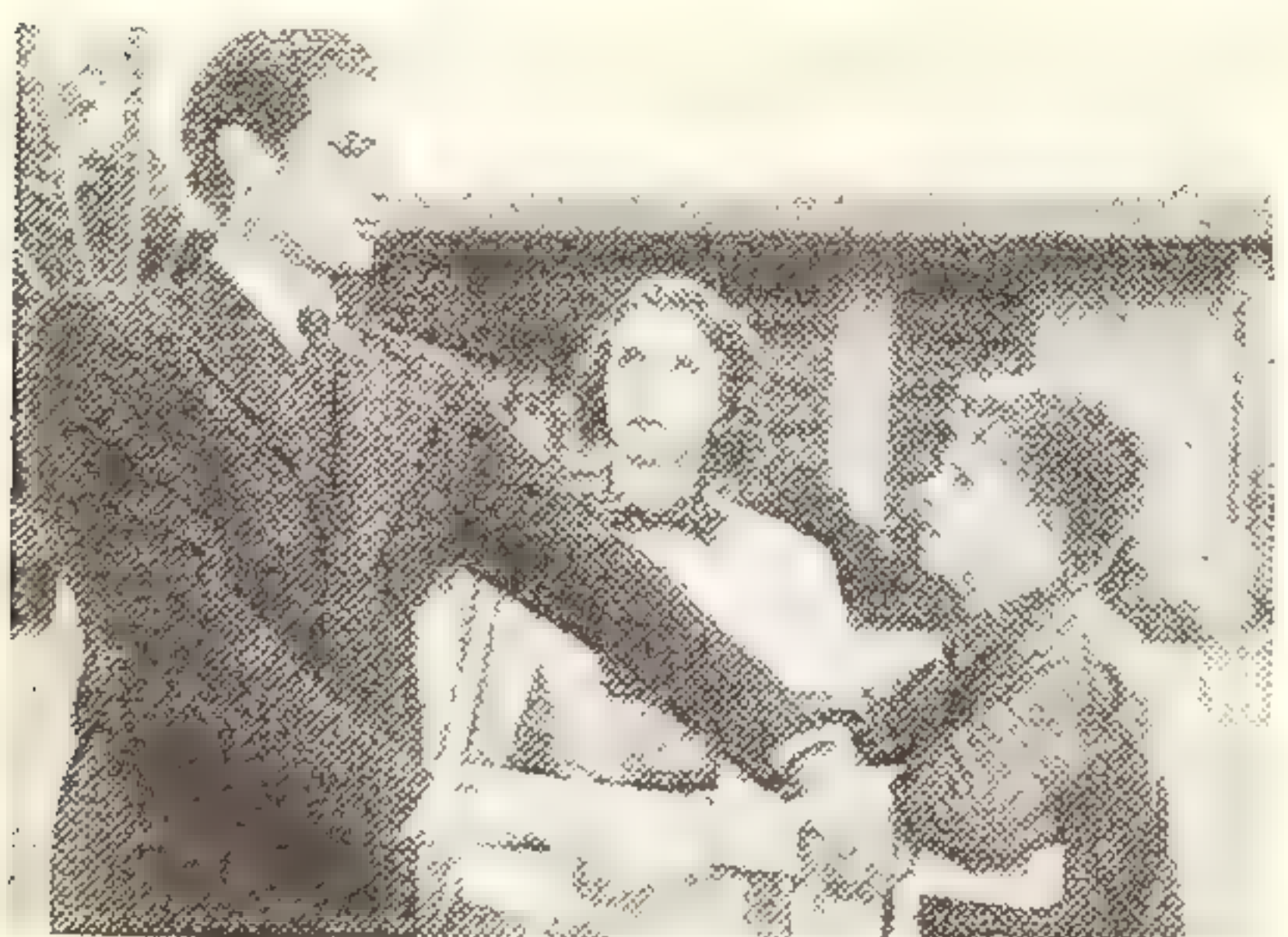
Ever Since Eve
Warners

About a pretty girl who can't keep jobs—bosses forget she's a stenographer, and lightly turn to thoughts of romance. So she hides her beauty under an ugly duckling make-up, becomes secretary to a rich novelist—and love is just around the corner. Marion Davies and Robert Montgomery put forth their best, but the story and dialogue fail them. Patsy Kelly and Allen Jenkins fare better. A fair to middling show.



Sing and Be Happy
20th Century-Fox

Tony Martin and Leah Ray have been teamed to good advantage in this musical, spun around a plot about two rival advertising firms. Berton Churchill heads one—he's Tony's father—and Andrew Toombes—he is Leah's papa—heads the other. Helen Westley is president of the firm whose business is the goal of the advertisers. Tony and Leah between them land the business, and end the business feud.



The Hoosier Schoolboy
Monogram

If the mood of this sobby study of the psychology of a boy (victim of village jibes because of loyal devotion to his father—World War hero now a shell-shocked wreck and drunkard), if the main idea gets under your skin, here is heart-wringing melodrama that will completely overwhelm you. Mickey Rooney does a swell job, and Anne Nagel, Frank Shields, and Edward Pawley score along with him. Touching.

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53

The Girl Said No

Grand National



The cream of Gilbert and Sullivan numbers come to the screen for the first time, as the added attractions of this breezy, romantic comedy concerning a dime-a-dance girl and a genial book-maker. Such fine veterans as William Danforth, Frank Moulan, and Vera Ross are a delight to watch and to hear. Otherwise it is familiar fare, although Irene Hervey and Robert Armstrong struggle valiantly with tawdry material.

Last Train From Madrid

Paramount



Hollywood's first concerning the war in Spain. It marks the return to an important part of Gilbert Roland, and offers splendid performances by Olympe Bradna, Lew Ayres, Anthony Quinn and Karen Morley. More or less a "Grand Hotel" technique, always effective, the story is hampered by weak dialogue and sketchy handling of certain situations. It might have been grand entertainment. Even so it's rather good.

New Faces of 1937

RKO-Radio



An elaborate vaudeville show, concerned with presenting you with specialties by Joe Penner, Milton Berle, Parkyarkarkus, a fancy-stepping dancer named Lorraine Kreuger, in addition to Harriet Hilliard, Jerome Cowan, William Brady, Thelma Leeds and others. Presumably this is musical comedy, but the individual offerings of the various comedians, dancers and-singers, are its chief attractions. Results are fair.

Mountain Music
Paramount



Bob Burns and Martha Raye are worth seeing, but don't expect too much of this jumble of slapstick and exaggerated farce—it goes too slow at times to make entirely satisfactory entertainment. The background pleases in one respect—it fits in with those Arkansas gags Burns has exploited so amusingly in radio. Otherwise this is hit and miss entertainment. You'll enjoy it if you don't anticipate hilarity.

Riding on Air

RKO-Radio



It's "happy landings" for Joe E. Brown and his particular fans in this latest edition of Joe's comic strip of film that's made for laughs. Joe is a budding newspaper reporter in a small town, and his side line is aviation, and inventions. There's no story to speak of—and so what of it? Guy Kibbee makes the most of his part as a promoter, and Florence Rice is pleasantly present as the love interest. O.K. for Joe Brown's fans.

Wild Money

Paramount



A gay little comedy about a penny-pinching auditor who suddenly is projected into the middle of a murder mystery, and then goes big-town as a star reporter. Edward Everett Horton has plenty to work with here, and does it in his usual style. Louise Campbell, fresh from the New York stage, is attractive, and seems a fine screen possibility to us. Lynn Overman and Lucien Littlefield add to the film's attractions.

Born Reckless

20th Century-Fox



A programmer with plenty of punch and melodrama. Brian Donlevy is hero of a play concerning racketeering in the taxicab industry. He's good, and helped along by Harry Carey in particular, and Rochelle Hudson, Barton MacLane, Pauline Moore, Chick Chandler, William Pawley, Francis McDonald, George Wolcott and Joseph Crehan. It is action stuff, and exciting. (Please turn to page 85)



SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL
presents

**The Greatest Romantic
Adventure Story of All Time**

Made by David O. Selznick, who gave you
DAVID COPPERFIELD and **A STAR IS BORN**

RONALD COLMAN
The **PRISONER**
of **ZENDA**

Based on Edward Rose's dramatization of
Anthony Hope's novel

MADELEINE CARROLL **WITH DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.**
MARY ASTOR • RAYMOND MASSEY
C. AUBREY SMITH • DAVID NIVEN

Produced by **DAVID O. SELZNICK** *Directed by* **JOHN CROMWELL**
RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS

From Rudyard Kipling's heroic pen!

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

starring
SHIRLEY TEMPLE
and
VICTOR McLAGLEN

with G. AUBREY SMITH • JUNE LANG
MICHAEL WHALEN • CESAR ROMERO
CONSTANCE COLLIER • DOUGLAS SCOTT

Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer Gene Markey
Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

The glorious adventure of the Scottish Highlanders in the land of the Bengal Lancers, and of the little girl who won the right to wear their plaid!

When the rifles crack and the tribesmen raid... when the bagpipes skirl and the regiment charges... you'll know you're seeing one of the greatest pictures ever made — with a Shirley Temple whose power to stir your emotions will be the wonder of your life!

Hollywood paid \$2.20 to see it— and hailed it as one of the biggest hits ever to come from the 20th Century-Fox "Studio of Hits"!





The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Madge Evans (No Relation)

DEAR MADGE EVANS:

Come out from under that bushel! Or do you want to make me out a liar? I'm on the spot, Madge Evans, unless you stop being Hollywood's Forgotten Girl. People *will* think we're cousins and that you won SCREENLAND's highest award, the Honor Page, several years ago, and other nice mentions from time to time, for purely family reasons. Well, it isn't so. But you've got to hurry up and do something great, right away, to make all our predictions come true.

Since "Piccadilly Jim," what have you been doing, anyway? (And I don't mean "The 13th Chair," either.) You haven't done much, have you? So you're going to say it isn't your fault? Well, I admit that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has shown somewhat less than its usual acumen in burying your talents in tepid rôles. And because you are one of Hollywood's nicer, better-behaved actresses, you've meekly accepted your fate, you've done good jobs in uninteresting parts, and you've kept on smiling.

Maybe that's the trouble. You've been so darn noble. Do you want to go down—and I mean down—in screen history as "that sweet girl and good little sport," or "that fine little trouper," or "the show-must-go-on-Madge?" I should hope not. No young, good-looking girl with a sense of humor wants to be branded like that. Perhaps with you it's a case of insufficient ego. Can't you borrow some from Hepburn, who can spare at least half of hers? Then go call on Dietrich and pick

up some of her haughtiness. A little of Shearer's matchless *savoir faire* might help. Oh, I know I'm the one who usually laughs loudest and sneers most heartlessly at exhibitions of temperament; but in your case I'm all in favor of a good, lusty case of screaming hysterics right outside the door of Mr. Mayer's office. Deliver, then duck. No? Then, though I hate to suggest 'em, here are other suggestions. Dash off to Europe, *a la* Bette Davis; adopt a baby; bite Bob Montgomery; congratulate a race horse, like Stanwyck and Bennett; be seen here and there with Bob Taylor, Tyrone Power, or Wayne Morris; wear bright green overalls and drive a station wagon—it's too bad but you'll have to. It's too bad, it really is, when you'd think that after all the grand acting you've done when they've given you any chance at all, and the pretty pictures you've always made, and your recent success on the radio, and the swell sportsmanship you've shown ever since you were a child actress—that Hollywood would wake up and realize what it has. But apparently Hollywood is blind unless you smack it between the eyes. So—no matter what, Madge—do something. I'll be standing by waiting to cheer.

Delight Evans

The Truth About

At last—the actual facts about how the foremost glamor girls keep their figures

LET'S play that old-fashioned game "Truth" for a moment—truth about *you* and the "glamor girls" of Hollywood.

First, have you ever wished you had a figure as streamlined and as svelte as Marlene Dietrich's, Joan Crawford's, Carole Lombard's or Claudette Colbert's? If you are under sixty—and human—the answer to that is obviously, "Yes."

Now, do you follow with avid interest, every word that is printed on the care these girls and other Hollywood stars take of themselves, of their supposed "diets," their publicized weights, the freak treatments they are ballyhooed as indulging? And do you, without a word of advice from any authoritative source, immediately start in on what you believe to be your favorite star's diet system?

If you do *not*—this story is not for you!

But remember we are playing "Truth"—and if you have ever openly or secretly indulged such widely publicized "fad" diets fresh from Hollywood such as "The Eighteen Day," "The Four Day," "The Lamb Chop And Pineapple" and "The Banana And Skimmed Milk," then we have a message directly from Marlene, Joan, Carole, and Claudette directly to *you*!

During the past week I have talked with each one of them delving for the truth about their weights, what they really eat and do not eat, how they actually keep their world-famous figures, and I think I have uncovered facts that will amaze you. But first, not a single one admitted to ever indulging in a "fad diet," no matter what the publicity to the contrary may have been.

Joan Crawford, looking like a streamlined angel straight from the pages of *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar* said to me on the set of "The Bride Wore Red": "No one has suffered from more erroneous and crazy diet publicity than I. Because I was quite plump when I came to Hollywood—(she weighed 145 pounds!)—it has been said that I have starved myself to death and ruined my health taking off that weight and maintaining my present figure. Once it was printed that I lived for weeks on nothing but crackers and mustard. Another diet I am



MARLENE
DIETRICH
TODAY (left)

Weight: 122 pounds
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches



Dietrich when she first
came to Hollywood (right)

Hollywood Diets!

By Dorothy Manners

supposed to have fostered is the 'nothing but melon' meals.

"I've done everything in my power to correct these stories. Not only because I resent the implication that I would so foolishly endanger my own health—but because I know that so many girls who like me on the screen may have gone out and attempted to follow such silly routines."

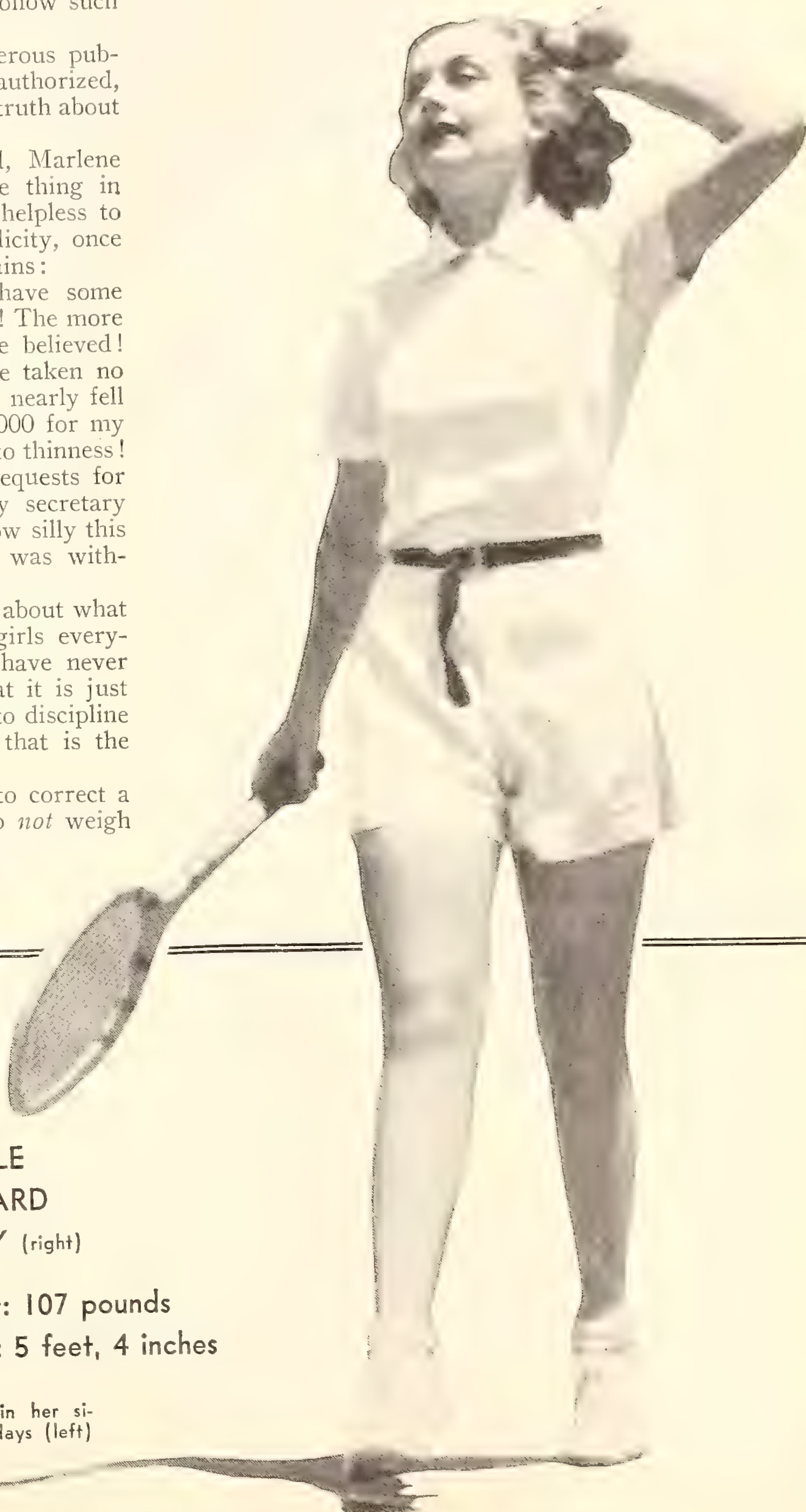
Joan continued seriously: "The most dangerous publicity that comes out of Hollywood is the unauthorized, false, and harmful stories purporting to be the truth about the diets of movie stars."

Later, when I talked to Carole Lombard, Marlene Dietrich, and Claudette—they said the same thing in effect. But like Joan, they have been almost helpless to counteract the silly and harmful ball of publicity, once it starts rolling, for the reason that Joan explains:

"Everyone is so sure Hollywood stars have some magic formula for getting and staying slender! The more foolish the story—the more likely it is to be believed! We can shout from the housetops that we've taken no magic formula route to streamlined figures. I nearly fell over once when I read where I had paid \$1000 for my supposed secret mustard-and-crackers-system to thinness! For awhile my fan mail was flooded with requests for this magic recipe. When I insisted that my secretary answer each one of these letters explaining how silly this story was, a great many people believed I was withholding the magic secret!

"I'm glad you've asked me to tell the truth about what I eat, and my system of exercise. Maybe girls everywhere will be disappointed to hear that I have never dieted except under a doctor's care—and that it is just as difficult for movie stars as for anyone else to discipline themselves to slenderness with sanity—but that is the truth.

"But first," Joan went on, "I would like to correct a very false impression about my weight. I do *not* weigh 110 pounds! I did *not* reduce from 145 pounds to 110 within two months. In the first place, my true weight varies between



CAROLE
LOMBARD
TODAY (right)

Weight: 107 pounds
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches

Lombard in her silent film days (left)





127 pounds and 132!

"Surprised?" she laughed as I stared fascinated at the present 128 pounds that represents Joan's completely hipless, stomachless, glamorously graceful figure. There is not one ounce of surplus flesh on her. She looks like a fashion plate.

"But remember," she went on, "I am five feet five inches tall, I have a strong frame, and strong shoulders and bones! When I drop below 125 pounds, I am too thin and I do not feel well. Girls of my bone construction should remember they can't expect to weigh as little as others with small bone structure—even though the heights and ages might be the same.

"Another thing," she continued, "remember that every system is a different chemical laboratory. For instance, I can eat a great deal of butter—and I do because I love it—and it doesn't make me fat. Bread does. It has amused many of my friends to see me eating a dried toast, or a diet wafer loaded down with butter! On the other hand, someone else might be able to eat a loaf of bread without gaining a pound—and just to be in the same room with a pat of butter would send the scales shooting.

"That is why it is so necessary—so imperative to consult your doctor before you go off on a diet tangent just because it has reduced someone else. If it is the wrong food for you, it is possible even to gain weight on a diet that has reduced another person!

"Now that the lecture is over," she laughed, "would you like me to give you a typical day's menu, along with the daily exercise I take?" I said that was exactly what

JOAN CRAWFORD

TODAY (left)

YESTERDAY (right)

Height: 5 feet, 5 inches

Weight Today: 128 pounds

Weight Yesterday: 145 pounds

(when she first came to Hollywood)

I had come for. "—and I bet I eat more than anybody else who 'diets' in Hollywood," she added.

So here it is, the *real* Crawford daily routine as Joan wrote it out herself on the set:

Upon awakening: One large glass of fruit juice—orange, grapefruit, grape

juice, or tomato juice.

On the way to the studio: My chauffeur drives to a very quiet, unmolested spot between the house and M-G-M—and I run for a mile.

Breakfast: I cook it in my dressing-room here at the studio—and after that mile run I am hungry! A typical breakfast consists of cooked fresh fruit (I like it mixed), two pieces of Melba toast, two strips of very crisp bacon, and a cup of coffee with cream.

Luncheon: Always chicken—because I love it prepared any way, cold sliced, broiled, roasted, creamed anyway except fried. Sliced tomatoes, diet wafers with butter, and iced coffee.

Afternoon: A large glass of cold milk, or tea or coffee on the set about four o'clock. Then home, and a quick plunge into the pool. I usually swim the length of it twice very briskly and then lie in the sun. If Franchot is home we will play a game of Badminton before dinner.

Dinner: We love simple "home" dishes—roasts, or stews with vegetables. I love all fresh vegetables, especially if they are cooked with a lot of butter. I like desserts, particularly (Please turn to page 86)



Olivia Looks at Love

—for future reference, the delightful de Havilland lass assures us in this gay and sprightly interview

By Maude Cheatham

Olivia smilingly recalls how she was a Leslie Howard fan, and now plays one in "It's Love I'm After," scene from which below shows her with Leslie and Patric Knowles during a merry mixup.

THIS sprightly star, Olivia de Havilland, who is going places, and going at a rapid pace, is a streamline beauty, slim and straight as a young tree, and even lovelier off the screen than on. She's contagiously mischievous and effervescently gay, but she can be serious, too. Back of her youthful merriment is an unusual depth of character, an intelligence that reflects a fine cultural background.

Once, when Olivia was very young, a fortune teller read her palm and told her she was to become a famous writer. She was profoundly influenced by this prophecy and being practical—she prides herself on being *practical* at all times—she immediately began casting about to see just how she could achieve this goal.

While "playing theatre" with little sister Joan had always been a favorite game, oddly enough, not once did Olivia consider becoming an actress. Perhaps there seemed to be too many obstacles in the way, and Olivia frankly admits she doesn't like to fight obstacles. So she deliberately chose to become a teacher of English, fondly hoping this would lead to authorship.

"Anyway, I liked the idea of teaching," explained Olivia. "Books have been my constant companions ever since I can remember and I could vision myself leading eager pupils along the path to great wisdom. Also, I hoped to help them appreciate the beauty and meaning of *words*—this being one of my obsessions. I wanted to spur them on to discover that prose gains its strength through expressive verbs, that nouns glorify poetry, and through this knowledge to derive the same thrill that a connoisseur finds in rare gems.

"After I had my life all beautifully mapped out to the last detail, along came that mysterious something we call Destiny, and I suddenly found myself on the screen. So I've decided the palmist got the lines mixed and act-



ing, not writing, is my ordained mode of self-expression.

"We all seek the reason for living and to me, it is work. I couldn't sit around and be idle if I had a million dollars. I'm not wildly ambitious but now that I see my goal ahead I must make good and to help me, I've adopted a plan of *selectivity*. In this crowded age there is so much to do, that one has to choose the most important and discard the remainder. Most of us discover that we can't depend upon friends for happiness because too often they fail us. Things, possessions, are pretty empty. But work, and I mean the process itself, not the results, brings the warming satisfaction that makes life truly worth living.

"As a child," Olivia (*Please turn to page 100*)

First A Father



Edward Arnold, in a new portrait, top, fought hard to make his way from obscurity to success; believes his son will enjoy the fight to win as an actor, just as he did. Right, the Arnolds at home: the star and his wife with daughters Dorothy Jane and Elizabeth, and Edward Arnold, Jr., as young Bill will be known on the screen. Across page: lower, the Arnolds, father and son, pals and fellow actors. Upper, Ed Arnold co-stars with Jean Arthur and Ray Milland, in "Easy Living."

IT IS the greatest father and son story Hollywood has ever had! No picture I have ever seen can top it for real drama, for sheer contrasts. The very soul of an extraordinary man is at the core. I am sure of this, too. Anyone who has ever had a loving father can appreciate it.

In his private life Edward Arnold has equalled his scenario rises from nobody to rich man. Six years ago, when film scouts discovered him, he was making \$185 a week on the stage. He'd been in the theatre twenty-five years and he never worked every week. Now he is paid, I happen to know authoritatively, a salary exceeding that of the President of the United States for each film in which he appears. The studios depend upon him for dominating portrayals. But what is important about the Bowery urchin who has become our highest paid character star isn't his income. No; it's the human side of him that matters.

I don't believe you'll even begin to realize what he is like—actually—until you learn how and why he has let his son quit high school to go into the movies as an actor, too. For what's happening to Bill is the story of his heart today.

You will become acquainted with Bill as Edward Arnold, Jr. Big and exceptionally poised for his seventeen years, Bill is a refreshing new face in the juvenile ranks. He should stand out not just because he is an almost



By
Dickson
Morley

Edward Arnold's advice to his son, now starting a screen career, unfolds the real-life drama of a star who puts family above fame

startling reproduction of Edward Arnold as the famous father must have been thirty years ago, but because that magic which we label personality springs also from him.

"But why wouldn't he make the grade with his father teaching him all the tricks of acting? His father has smoothed the way." That is the instant cry of some people in Hollywood, of those people who are always envious and forever jumping at conclusions. They quickly chant, "His father's introduced him around. His father is rich. The fellow has every advantage."

I don't think it an unnatural assumption at that. But believe me when I tell you it's an all wrong one. I have been behind the scenes. That obvious summing-up completely skips the far more surprising truth. It absolutely fails to do justice to an honestly intriguing situation.

"Bill has every advantage I could give him," declares Edward Arnold himself.

"Sure," exclaims Bill when you get him alone—he's still called that personally in spite of his official re-titling for theatre marquees—"Dad has helped me tremendously!"

But it's their interpretation that is so astonishing. Edward Arnold isn't behaving as you, quite possibly, have also suspected. You would have thought that, being newly-rich, the father would have subtly shifted his son into the society strata, wouldn't you? The average move would have been a grand splurge, a campaign to erase the everyday past and a flurry to acquire a fashionable front. Edward Arnold could have picked out a swanky prep school and directed the boy to Harvard. He could easily have showered the lad with luxuries, given him every accessory that is impressive to the smart set. He might have revamped his own life to present Bill with the "best contacts."

But he's done none of these things. Deliberately, conscientiously, he's held strict reins on himself so that there would be no chance of changing his familiar standards. He's scrupulously done this for Bill, this and so much more that isn't what you may have supposed!

You will have to recall first what this father's own childhood and adolescence were to appreciate the ab-

solutely different circumstances Bill faces. Edward Arnold's parents were German immigrants who weren't lucky. His own father struggled to hold together a family of four on the insignificant wages of a furrier. There was no catering to tendencies of any of the children in that fight for existence on New York's East Side. A tenement atmosphere is tough whichever way you look at it.

When Edward Arnold was eleven his mother died, worn out by her efforts to take over the responsibilities handed her by an invalided husband. There was no alternative for the four bewildered waifs but to split up. The father had to be put in a public home. The two sisters were adopted by aunts, the older brother strode away to work out his individual *(Please turn to page 29)*





Ferdinand said: "Miss Drake, you alone in this Hollywood are alive for me. The rest are as shadows. I must talk to you, or I must—poof!—break in a thousand pieces!"

Great Lover

PART II

FERDINAND eyed with respect the modernistic facade of the Artfilm Studios. Then, unconsciously squaring his shoulders, he stepped through the wide door into the ostentatiously simple reception room. Behind the partitioned grille sat four young men, each in his cage, each surrounded by telephones and faced by a line of people. The phones, subdued to harmony with the atmosphere, buzzed instead of shrilling. The young men divided their attention between the mechanical and the human callers.

Ferdinand placed himself at the end of the shortest queue, and watched the proceedings with interest. There were eight ahead of him. One man was promptly admitted, one turned away, one told to come back in an hour. A girl grew hysterical in her effort to gain entrance, and retired in a storm of tears. A wave of sympathy engulfed Ferdinand. He felt an impulse to comfort her as she sat in a corner, furiously repairing her ravaged makeup. She caught his eye, rose, snapped: "Hope you know me next time you see me," and stalked out. Ferdinand shrank behind the broad back of the man ahead.

In ten minutes he was at the grille.

"Ferdinand von—Ferdinand Greenwood," he announced.

"To see whom?"

"Mr. MacAllister." At the spotted mirror in his room, he had repeated the name a hundred times and finally brought it to heel.

"Is he expecting you?"

"Oh yes—he waits for me. I will make a test." If he thought the young man would brighten to that information, he was disappointed. Impassive as the wall behind him, he picked up a phone and dialed. "Mr. Greenwood to see Mr. MacAllister—by appointment." He waited, quieted two buzzes, said: "O.K.," dropped the phone. "Your appointment is for 11. It is now 10:15."

Ferdinand faltered before those hard young eyes. To himself he said: "This is a basilisk." Aloud he said: "I thought it well if I come a little early."

"You'll have to wait."

He sat and waited, while the hands of the clock crept toward 11 and 11:15. He tried by fidgeting a little to attract the young man's eyes. He wanted to remind the young man that he had now caught up with and even passed the hour of his appointment. But he couldn't quite venture a direct attack. He didn't wish to incur the basilisk's enmity. He remembered how the basilisk had routed a far more formidable adversary than himself. Reaching for a cigarette, his hand touched a metal object

Has real romance a fighting chance in Hollywood? This new serial by the noted author of "Grand Hotel" presents the stirring answer to that colorful question, picturing the terrific conflict between the cynicism and the sincerity of Cinema City

By Vicki Baum

Illustrated by Georgia Warren

*Please Turn to Page 72 for
Synopsis of Preceding Chapter*

in his pocket. The good luck object—Miss Hilda Drake—who rooted for him.

Once more he placed himself at the end of the line. Having reached the grille again, he pointed to a booth in the corner. "I will telephone."

"That's O.K."

"I tell you this, in case you wish to find me."

The young man grunted.

Miss Hilda Drake was businesslike, but helpful.

"Where are you now? Front office?"

He spoke cautiously. "There where the young men sit and will not let you in."

"All right. Stay there. I'll phone MacAllister's secretary."

He resumed his seat. He felt he had got the better of the basilisk, but hoped the latter wouldn't find it out. Presently he heard his name called. He was given a slip of paper, and a lanky youth guided him through the sacred portal, along corridors and out into the sunshine of the lot. This was a studio. This was Hollywood. Under other circumstances, his curiosity would have been intense. Now his energies were absorbed in bracing themselves for the fateful experience ahead. He seized no more than an impression of square, sunlit buildings and moving figures. Turning a corner, he came plump up against a soldier of the French Revolution, his face stained a yellowish-brown. Ferdinand's heart beat faster. Here was one of those fortunate beings—an actor in Hollywood. An instinctive impulse to ally himself with glory brought to his lips a murmured: "Greetings, brother," and he hurried on. The poverty-stricken extra would have been gratified or embittered to learn of the momentary splendor in which he had been clothed.

The test director's secretary, in whom Ferdinand had unconsciously been hoping to find a second Hilda, was a thin, dry woman with a harried air. "Mr. MacAllister has been detained. He won't get to you till this afternoon. Here are your lines, if you'd like to study them." She indicated a chair, and went about her business.

Ferdinand examined the single sheet she had thrust into his hand. It was a love scene—in language all but incomprehensible to him.

He read:

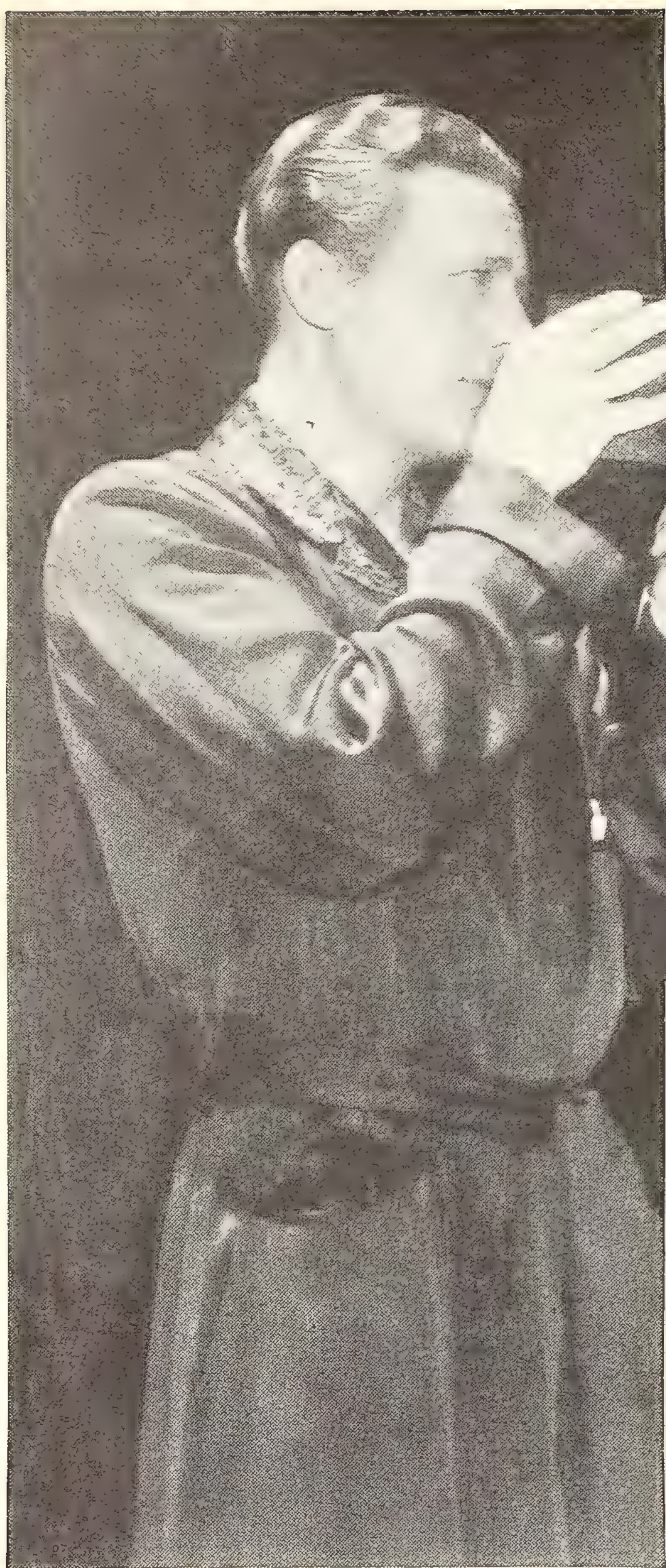
Steve

Listen, kid. How about signin' up with me? I'm nuts about ya.

(Please turn to page 72)

Hilda's telephone rang. She talked for five minutes, while Ferdinand waited like a child, ready to tug at its mother's skirt.





Gene and his camera, left, busy preserving a record of the lovely lady who is now Mrs. Raymond. Above, two "candid" of Jeanette on vacation, shot by Gene. Below, Jeanette turns the camera on her husband, at a dinner party given in honor of Hollywood's most popular new Mister and Missus.

Camera Romance!

Love story told by the candid camera! Gene Raymond, cameraman—and Hollywood's happiest bridegroom. Jeanette MacDonald, his favorite subject—and radiant bride

By
Ruth Tildesley

"JEANETTE and I," said Gene Raymond, poring over an assortment of prints and negatives before him, "use our candid cameras chiefly so that we can preserve a record of our beautiful times together.

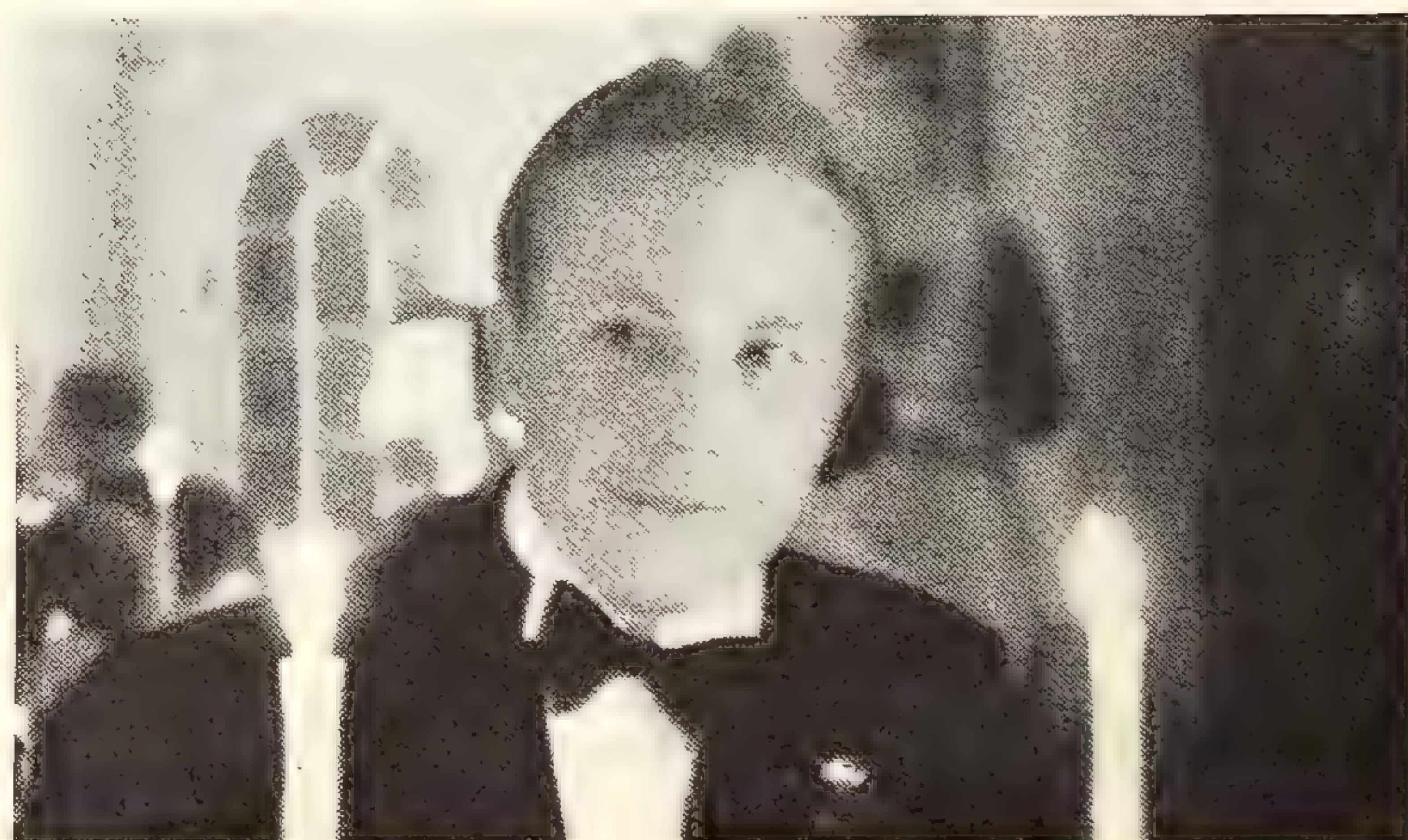
"Any time in the future, we can pick up our albums and live over the days we've spent with each other. Yes, you can remember them anyway; but if you have a picture you can see exactly how it was, then. Here's a shot at B-Bar-H Ranch last winter when Jeanette and I were down there with Helen Ferguson and her husband—Jeanette, Helen and I walking over the sand. You can see what a whale of a time we were having!"

Gene began taking pictures when he was about thirteen.

"I used to take a box camera into the park and hunt squirrels with it," he remembered. "I'd coax the squirrel with nuts until he'd come and sit on my knee, and then I'd snap him. I'd try to catch birds and gophers and various tiny creatures when they were still, and I got some pretty swell stuff, but I've moved so often that I can't find any of it for you.

"I think hunting wild things with a camera is a good hobby for any kid, though. It's more absorbing than shooting them—and talk about Frank Buck! No wild game was any wilder than some of the birds you try to get.

"Talking about wild game, here's some deer pictures I got in Yosemite. I was some distance away when I first saw him grazing. He heard the click and looked up. I froze where I was, and he decided that I was either a tree or dead and went back to his grazing. I crept





Gene continues his camera record of his pet "victim"—left, above, an unusual study of Jeanette, snapped by the light of a single candle. Then, Fay Wray, Jeanette's chum; and, at right, Gene and Jeanette in cowboy regalia with their friend, Helen Ferguson. Below right, Harriet Hilliard on the studio set. Two nice doggies—Gene's and Jeanette's. At bottom of page, Gene's very interesting close-ups of Anita Louise, Marian Nixon, and Mary Brian, by candlelight.

nearer and shot again. He heard the click and ran away and I caught him as he went. Afraid they're not good for magazine reproduction, though.

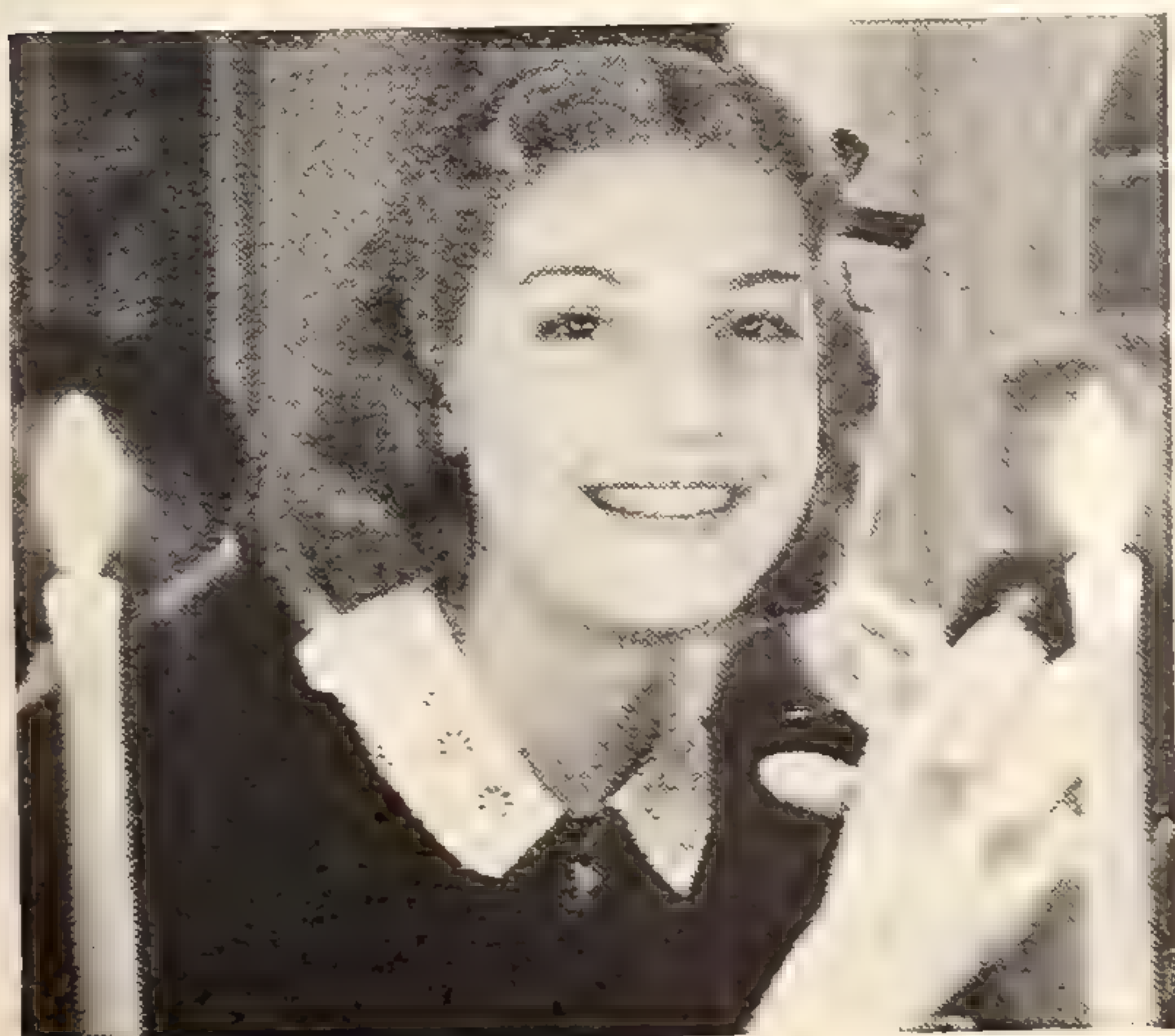
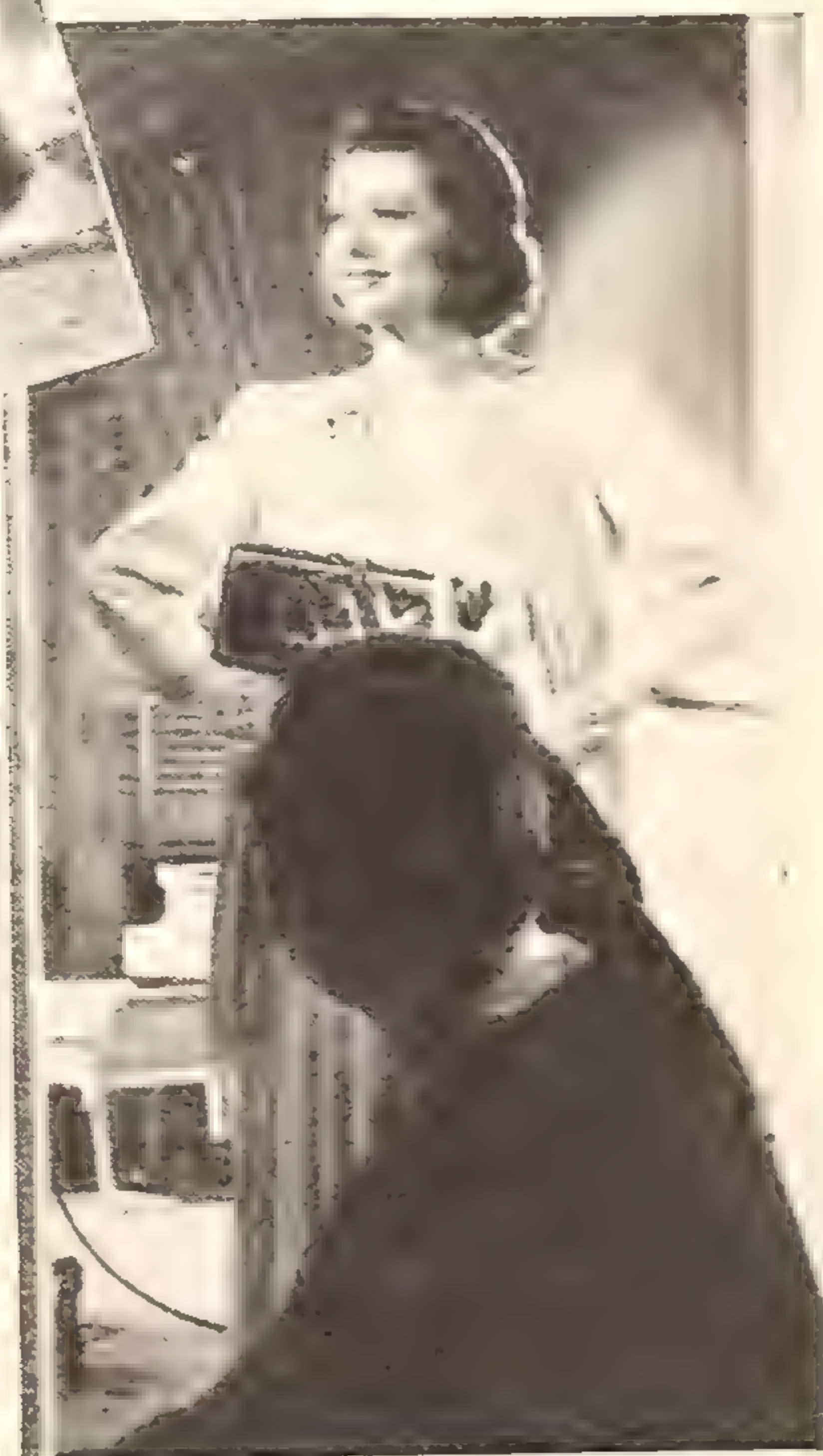
"Now I have a Leica camera, and a small folding camera that can be set up on a tripod. Oh, I've just bought one of those miniature cameras that you can hold in your hand and click with one finger of the same hand, so that no one can see you shoot. It's so new that I haven't learned all its tricks yet, so I can't give you anything taken with it; you see, it's like shooting from the hip after you've learned to shoot by sighting along a rifle barrel.

"Think of the shots you could get with it, after mastering the thing, when no one knew you had it! Unselfconscious-shots of people, forbidden stuff, unusual pictures of action."

Gene admits that when he first became interested in cameras he was really hoping to break into pictures.

"I was a fan, and I wanted to be a screen actor," he confessed, "so I learned everything I could think of that might help, fencing, riding, how to use a camera, what to do with lights, and so on. On the sets now I always talk to the camera crew about shots, why they do this or that; they all have different ideas and different reasons to back 'em, and sometimes they work out for me—and sometimes they don't.

"Actually, it's my opinion that every camera artist or amateur snaphooter has to work some things for himself. Every individual has his own taste in pictures and he has to please himself first. (Please turn to page 98)





The poignant love of a boy and a girl caught in the crossfire of life in city slums, graphically told in a novelized version of a great stage success brought to the screen by Samuel Goldwyn



DRINA stood for a moment at her window looking up at one of the terraces on the East River Apartments. The one where *she* lived. The one that was always the gayest of them all, where someone was always laughing and a butler moved about with huge trays of tall glasses and men and women danced at night under the stars.

It had been bad enough before, this street. Bad enough on hot Summer mornings with garbage littering the sidewalks and the tenements huddled together over dingy stores and Tommy getting in with the tough kids and Drina wishing with all the heart in her that she could get him away before it was too late to a house in the country, and clean, windswept fields.

Oh it wasn't so much to ask, she thought desperately, wanting a chance for Tommy who was hardly more than a baby when their mother died. And a chance for her too, and for Dave.

Before the big apartments had been built on the corner overlooking the river it had been different somehow. For then the river that marked the dead end of the street seemed to mark the end of their world too. It was that

Street scene telling a drama of struggles and hopes. Dave and the rich girl (Wendy Barrie), who fascinates him. Center, *Baby Face* (Humphrey Bogart) and his henchman (Allen Jenkins) resent Dave (Joel McCrea), because he recognizes the gangster. Right, Mrs. Martin (Marjorie Main) disowns her son.

house going up, that huge beautiful house with its awnings and its servants looking down their noses at the street and the terraces with their trees and flowers that had accented the difference between the very poor and the very rich with this new bitterness.

Drina didn't know when Dave had first met the girl Kay, only that it was weeks now that she had sensed the difference in him. Always before that there had been Dave and her growing up with that closeness between them growing too, and managing somehow to keep their

A Melodrama of Manhattan

Fictionized by

Elizabeth B. Petersen

it would mean three fifty more a week and maybe that would be enough to give them a chance somewhere else.

She stiffened and then she forced a smile to her lips as she saw Dave perched on the ladder in front of Pascagli's place. After all his study and schooling the only job he had been able to get was painting the restaurant that had been a speakeasy in the old days and was making a bid for the patronage of the rich newcomers through the lavish use of red paint and the new sign, *Chez Pascagli*.

Tommy's voice came mocking and shrill and for the first time she saw the new kid who had moved in the day before.

"Listen, you. If you want to belong to our gang you got to have a quarter."

"A quarter?" Milty's voice was awed. "Where

*Please See Page 92
for Cost and Credits*

Baby Face is reunited with his boyhood sweetheart (Claire Trevor). Center, Drina (Sylvia Sidney) anxiously enquires for the whereabouts of her young brother, but the urchins are unable to help. Right, Dave and Drina, certain of their love, find the means of escape from their "Dead End" world.

spirit and their hopes and their dreams in spite of poverty. She had always been so proud of Dave working his way through school and getting to be an architect.

She closed the window and put on her hat and went slowly down the stairs. She heard Tommy's voice raised in shrill argument with the other boys and the old dread of them and the things they were doing to her younger brother rose up in her. It didn't seem much sense in going on, in pounding those dreary streets with the strike placard held in stiff, tired arms. Only if they won

am I going to get a quarter from?"
"From your old lady." Spit, who was always battling with Tommy for leadership of the gang, pushed his way toward him. "You know where she keeps her money, don't you?"

"Gimme back my three cents." Milty's voice rose in terror. "I don't want to hang out with you. Gimme back my three cents!"

Tommy laughed as he stuck the money in his pocket and then as if they had drilled for the attack the boys got into position and with a sudden forward movement buried Milty under their falling weight.

Drina pushed her way into the thick of it elbowing the kids out of the way until she had Tommy by the collar. She heard someone laugh and glanced sharply up at the two men who were looking on.

"What are you doing, seeing life in the slums?" Her voice came hard and resentful at the sight of them in their expensive, flashily cut clothes. "Is it funny? Why didn't you stop them?"

"Lady, you're scaring me." The man who was obviously the leader of the two (*Please turn to page 92*)



That famous little French-American girl, Claudette, lives in one of the most impressive homes in the picture colony. When she entertains, her guests include ambassadors, socialites, screen stars. But the fun is always informal.

What happened when Claudette Colbert decided to give a formal dinner party? A stately setting, perfect appointments, exquisite service—everything formal except the hostess and her guests! Read about the gayest evening of the season

ONCE to every woman comes a formal dinner party. Like blood-red nails, sky-rocketing Dietrich eyebrows, a Reno divorce, and champagne mixed with beer, once is enough—but once it has to be. There's something frightfully chic about a formal dinner party given in the grand manner with the right people in bouffant skirts and white ties—and no woman in her right mind with a priceless set of china and an in-between-picture inertia (which is far more upsetting to the morale than being soundly jilted), can resist one—once.

For five long Hollywood years Claudette resisted, and then like the income tax it caught up with her one day when she was feeling suave with undertones of grandeur. She had just seen the newsreel pictures in color of the Coronation and there's something about the late crowning of England's King and Queen that brings out the *de rigueur* in women, or at least the *la-de-da*. "I think," said Claudette, thereby disturbing an old Hollywood fallacy anent movie stars, "I think I shall give a formal party." If Claudette hadn't been in her crystal goblet mood she undoubtedly would have declared: "By heck, I'll throw a party." But "give" or "throw," tomato or tomato, Claudette couldn't have made a more startling statement. In fact the Pressman-Colbert household hadn't been so jolted since that night last summer when Claudette gazed serenely over her new home that had just been completed at the tidy sum of \$200,000 and remarked, "I don't like it. I think I'll sell it for what I can get." That certainly caused a pretty confusion.

Now everyone who knows Claudette, including her family, knows that Claudette definitely isn't the formal type. Why, she loathes anything formal. Proper little people who put on a lot of chi-chi and sit around making fine talk with a look of boredom bring out the guillotine in her nature. (I'm sure her grandpappies nipped off



quite a few aristocratic heads.) And if you ever get the least bit gaga with her and pull an elegant subterfuge out of your sleeve she'll wither you with those black eyes and say, "Don't give me that. You can tell *me* the truth. I'm Claudette—remember?" And as many a man-on-the-right can report, our Miss Colbert spills more wine than she drinks. Much more. I wonder if the stain ever came out of poor Mr. Robert Benchley's trousers.

So you can well imagine how surprised everyone was when Claudette said she was going to give a formal dinner party. As a matter of fact, she was pretty sur-

in Hollywood

By Elizabeth Wilson



ette played with the idea of going whole-hog and sending out engraved invitations with R.S.V.P.—but instead she reached for the telephone. There's a limit to this formal business.

"Carole," she said to Miss Lombard, "this is Claudette. Can you come to dinner next Wednesday night? It's formal and—"

"Oh, Claudette, I'm terribly sorry, I can't make it Wednesday night, but I'll come Thursday night. Are you going to have a tent? Marion Davies had a tent stretched over her tennis court the other night and it was simply marvelous. Saves all the wear and tear

on your living room, you know, people dropping cigarette ashes and spilling drinks—

(Please turn to page 76)

prised herself; but she is stubborn, that one; and besides, Travis Banton had just whipped up something for her with flounces and puffed sleeves that would look positively wicked at the head of a table. In it she would undoubtedly be the best-dressed woman who ever raised a fork to an entrée.

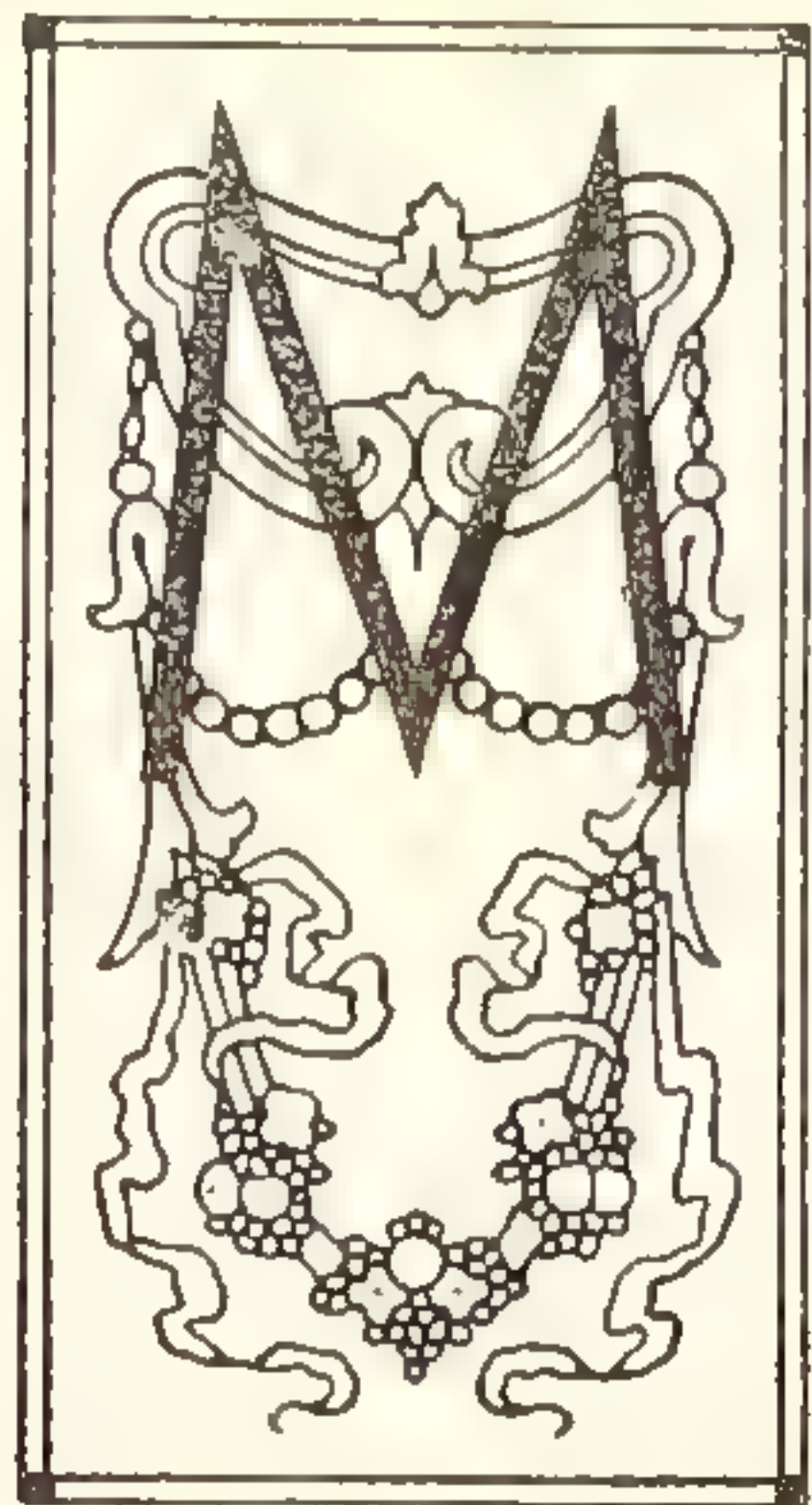
But if you've been informally opening your door, falling over your furniture, and spilling your wine over drama critics ("My dear, if Miss Colbert ever returns to the stage—My Gawd"), all your life you can't suddenly up and give a formal party without some kind of an excuse—your conscience won't let you—and a dress isn't exactly excuse enough even if it is an eye-catcher. But an Ambassador is—ah, me, you've really got something when you've got an Ambassador. It wasn't the French Ambassador, and it wasn't the Italian Ambassador, and if you think I'm going to tell you what Ambassador it was you're crazy as a loon because it's little things like that that start a war—but it *was* an Ambassador, and he was eager to meet Claudette, as who isn't?—and all his life had wanted to see what a Hollywood party was really like, and who doesn't?

For a split second, possibly an entire moment, Claud-



Left, the lovely, gracious home in which Claudette entertains. Upper left, the dining room, dignified scene of her delicious dinner party. Below, a comfortable corner inviting guests to relax over coffee and cigarettes.





MY LIFE

By

Robert Taylor

(As told to Ben Maddox)

YOUTH

I have no family crest.

Whatever stationery I buy will continue to bear my simple initials.

When I am finally ready to build a house, ready to really start that home of my own that I have always wanted, I shall not dig into an old chest and pull out an historic emblem to be carefully reproduced above my living-room mantel.

To be honest, and entirely so about my life as I see it myself, I do not believe very keenly in ancestor gestures. In the legend of blue blood. In boasts about descending directly from William the Conqueror. Modern genealogists say we cannot specifically inherit from any one person further than seven generations back. So there may have been extraordinary folk among my forefathers. I hope so. I hope a big percentage did have an irresistible craving to be worthwhile in their particular sphere. But I don't bother to trace great-great-greats. I think that our parents—or those who raise us—are the important influences in shaping our character. I hold, however, that ultimately every one of us emphatically makes or breaks himself, that we can escape the commonplace only when we know this truth.

I am plain American and proud of it. Away back my father's people emigrated to Pennsylvania from Holland, and my mother's people came to Wisconsin from Scotland. Both sets of grandparents were pioneers in the Middle West, in the prairie days of Nebraska.

Two figures loom dominant when I reconsider my life—before Hollywood. My mother and father. It is no idle nor fancy compliment to say that whatever success I have been fortunate enough to enjoy is due to their example. I mean it. It's so definite a fact. They did not give me my actual acting opportunity in Hollywood—M-G-M



deserves all credit for that. And the indulgence of theatregoers has allowed me to play leading rôles on the screen. But I would never have been eligible for such luck if it hadn't been for my mother and father being the kind they were.

Mother set the pace of our home in Nebraska and she did it so magnificently that I know that I want a wife who can be equally as triumphant over everyday troubles. Over the more than average problems that are liable to assault two sweethearts. I am never discouraged about love, in spite of all the divorces and grief I've heard about, because I know a perfect romance does happen. I don't have to rely on story-book tales, nor trust to muchly-publicized heart dramas. I

think of what I remember in our own home. No one can ever disillusion me for I have this memory to guide me. Mother and father had to fight for their happiness, besides struggling for security. But they fought gallantly and they won. Along their road they never had a single disagreement! I am sure I, too, can find a lasting, completely satisfying love because I have reason to be positive it is possible.

I hail from a small-town atmosphere. But it wasn't a boring, ugly small town. I never could quite understand those novelists who are scathing towards the genuine America, towards men and women with old-fashioned ideas about sincerity and decency. Perhaps we see what we look for. Anyway, so far as I was concerned, a small town in Nebraska was a fine place to live, a friendly place where neighbors were—exactly that. Neighbors, and not strangers in some mysterious mad whirl.

Every Sunday when I was a child, after church and before we would drive out to visit one set of grandparents—mother was invariably diplomatic in alternating our calls!—we went downtown for dinner at the best restaurant. That was a little shocking to certain relatives, I

This is, positively, the exclusive—and first and only—boy-line autobiography ever obtained from Taylor! Here, at last, Bob finally covers his thrilling modern saga *himself*

must admit. Going out to eat, and then allowing a mere child to order from a menu as though he were a smart grownup! But mother insisted upon it. She used to patiently explain, "Even after I was married I was embarrassed by a menu. Arlington's not going to be handicapped by any such shyness. He's going to be accustomed to being at ease, so he'll be able to go to any city!"

Of course I remember my grandparents.

My grandfather Stanhope built a large grain elevator in Filley, Nebraska, where I was born. He had studied to be a doctor, but the lure of developing a new land had drawn him on West and South, to that settlement when there were just trails across that part of the nation. He became a grain buyer, a prosperous merchant of the principal product of the soil. Mother was the middle one of his five girls. Her ambition was to be either a reader or a wonderful pianist. She had talent for each goal, but she was never strong enough physically to go ahead. She had to prepare her lessons outside, for her health's sake. And yet, even though she generally felt poorly, she officiated regularly at the organ in church. Mother not only has demonstrated to me what the woman's touch in a home should be, what supreme devotion a husband may be blessed with. She has impressed me tremendously with her deep reverence for the divine; it has brought her a warming sympathy for everyone in need.

Father was a farm boy. The farm, near Fremont, Nebraska, was all hot sun and blank horizons and routine drudgery to him. My grandfather Brugh thought everyday living was enough. But my father longed for something more than that. He wanted, somehow, to contribute to the world. He wanted an education so he could. When grandfather Brugh moved his family to a ranch in Colorado, where they stayed for years, father was taken in by an aunt who sympathized with his ambition. She had a daughter of her own, but he was welcomed like another brother. She put him through school.

He met mother there—in school. From the moment they were old enough to realize the other's presence there never was anyone else for either of them. I wish all of us could drift so naturally, so rightly into love. When father was twenty-two he finally persuaded mother, who was then eighteen, to say yes to him. They had so many years together and they couldn't bear to be apart!

But mother's constitutional frailty was forever threatening to mar their happiness. Father went



In his own refreshing words, Robert Taylor gives you his own story, from boyhood to the present — beginning with this first chapter, "Youth." Yes, Bob's still a very young man, but he has sufficient perspective to look back on his own childhood and boyhood and give you a true picture.



Bob, today, is the most sought-after hero in all Hollywood. In the circle we show you Taylor entwined by the graceful arms of Eleanor Powell, who co-stars with him in "Broadway Melody of 1938." Below at left, young Bob with his mother; and at right below, with his beloved father, of whom he writes so affectionately in our exclusive Life Story, so far.



into business with grandfather Stanhope. Gradually he resolved upon a course of action I can never forget for a minute. Doctors couldn't seem to help mother to sound health. So father determined to train himself in medicine, to become a physician so he might discover how he could give her

the vitality a weak heart lacks. It must have required some stamina to step out of his established business and enroll in a university to begin again. He closed a chapter and retraced, went back to school with classmates a decade younger. But he did that—for love of her. They went to Kirksville, Missouri, and she entered college with him. She loved him so that if he were going to study medicine she would, too. My Hollywood luck has been dramatic in its suddenness and in its complications, but how can my situation touch theirs for drama?

It wasn't to be easy. After a year grandfather Stanhope could no longer run the grain business alone and father had to return to Filley. Mother was better. In another year or so I was born. After that she was weaker than ever. For a year she could barely be about. Then father struck out at Fate once more. He knew that a he-man will go to any lengths, smash through all odds, for the wife he cherishes. He went back to the university because he had to learn how to make mother well. He was thirty-four when he began to study medicine all over again.

Mother and I went along, but she couldn't go to any more classes. She hadn't the energy. And she had me on her hands.

My earliest recollection is of sitting solemnly with father in a terribly sombre room where a tall man talked endlessly. I suppose I fidgeted at first. But I only recall

having to remain very still. It was a rare treat I got for being good, to go there. Father, you see, took me to his lectures when I was four. To give mother a chance for more rest!

He graduated, eventually, as a full-fledged doctor. I faintly visualize a most exciting day when the three of us—I'm an only child—were awfully happy about some splendid event. That was the cause of our occasion. But father not only graduated. Through his own research he had mastered remedies for mother. Through him she gained a fresh foothold.

When I was five we moved away from the college and back to Fremont in our own state. In another year father found an opening in Beatrice, so we settled there.

I had everything I wanted as I grew up. A wagon, then a bicycle. I had a barn to play show in. They tell me I was a pretty fair mimic; what I remember, though, is earnestly selling the tickets for the presentations!

I was perfectly happy—no complexes or such things, ever. At home I always (*Please turn to page 80*)





Good Form

In costume or modern dress in films, in the style of his expert play at tennis, or rugged individualism in the boxing ring, Errol Flynn does things with dash—and form



For pointers on good form in tennis, note Errol's style of play, at top—he's one of Hollywood's best amateur players. Then see how adept Flynn is at flinging punches in a match, left, with Mushy Callahan, former ring champ. Errol's right at home behind the wheel of his speedy motor, above. He's on his way to the beach for a swim—good at that, too. Upper right, maybe it was no fair for our camera to snap Good Form Flynn as he emerged from his house for a sun bath, but his expression of surprise is also such good form we just had to let you have a look. So here it is!

Here, it's Hot and Bothered! All because of Dorothy Lamour and Jon Hall, in South Sea romance

What Says the

Fair and warmer—and finally downright torrid, is the thermometer's report on "Hurricane," Samuel Goldwyn's forthcoming picturization of the novel by the noted authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty." A stalwart new boy, named Jon Hall, meets the girl, Dorothy Lamour, in a Samoan Paradise, as you see at left and below. At bottom of page, the handsome native encounters "civilization" as personified by Mary Astor and Thomas Mitchell.



Coburn



Thermometer?

Snow* Fooling! Cold and ice outdoors, but there's a Springlike thaw in the hearts of Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power as they portray the lovers in new film

Of course Sonja must skate, so "Lovely To Look At" is complete with skis, snow, furs, and firs. But with Tyrone as co-star, *la belle* Henie is assured of a warm reception nevertheless. Not forgetting that Hollywood still reports the Henie-Power real-life romance is, like a western serial, going on and on.



Waving the Magic Wand



The old-time magician pulled rabbits out of hats. Paul Muni, leader of movieland's magic workers, does better than that: see, in the three pictures at right, how he performs the artistic miracle in "The Life of Zola," following Zola from youth to old age.



Lower right and across the page, two close-ups of that fine young actor, George Sanders whom you first met in "Lloyds of London" as Madeleine Carroll's rascally husband, remember? Well, here Magician George appears first, as himself in "Life of a Lancer Spy," and then in deep disguise.



There are lovely lady magicians, too—aided by Hollywood's super-magicians, the make-up artists. Consider Beverly Roberts. At left above, as she looks to herself and friends; then, left, in slightly Garbo mood; while, above, she turns into a smart siren, if not before our very eyes. Which Beverly do you like best?

The master magicians of Hollywood are always up to new tricks



That the gay trio above includes Charles "Buddy Pickford" Rogers, and Betty Grable is no news to you; but we'll wager you won't recognize the girl at left. It's Mary Livingstone with the brand new nose she ordered for herself for "This Way, Please." Both Mary and Mary's husband, Jack Benny, are pleased.



Ah, Napoleon! Characterization craved by every actor, achieved by few. Charles Boyer impersonates the colorful Corsican in the new Garbo picture. Top, Greta as Madame Walewska, Bonaparte's Polish heart. Above left and right, two Napoleonic studies by M. Boyer.



Presto, chango—or how Edward G. Robinson was made up to resemble Napoleon for a Hollywood costume party. Above, a new, more bulbous nose for ambitious Little Caesar. Right above, just before the make-up man added Napoleon's characteristic front-piece. Right, Eddie, all ready to play Nappie—and how he'd like to!



Here's a surprise! First and only pictures of Bette Davis and Henry Fonda dancing for sheer delight. "They Kiss While Dancing" is the alluring title of these action shots, but they look just like the good old reliable waltz to us.



They Keep On Dancing!

One of Hollywood's little pranks was to conceal George Murphy's dancing talents until rather recently. George made his stage success as a dancer, you see. But, below, he comes into his own in "Broadway Melody of 1938." Left, a gay new dancer in the night-club manner is Priscilla Lane in "Varsity Show."





Eleanor Powell's particular lithe and clean-cut modern dancing style is superbly illustrated in the striking poses above. The gal gives us even more speed and spirit and style than usual, if possible, in her new show. Right, how different! The "corny" capers cut by those clever comics, Judy Canova and Ben Blue, in "Artists and Models."

You can't stop 'em! Reason: dance pictures delight not only the performers but the public, and you can't beat box-office.



James Cagney, song-and-dance boy from 'way back, goes to town again in his own inimitable humor in his next picture, "Something To Sing About," a Victor Schertzinger production, in which Cagney will sock 'em with song and fast steps.



A Day in the Life of the Mauch Twins

For some real fun, follow Billy and Bobby Mauch around—if the pace gets too swift, just pause for a breather here or there. Here goes, from top right reading down: to the amusement park for a merry-go-round of thrills, with Bobby picking off the brass ring; followed by a chute down the chutes, in high. Next, to a luncheon to welcome Tommy Kelly to Hollywood—Tommy's to make his screen début in "Tom Sawyer"—with Jane Withers, newcomer Kelly, Bobby, Freddie Bartholomew, and Billy celebrating. Then to a book shop to autograph copies of "The Prince and the Pauper" for young admirers. After that calling for Errol Flynn, with a pause to make friends with two of his dogs, to go on the Hollywood Hotel radio program conducted by Louella Parsons.

Above, all washed up for dinner at home.





Ann and Oakie



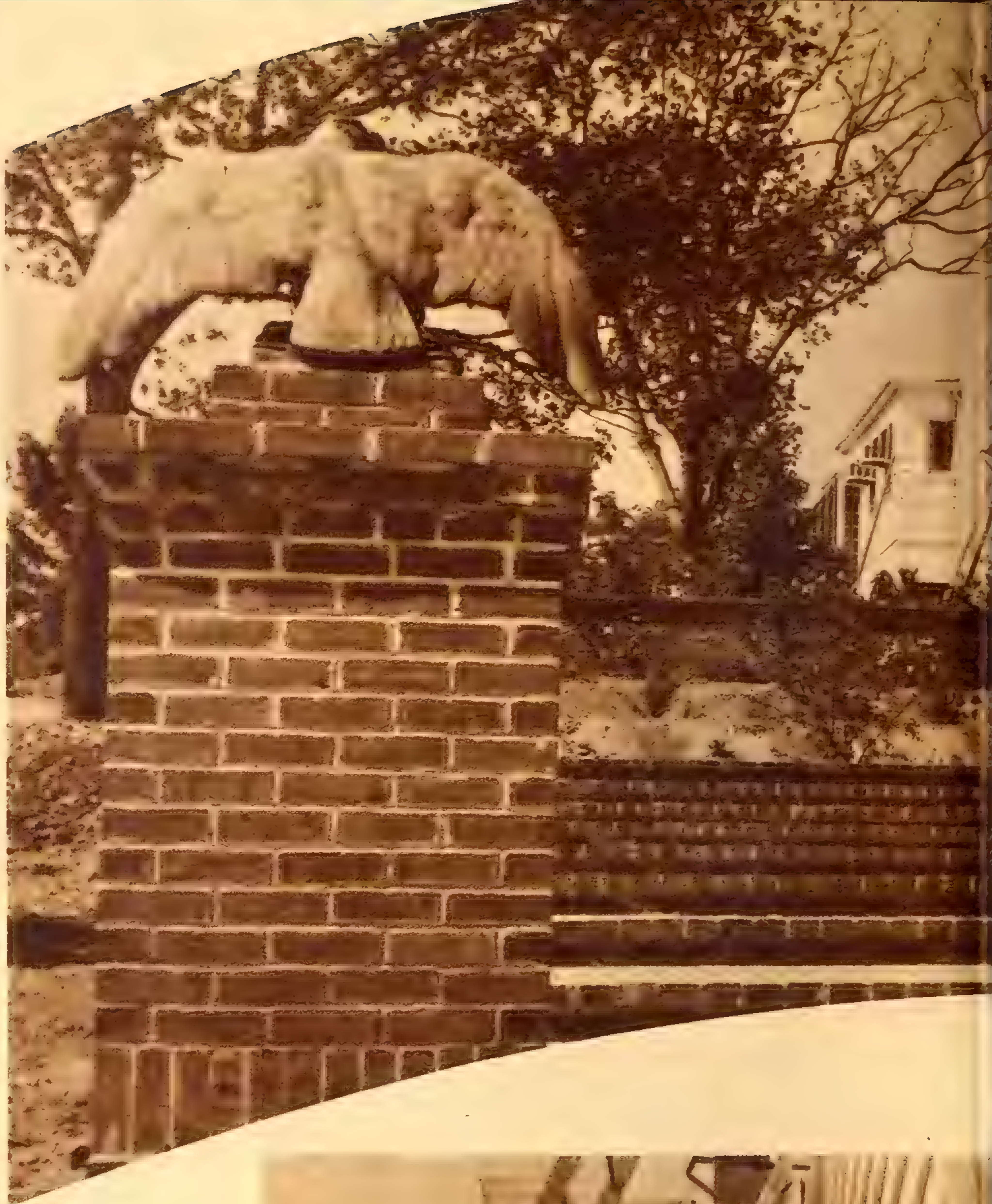
There's a team to bring you an intriguing blend of gags and glamor, romance punctuated with a roar of laughter here and there, and—who can tell?—maybe a hitherto unrevealed and unsuspected torrent of the tender emotion from a constitutional comic—as Jack woos svelte Sothern

Ann, upper left, seems to be thinking it over, but decides it's all for the best to make up to Jack Oakie in "Super Sleuth." That is all right with Oakie, as you see in the next two sequences at top. But, as whenever boy meets girl, there's an occasional misunderstanding, but soon made up, as indicated in the two stages of this romance at right center and right. Below, everything's happy with Jack and Ann in the close-ups.





Edward Everett Horton sits by the fire in the living room of his home—and plans more home! He tells you, quite seriously, he's been building the house for years—which is true—and that he intends to go on building more of it for years. Meantime he and his mother live in the finished portions which are very comfortable, you'll note.



Hollywood's "Unfinished" Home



Eddie says he is "dippy" about roses, and proves it by raising many fine ones in the garden in which you see him at left. Above: new wing is completed—the home sprouts a new wing with every successful new film, it seems—and Eddie climbs the ladder to have a look-see at the job.



The house that Horton built, and continues to build is located on a beautifully landscaped estate. Center, the master-builder stands on the steps at the entrance of the estate. Above, the comedian in his library—complete, even to some treasured art objects. Below, a richly carved colonial bedstead serves as a stretching exercise device for the master of the manor.



Home-building is a steady job with Eddie Horton. Here's his house up to now, with more to come



Here's a nice tall ceiling in the living room of the completed part of the house, and a beautiful crystal chandelier, a big broad window, with a deep sill for Eddie to perch upon, as above. Right, many fine pieces of furniture are in the home, the piece at right, for example, with Eddie admiring it.

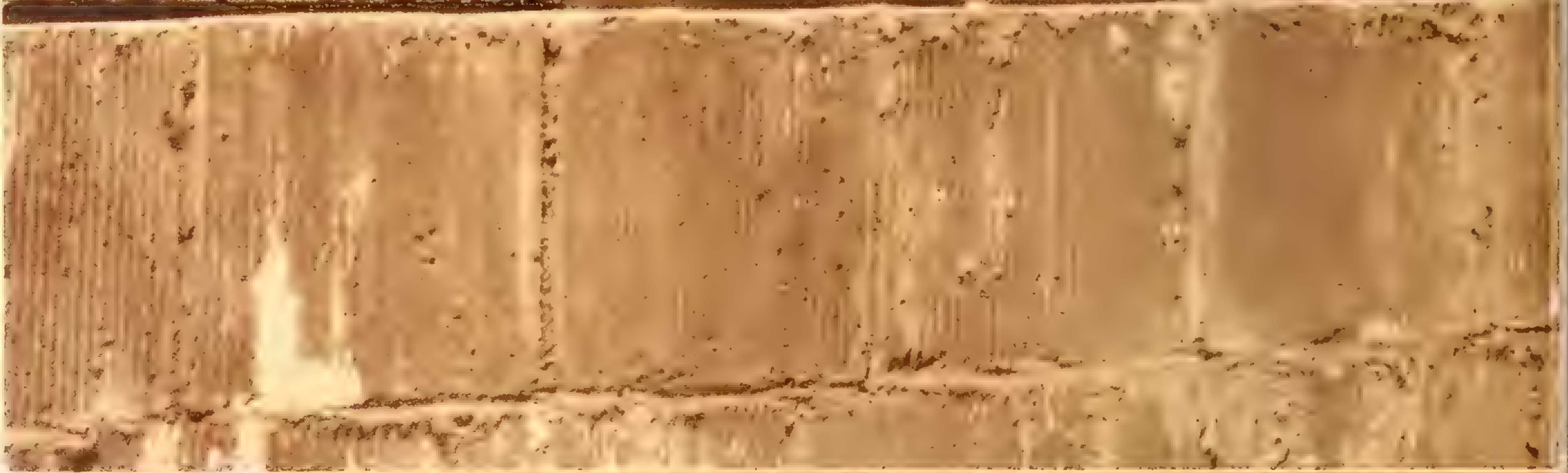


My Stardom for a Horse!

It takes a horse to keep up the Joneses—all of 'em at once. At left, Allan Jones, his wife, Irene Hervey, daughter Gail, and the family dog, are proudly upheld by Smoky, Allan's fleet and sturdy Arabian.



Frances Dee and Joel McCrea raise horses as well as hay on their ranch. Above, Frances with one of the mares and a new-comer to the ranch. Below, Frances and Joel and another McCrea steed at the corral. The McCreas know horses—from the standpoint of blood lines as well as the riding saddle.



Thus the cry of Hollywood—
and for good reason. It's great
sport (also swell "camera")
to bestride a cantering steed

One of Hollywood's best horsemen is Ray Milland, left, taking a high jump with his favorite mount. At lower center, across page, you'll see Ray and the horse having a bit of lunch after the exercise. Next, Allan Jones, on Smoky again. Anne Nagel is learning trick stuff, left below; while in the center Franciska Gaal, Hungarian actress, joins the Hollywood horse enthusiasts. Bottom right, Ramon Novarro makes a screen come-back as a sheik (remember him in "The Arab"?) and has a horse, of course.



If Hollywood Had

Sovereigns of the screen right now are seen in the royal coach at left: Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll, crowned in "The Prisoner of Zenda" make-believe. Others on this page: Dick Powell, like Caesar, seems to protest his crown, but would probably be noble and bow to the public's will. Queening it is an old Swedish custom with Garbo. Shirley Temple has surely earned her crown; Joan Crawford stands right up to her coronet; while shyly retiring in the lower corner is modest, but royally artistic, Luise Rainer.



A Coronation!

Whom would you crown as King and Queen? Pick your Princes and Princesses!

Colman and Carroll wear their crowns as to the purple born. Madeleine, you must know, has really been presented at the Court of St. James. A triumphant triumvirate is located in the center, with Clark Gable, Paul Huni, and Robert Taylor under crowns but not under wraps. That ermine is so heavy! The lady who radiates regal dignity is Fay Francis; and there, at lower right, you'll find Bette Davis, princess of passionate drama, and Jane Withers, queen of comedy brats.





Photograph (night shot) by Mrs. Wallace Reid for Monogram Pictures

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "Paradise Isle"

Turning the spotlight on
the film favorites in and
around British studios

By Hettie Grimstead

London

OPEN in an exclusive Piccadilly restaurant, the scene the green and gold salon where many famous folk are lunching. Rudy Vallee sits opposite blonde little June Clyde, all in purple, their neighbors being Ruth Chatterton and the Lawrence Tibbetts. Not far away Edmund Lowe is heartily dissecting a Spanish omelette with fried cauliflower, while that glamorous vision in the wine-red frock with a yellow jacket is none other than Merle Oberon, well and happy again now and entertaining a gay party. Her guests include Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester and lovely Vivien Leigh, who's enjoying the *peche melba* with never a care for her lithe young figure.

Vivien and handsome Laurence Olivier proved such a successful romance team in "Fire Over England" that they are now making passionate love to each other again in a new film called "The First and the Last," based on the late John Galsworthy's novel. It's being produced under Alexander Korda's auspices at Denham—oh, Alex may be paying a flying visit to Hollywood but he doesn't let the details of his studios escape him. Every night he calls up on the transatlantic phone, hears the re-

Adele Astaire, right, with her husband, Lord Cavendish, and brother Fred, makes her long-awaited screen debut in Britain soon. Below, Nova Pilbeam, Paul Lukas, and Anna Neagle, other pets in the London limelight.



ports of his executives on the day's work, and issues his comprehensive instructions for the next twenty-four hours. He's passed the scenario for Merle Oberon's coming film in which she will play a Russian ballet-dancer called *Tamara* and is now busy ordering the preliminaries of his Fall production in which Merle and Robert Donat are to be the stellar lovers.

Next lap shows a stage where Phoenix Films are shooting "Brief Ecstasy," with Paul Lukas made up as a middle-aged university professor in love with one of his youthful pupils. Paul's charming smile and warm Hungarian voice thank me as I carry over two cups of coffee and sit down companionably beside him just off-set. He tells me about the new plane he has just bought, a necessity because when he is in California he lives out at Palm Springs and flies to Hollywood for his work. He says that when the orange-groves are in full bloom you can smell their gorgeous perfume as high up as eight thousand feet! He's been buying old glass and china in London, wandering round antique shops in little streets off the

beaten track with his characteristic quietness.

Flash of Wallace Ford having twenty darts boards despatched to Hollywood as gifts to his friends including Spencer Tracy, Lew Ayres, and Pat O'Brien. Only one feminine name was on Wally's list, that of Ginger Rogers. "She's a grand guy, y' see," Wally explains, "just like a reg'lar feller."

Flash of Alfred Hitchcock, literally the biggest director in British pictures, busy writing in the shady rose-garden at Pinewood wedged into an enormous chair that would hold two ordinary-sized men quite comfortably. He's approving the dress schedule for his new mystery film starring seventeen-year-old Nova Pilbeam and John Loder.

Flash of George Arliss in his country cottage where he seeks relaxation from London noise these week-ends, his low-ceilinged study furnished with old maps, brass candlesticks, and antique oak chairs and tables. They have made a replica of it for his new film "Doctor Syn" because it is the perfect period room such as would have been used by the old-time parson George portrays with his usual dignity.

George is returning to (Please turn to page 78)





KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOUR—Korda-United Artists



Reviews of the best Pictures by

Delight Evans



ROMANCE in the grand manner! Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat are to be seen together, at long last, in the widely heralded production of James Hilton's novel—and they will not disappoint you. "Knight Without Armour" calls for superlatives. The direction is by Jacques Feyder, who made the prize-winning "Carnival in Flanders;" the co-stars are the costliest romantics on two picture-making continents; the Korda standard of extravagance is maintained in scenery and settings; and the result is rare entertainment of a high order. You should be in a romantic mood to appreciate this picture, however; it is not for those literal-minded critics who scoff at hair-breadth escapes, love under fire, or last-minute rescues. From the time that Donat, as a British secret agent in Russia, is swept by the Revolution to the rescue of the lovely aristocrat, Dietrich, to become her lover and defender through incredible wanderings, captures, and escapes, to the final reunion, "Knight without Armour" held my fascinated attention, thanks to the superb direction, the exquisite performances of Donat and Dietrich, and unusually compelling portrayals by the supporting cast, particularly by John Clements, very fine as the commissar



THE ROAD BACK—Universal



A GREAT picture gone Hollywood. This sequel to Erich Maria Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front" starts off splendidly, with all of Remarque's peculiar poignancy and director James Whale's particular genius for combining acute characterization and cinema spectacle. But the great theme, a tortured plea for peace, is somehow side-tracked; the human drama degenerates to routine screen stuff; and the tasteless insistence upon slapstick "comedy" throws the whole film off-key. However, the first scenes are fine, with two old friends from "All Quiet," Andy Devine and Slim Summerville, with the remnant of their company, in the trenches just before the armistice. With marvelous skill Whale has pictured for us the last few hours, and then the return home of the twenty-five survivors of the company—pure pantomimic art, with the dialogue only an intrusion. Amazingly adroit, too, is the scene of John King's homecoming, in capturing the emotions of a young soldier caught between the two worlds of war and peace. But too soon after "The Road Back" begins to run downhill and my interest with it. King is "discovered," however; and John Emery makes a fine first impression. Better see it.



THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS—M-G-M



INTRODUCING, ladies and gentlemen, a new Glamor Girl, Mlle. Luise Rainer. Forget all about *O-Lan*, for there are no traces of "The Good Earth" in the sprightly spy, *Countess Mironova*, heroine of this Baroness Orzcy revival. Here, Rainer has not only a new rôle but a new personality, totally unrecognizable. Adrian has done her gowns; I don't know who has "done" her hair, her eyes, her pout; but Rainer the actress certainly took a holiday when they assigned her to "The Emperor's Candlesticks." She looks, and is, alluring. She is the most captivating spy since "Mata Hari," and much more coy, though she doesn't dance. She doesn't have to dance; she gets the papers, Mr. William Powell's ardent co-operation, and the Czar's blessing, to say nothing of the candlesticks, simply by swishing and fluttering and opening those eyes very, very wide. The strange part of it is, she manages somehow to be quite irresistible, even though you earnestly hope she will never do it again. It's a pretty thin story, this when-spy-meets-spy thing, with an understandably bored Mr. Powell chasing the baffling *Countess* all over Europe in pursuit of those papers; but there are bright moments here and there, and it is fine at times.

MOST DARING DRAMA:

"They Won't Forget"

GREAT ROMANCE:

"Knight Without Armour"

BEST MELODRAMA:

"King Solomon's Mines"

LOW BOWS TO:

Mervyn LeRoy for his courage in producing "They Won't Forget"

Dietrich and Donat for perfect teamwork in "Knight Without Armour"

Dick Powell for "different" delivery in "The Singing Marine"

Doris Weston for charm as Dick's new heroine

Lana Turner and Marcia Ralston for what we used to call "sex appeal"



THEY WON'T FORGET—Warners



The most daring cinema of the current season is Mervyn LeRoy's uncompromising picturization of Ward Greene's novel, "Death in the Deep South." Here is strong fare, decidedly not designed for the squeamish, but definitely worth your while as an example of Hollywood in its most advanced manifestation, shackles shaken off, box-office edicts defied, bigotry challenged. Here is no ordinary murder melodrama, even though the murder of a young girl propels the plot; but a powerful presentation of politics at war with fair play. LeRoy, having selected his story at the risk of prodding prejudice and offending tradition, sticks to it with integrity and determination. Briefly, it is the record of a Southern town in the throes of a murder's aftermath. The trial and conviction of a young Northerner provide such terrific drama as you seldom see on the screen. Claude Rains paints the portrait of an ambitious district attorney in brilliant, vicious strokes. LeRoy never flinches as he follows his story to its grim finish, even though his audiences may be left limp with horror. The cast includes four newcomers: Lana Turner, seductive stand-out; Edward Norris and Gloria Dickson; and Allan Joslyn, enormously clever as a reporter.



THE SINGING MARINE—Warners



YOU may be surprised at this one. Except for one inexpressibly awful Oriental "number" toward the finish, Dick Powell's latest defies formula and provides very good entertainment. For one thing, Mr. Powell is shy; yes, shy; he has to be coaxed to sing, and the girls do not fight over him — in fact, when rather accidentally he wins national fame over a radio amateur hour we are offered the supreme pleasure of being allowed to turn on Mr. Powell and dislike him heartily, for his fame and new fortune go to his handsome head, he neglects his old buddies in the Marines, he lets himself be lured by Marcia Ralston—no mean lurer, by the way—and it takes the combined efforts of Miss Doris Weston, Messrs. Warren and Dubin with their sweet songs such as *The Lady Who Wouldn't Be Kissed* and *Cause My Baby Says It's So*, and Allen Jenkin's salutary sermons, to bring Mr. Powell back to himself. Now he's the same sweet fellow he always was, but I liked him better the other way. Mr. Powell is a performer, folks, if you didn't know it before. You'll like, I think, the new Miss Weston, fresh from an actual amateur hour herself, who is natural and refreshing. Larry Adler and his harmonica help.



KING SOLOMON'S MINES—Gaumont-British



BEST adventure film in a long time! If you're tired of polite pictures, or cinema sermons, or moon-croon-spoon movies, here's your dish and it's good, red meat. Really a super-serial in one sitting, "King Solomon's Mines" has been produced on such a lavish scale that it assumes the proportions of a proper "epic," with its star-studded cast including such distinguished players as Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Roland Young, and Paul Robeson. This British picture is a free but far from easy adaptation of Rider Haggard's story, which concerns the arduous journey, by three Englishmen, an Irish girl, and an African, across the desert wastes in search of diamonds. Nature in her rawest mood is the menace of the piece, and I suspect that the thrills, achieved by the cleverest technical tricks attempted since "King Kong," will be hard for Hollywood to take—or top. Even harder to take, and to follow, will be the Spartan example set by Anna Lee, who as the comely heroine bravely sacrifices artifice to art and actually appears worn and bedraggled, instead of freshly waved, made up, and manicured in the heart of the desert, as usual. The voice of Mr. Robeson is raised in song for the good reason that it's a pleasure to hear.



Modern Madonna

Loretta Young, Hollywood's youngest "adopted mother," invites SCREENLAND to be first to meet Judy and Jane, new bosses of Loretta's lovely home



THE minute that Loretta's slightly puzzled butler opened the door and I catapulted over a huge Donald Duck who squawked nastily, scraped my silken shins on a kiddie kar, causing another run no doubt, and sat down on a decidedly damp bit of zwei-back I knew that all was not as it had been at the Youngs. In Loretta's Colonial Bel Air home I had always found the most charming and orderly arrangement of furniture and knick-knacks, with never so much as a rose petal out of place. Loretta and her mother are perfect push-overs for the antique, and Duncan Phyfe and Chippendale and Queen Anne, Spode and Wedgewood greet you from every angle. I will never forget the first time I was ushered into the Young living-room some five years ago. "There isn't a thing you can sit down on comfortably," said Loretta, "but isn't it pretty?" No, kiddie kars and damp zwei-back simply didn't seem to fit into the general scheme of things.

Of course it might just so happen to be the day that Polly Ann had brought her eight-months-old son, and Sally, her year-old daughter, to call on Aunt Loretta—but no, both babies were still too young for belligerent Donald Ducks and kiddie kars. And it couldn't be Georgianna, long the baby of the Young family, for Georgie had recently taken on the dignity of teens and the tragedies of youth. Georgie's greatest tragedy of the moment being that someone had told her that she had a nose exactly like Sister Loretta's. This had brought forth a flood of tears. Imagine how flattered Loretta must have felt! "But my nose can't be *too* awful," said Loretta with some dignity, "after all I have become a movie star, and I *don't* act for peanuts exactly." But Georgianna only cried all the harder. No, a young lady worried over her nose wouldn't leave zwei-back around on chairs. It must be Something Frightfully Important. And so it was.

"Miss Young is bathing Miss Judy in the nursery. I will tell her you are here," the butler still puzzled by it all announced, and simultaneously a little blonde girl with big blue eyes peered curiously through the upstairs

bannisters and inquired, "Who dat?" And having gotten an eyeful of me she fled like mad.

"That would be Miss Jane," the butler informed me, "she is three years old and very shy. But she has a way with her."

"Loretta," I said to myself, "has done it. I knew she would. But two of them—how really magnificent."

I think it was the day I saw Loretta playing with her first and only little niece, Gretchen Foster (Loretta's real name is Gretchen and Sally and Norman named their offspring after her), that I had a feeling it would only be a matter of weeks before Loretta adopted a child of her own. I was waiting for Sally when Loretta dropped by on her way home from the studio—no matter how hard she worked, or how late, Loretta always managed to drop by for a wet kiss from Gretchen. When the baby in her coop saw Loretta there was such a to do—my, my,

such gurgles, and arm waving, and big toothless smiles! Loretta beaming like a madonna took it big. Then Sally came into the room and the baby looked at her and dropped Loretta like a hotcake. She would have no more of her. "I suppose," said Loretta keenly disappointed, "that for a moment there she thought I was Sally. We look alike and use the same perfume. It's her mother she loves, not me. Which is as it should be, I guess." Now Loretta is the kind of person, and so am I and so are you, who likes to be first when it comes to love and affection. Yes, I had a hunch that day that it wouldn't be long.

But even at that, it did come as a surprise. For Loretta, as you well know, is one of the most glamorous of the movie stars. In her early twenties, vivacious, beautiful, wealthy, sought-after by men, envied by women, adored by millions of fans all over the world, you'd think, wouldn't you, that Loretta's one idea would be to have a marvelously gay time. And Loretta does like to have a gay time—no stick in the mud is she—she does like to laugh and flirt and wear breathlessly beautiful clothes; after all she is human; but inside that lithe little figure beats a heart so warm and so big that it is very difficult to speak of it without spilling over. But far be it from me to enumerate Loretta's good deeds; I'm definitely not the type, and besides Loretta wouldn't like it; but I would like to say in passing that while other petted darlings of the screen talk their heads off about all the nice things they are *going* to do, Loretta ups and does them without a single word of fine talk. Maybe it's because she has been well brought up in a deeply religious family; maybe it's because she remembers too well those first cruel years of extreme poverty in Hollywood; maybe it's because she went into pictures while she was still a child and quickly acquired an adult mind; or maybe it's just because Loretta is Loretta. A giddy young thing, that one, but with the soul of a saint. By the time she's forty she will have adopted an entire orphan asylum. And there'll be jam all over the Chippendale. Remind me to wear something old.

"Aren't they darlings?" said Loretta, removing soap suds from her eyes—Judy's splashing record is unchallenged, even by the Five Dionnes—"They're the cutest things you've ever seen. Judy is twenty-three months old, and so sweet and affec-

tionate. When she puts her arm around my neck it's the most wonderful feeling in the world—it's like heaven! I just can't bear to go to the studio and leave them. Come here, Jane dear, it's time to rub your cod liver oil."

Much to my surprise, Jane came. It seems that both babies like cod liver oil. And milk of magnesia, too. Such taste.

"Loretta," I said, "if only I could have a photograph of you, drying a squirming little baby with one hand and poking cod liver oil down another one with the other hand! The Glamorous Miss Young At Home."

"Oh, no," said Loretta quite seriously. "I don't want them photographed. They're just cute little babies, and they shouldn't have publicity. And you're here as a friend, not as a writer, don't forget. Jane, show Aunt Liza your playthings."

"Aunt Liza," I said rubbing my mutilated shins. "I have met several of Jane's playthings. In the hall down stairs."

Suddenly there was a great fuss from Judy who was getting her ears dried. Jane, with great pride and exultation, was showing
(Please turn to page 52)



You've read the newspaper accounts, by now, of Loretta Young's divine gesture in adopting two baby girls. But this is the first, only, and authentic story which permits you to watch Loretta at home in her new rôle, to meet the babies, and listen to this young adopted mother's ideas of child-raising. If Loretta ever consents to having Judy and Jane photographed, we'll be the first to show you their pictures.

By Liza



"Voguish" Vinson wears, at left, a gown of black velvet with the most sensational décolletage of the new season, and tops it with a tiny velvet hat. Above, see the sweeping lines of this lovely evening wrap of silvery moiré, cut with flaring sections attached to a shallow yoke. The three-quarter-length sleeves have deep cuffs and shoulder decoration of blue fox. She winds a wisp of grey net around her head and knots it at one side. Below, Vinson's pagoda pajamas.

SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by

Helen Vinson





Costumes designed by
Omar Kiam for Helen
Vinson to wear in
"Vogues of 1938,"
Walter Wanger Pro-
duction, United Artists.



At upper left, Helen Vinson illustrates interesting fashion touches in her boxed coat of black and white plaid with its rolled collar, and her stove-pipe hat of bright green. Center, above, cut-to-the-figure gown of heavy, clinging black crepe, set off with solitary clip at the neckline. Right above, dream negligée of pale pink metallized fabric, cut like a coat, with buttons down the front. Notice that her mules show the new high-tongue lines. At left, siren sheathed in gold! Miss Vinson might call this costume "Armour without mail, no less! Don't miss the shallow yoke of black velvet, or the matching skull-cap.

Modern as tomorrow are these exclusive costumes designed especially for Helen Vinson. Daring in line, audacious in movement, they will, we predict, start new style trends here and now!



Anne Shirley, left, shows off with youthful pride in her new street suit of navy and powder blue. Lapels are faced with navy polka dot silk, and there's a scarf to match. Anne's rolled-brim hat is powder blue felt trimmed with navy. At right, little Miss Shirley displays her house coat of ice-blue slipper satin, made with absolutely no revers. The wide three-quarters sleeves are caught in with large square rhinestone studs. Similar buttons fasten the coat at the waist in front.



New Fall Clothes of



At far left, Ann Sothern is shown in a striking black evening ensemble. The black taffeta gown has a fitted waist and a flared skirt which trails on the floor in back, and is banded in a wide floral appliqué of jet beads and black sequins. Over the gown Ann wears a brief taffeta jacket appliquéd almost solidly with the sequins. A silver fox collar tops the ensemble. Marsha Hunt, at left, adopts a favorite Hollywood color, stone blue, for her charmingly simple dinner dress of light-weight wool, with its interesting sleeves.



Harriet Hilliard, whom you met in "New Faces of 1937," and will greet in a new film opposite Gene Raymond, makes her début as a special model for Hollywood fashions at left and right. First, at left, in a pink satin pajama suit. Then, at right, in a costume that fairly cries for technicolor: a typically cinematic but nevertheless becoming suit of azure blue wool, with pale blue fox sleeves. Harriet's suede skull cap, gloves, handbag, and open-toed oxfords are a matching shade of blue.



Character and Charm



Advance fashion news! At right, Marsha Hunt rushes the season with a dashing new coat of black Persian lamb, which she sets off with a fez cap of powder blue with bold trimming of black braid. Note the cut of the coat, and pay particular attention to the prominent pockets—you'll see such highlights in winter fur fashions. At far right, Martha Raye, the comedienne, quiets down long enough to model for us a dinner costume of red crepe with brilliant buttons and tailored trimming of sequins, which she wears in "Double or Nothing."



P A R I S

Stars at Play in

By Stiles Dickenson

"O H LA, LA, LA, what will we do?" With shrugs of shoulders and wavings of arms the French exclaim each time Hollywood grabs off another of their favorites.

What with Simone Simon, Fernand Gravet, Annabella, and Danielle Darrieux deserting Paris in one year, you can imagine that the anxiety of the excitable French is not without cause. Rare flowers like these can't be plucked from every way-side bush. Hollywood is the dream and goal of every person in the Paris Studios from the young and beautiful to the old and hopeful.

Now Georges Rigaud is setting off Hollywoodward. I lunched with him the day he had signed his contract with Paramount. Though, naturally, excited about the contract he was very sensible about his ideas of gaining a foothold on the American ladder of success. Charles Boyer and Fernand Gravet both feared to lose their French public while tempting fate in Hollywood so both have clauses in their contracts permitting them to work in France half the year. Rigaud feels differently about it. He thinks that the American studio will take more interest in building him up if he signs up for all



American screen audiences will soon be meeting Georges Rigaud, fascinating young Frenchman who is one of Paris' favorite actors. Left, in close-up. Above, in a film scene with Marcelle Chantal.



Popular with Parisians is Gladys Swarthout, above, who received a royal welcome on her recent visit to the Exposition, with her husband, Frank Chapman.

the year round, which seems a reasonable conclusion.

A short time later we met to go to the international tennis matches. Georges was leaping about the place with excitement—not from watching the tennis champions, but because he had just received word that his first assignment at the Paramount studios will be to play opposite Marlene Dietrich. I can't imagine anyone resting calm and peaceful at the prospect of being Marlene's partner for a film!

Our Georges was fairly beside himself with glee—

As Hollywood lures leading French stars, the City on the Seine with characteristic charm welcomes our vacationing luminaries



even the excitement of the semi-finals for the International Championships could not take his mind off Marlene. So between watching the thrilling playing of Von Cramm, Austin, and Madame Sperling I had to answer Georges' avalanche of questions about Marlene. I had often watched her in London making scenes for "Knight Without Armour" so could enlighten him on Marlene's studio ways.

I'm sure all the gals will find Georges' flashing smile and exuberant personality a grand foil to Marlene's languorous type of acting. Rigaud was born in the Argentine but early found his way to Paris and London. After he was well established in Paris he made a great many films in Berlin, so one finds him equally happy chattering away in Spanish, German, English, and French. Then, for good measure, he can shake a fluent tongue in Italian. All these languages have given color to an already colorful personality. One of his first important parts here was in "The 14th of July," that great classic of Rene Clair's in which he played opposite Annabella. His last four French films he has played with Harry Bauer, that grand old French character actor. They make a wonderful pair.

Just when I was wondering where all our stars were hiding themselves this summer and given them up as lost, off the "Normandie" skipped Gladys Swarthout, accompanied by her husband, Frank Chapman. From the first, Paris has been enthusiastic about the golden-voiced Swarthout, so an unusual number of photographers and

Frank Capra, noted director of "Lost Horizon," "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town," and the unforgettable "It Happened One Night," was photographed with Mrs. Capra during his vacation in Europe—where he spent a busman's holiday photographing everything he saw, for future film reference.



France welcomes her prodigal daughter, Simone Simon, when she returned to her native land for what she hoped was a long vacation. Instead, Simone had to cut short her holiday to hurry back at boss Zanuck's orders, to appear with Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie in a new musical movie.

fans were at the Gare St. Lazare to welcome her.

Somehow one never expects to find friends in the first coach of a boat train. You sort of glance down the line of coaches as the train pulls into the station and really start looking with the second or third coach. Well, that's what happened when Gladys arrived. While the crowds were swarming down the platform toward the other coaches, out of the first coach stepped Gladys and with friend hubby quietly walked out of the station. To make up for it, on the following Sunday at great race day at Chantilly the Swarthout was the center of attraction—starring over the horses at that favorite spot of horse lovers.

After the races she did what all popular and smart people do of a Sunday afternoon; she went to Louis Bromfield's lovely country place near Senlis for cocktails. This delightful author gathers round him every Sunday all the most interesting and brilliant people in Paris. The prima donna was most happy to be in Paris again after an absence of seven years and was busy revisiting favorite haunts. Then after a bit of sun-bathing in the South of France she will hie herself back to America to start her warbling again in front of the cameras, mike, and footlights.

Frank Capra, the great director of "Mr. Deeds" and "Lost Horizon," was at the Crillon and we were sorry he and his attractive wife didn't linger longer. There is a youthful enthusiasm about him that is most interesting. Like the busman on a (Please turn to page 99)

No Amateur Now



She's nineteen, talented, and outspoken—and here's her first interview. Above, Doris gives you a grin. Below, she shares smiles with Dick Powell in "The Singing Marine."

How Doris Weston sang and smiled her way from an amateur hour to Dick Powell's new picture

By Brian Herbert

ALL young actresses have a disconcerting way of answering unimportant questions and neglecting to answer the important ones.

Doris Weston is like that. She is nineteen, pretty, talented and outspoken. She was willing enough to be interviewed, even helpful when she could be, but she was much more interested in getting a certain "Bob" on the telephone. She rang him as soon as she had settled herself in a chair.

"Hello," she said, evidently in answer to an answer, "is Bob there?"

Her face fell. "No," she added. "Tell him I called." Then she turned from the telephone.

"I don't know what I can tell you about myself," she said, smiling sweetly. "I really haven't lived much of my life yet, you know. What'll we talk about?"

"About yourself," we suggested for want of a better answer, "and about Major Bowes and Dick Powell and the mysterious 'Bob.' And your opinion of Hollywood."

"Oh," said Miss Weston. "I think Hollywood is wonderful. Why shouldn't I? Will you excuse me, please, while I telephone?"

But "Bob" was not to be found at the new number, either, so we resumed our pleasant, if unexciting, conversation. It has always been difficult for me to get a young girl to say anything important—either yes or no.



"Were you excited about coming to Hollywood?"

"I suppose I was. I was excited over the idea that I would meet Dick Powell and then later I was excited all over again when I found I was to play opposite him in 'The Singing Marine.' I wasn't disappointed. He is very nice. May I use your tel—?"

"How long have you been here?"

"I reported for work on September 11, 1936. We had bought a new Lincoln car (Please turn to page 84)

Fall Faces

By Elin Neil

You won't catch Hollywood "losing face" now that it's time to show the smooth, clear complexions new Fall fashion demands!



The smile on Olive Cawley's face is positive proof her complexion can stand a "close-up" after it's won its way through Summer beauty hazards to a goal of natural-looking loveliness.

AWARDS for Fall, 1937, go to the complexion that can stand a "close-up" without apologies! And that's the kind possessed by lovely Olive Cawley, one of the most photographed girls in the world, who forsook modeling in Manhattan for the lure of Hollywood movies.

The first requirement for a fashionable complexion is velvety smoothness, and the finished effect must look natural. It's perfectly true that make-up can do a lot for beauty. But put it on a rough skin, or one that has its texture marred by bumps, lines, or large pores, and you'll look your best at a distance only.

It's not a hard job to keep your skin smooth and soft if you give it the care it needs—*when* it needs it. Now that Summer is almost over, you'll probably find your complexion can stand a good deal of repairing, especially if you've gone in for a coat of tan, acquired a crop of freckles, or subjected your skin to a variety of water while you were vacationing.

Sun, wind, and hard or salt water all have a drying, coarsening effect on the skin. If you took your tan with plenty of sun-tan oil or used an anti-sunburn cream to keep you protected against Old Sol's burning rays, you've lessened the need for complexion repairs. But if you've been careless, (as most of us are when the chief object is having fun out in the open), you should start right now to recondition your face.

Summer beauty hazards are hardest on dry or average skin, and these are the types that are most likely to stand in need of end-of-the-Summer repairs. Plenty of lubrication, replacing the natural oils that have been dried out, is the solution to your problem if your skin falls into one of these classes.

The danger signals that show your skin is too dry are easy windburn, patches on your cheeks that catch the powder in visible flakes, and fine lines where you haven't noticed them before. If any of these signs show up on your face, before an honest mirror with a strong light, start your lubrication regime immediately! It's vitally important to your beauty because, besides robbing you of the smoothness that is so necessary to a fresh and lovely skin, excessive dryness forecasts a future of wrinkles.

You can't correct a dry skin overnight or with a single long, drawn-out beauty treatment. There's a limit to the amount of oil your skin can take at any one time. And that's the reason I don't recommend leaving a lubricating cream on your face all night, even if it is labelled "night cream."

Your skin will get all the benefits from this type of cream it can use in ten or (Please turn to page 70)



Wide World

Hollywood reunion! Marlene Dietrich was at the train to welcome her hubby, Rudolph Seiber, visitor from Europe.

IN ADDITION to coaching Jeanette MacDonald for her dancing debut in "The Firefly," we hear Albertina Rasch is also devoting a good deal of her time to Greta Garbo, who, believe it or not, will trip the light fantastic in "Madame Walewska."

GAIL PATRICK is rapidly acquiring an international household. To date, Gail, (who is Irish), has a Hungarian cook, a German housemaid, a Canadian secretary and a Japanese gardener. Well, all we have to say is she doesn't show any favoritism!

THE real lowdown on Shirley Ross' flare-up at the studio and her subsequent removal from the cast of "This Way Please" was because Shirley felt she'd had a pretty tough road to hoe in finally being cast in leading rôles and when she discovered she was to do the second lead in the film, she flatly refused to comply. So now she's spending all her time rehearsing for her weekly radio broadcasts until such time as she and the studio make up and she's permitted to go to work again.

YOU'LL never guess what Freddie Bartholomew's latest ambition is. It's to possess a star boat. In case you don't know, a star boat is the small type of racing boat popular around the local harbors and it all happened when Freddie spent a day with Buddy Ebsen recently on his boat. Ever since then, Freddie has been saving up his allowance so's he can acquire one for himself and Buddy has promised to teach him to run it.

CAROLE LOMBARD tells this one on herself. It seems that during the Los Angeles run of "Idiot's Delight," Clark Gable took Carole to see Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in this latest of their plays. Upon being introduced to Carole back-stage after the play, Miss Fontanne asked Carole, quite naively: "Are you

Here's Hollywood

Camera slants and gossip notes on lively doings around Talkie Town

By
Weston East



Acme

Another Temple triumph! Shirley and her mother arrive for the preview of her new success, "Wee Willie Winkie."

English?" Whereupon Carole replied she was not. "Oh," said Miss Fontanne, "are you in pictures then?" Carole smiled in her best Gracie Allen fashion and replied: "Yes—I'm just around—" And we'd give a pretty penny to learn what Miss Fontanne's reaction was when she found out to whom she'd been speaking!

MARLENE DIETRICH still holds the record, for our money, for spartan fortitude. Seems Marlene had been troubled for days with a bad wisdom tooth, prior

to the finish of "The Angel," but she refused to have it attended to until the picture was completed. Finally, the last day of shooting arrived. Marlene drove off at noon to have the troublesome molar extracted. But she was back and feeling most fit in time for the cocktail party Ernst Lubitsch gave for all members of the cast and crew.

Here comes the bride of Dick Foran, escorted by the groom himself. They were married recently in Mexico.

Acme



Out to see the polo game, we couldn't watch the play for the beauties that lined the field. Here's what we mean, at right: Anne Shirley and Ginger Rogers, who came to observe, not to be observed. Nevertheless they took our eye and our camera took them.

Acme



BY THE time you read this, Jeanette MacDonald will be riding each day on a gorgeous white horse named "White Lady," a surprise birthday gift from Gene Raymond. Gene was chuckling for many weeks before the birthday arrived because Jeanette had expressed a wish for a white horse with black eyes. And the reason he was so pleased was because he'd already thought of it and had the horse staked out with his own mount, "Black Knight."

HOLLYWOOD'S film colony, it seems, are gradually moving out of the former residence districts of the stars. No longer can Beverly Hills and Hollywood boast that all the filmites reside within their gates, because half of them have bought or built homes in more remote sections of the country. Coldwater Canyon seems to be the latest most popular section. Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow were the first to discover the beauties of this lovely canyon, while Preston Foster,

Heartily do the Haleys, Jack and the Mrs., enter into the spirit of the occasion as they step out to a gay event.

Ginger Rogers, the Charles Starretts and half a dozen others followed suit. Now Martha Raye has her eye on property there while George Raft has already selected his.

THE Pat O'Briens are rapidly becoming the most elusive and exclusive vacationists of our town. Once Pat leaves the studio gates behind, they're off in their car for parts unknown and the funny part of it is the O'Briens themselves never know exactly where they're going. Recently, they set off for a drive to Palm Springs and ended up in San Francisco.



Acme

Back from a honeymoon trip to Hawaii, Vic Orsatti and his bride, June Lang, are prominent at Hollywood gatherings.

IN CASE anyone's been wondering why those guards are gathered around the set of "It's all Yours," it's because Madeleine Carroll is wearing her own real and very gorgeous jewels in the picture. And in case you're wondering just WHICH picture that is, it started out under the title of "Lovers on Parole," then became "Thanks for Everything," then "Thanks for Nothing," and now "It's all Yours." Which is some kind of a record for title-changing, I should say.

Charlie McCarthy, that not-so-dumb lad who heckles his own boss, Edgar Bergen, as well as W. C. Fields, is getting about in Hollywood celebrity society. Left, you see him with Don Ameche, Dorothy Lamour, and Bergen, during a brief recess from his radio work.

Acme



Acme

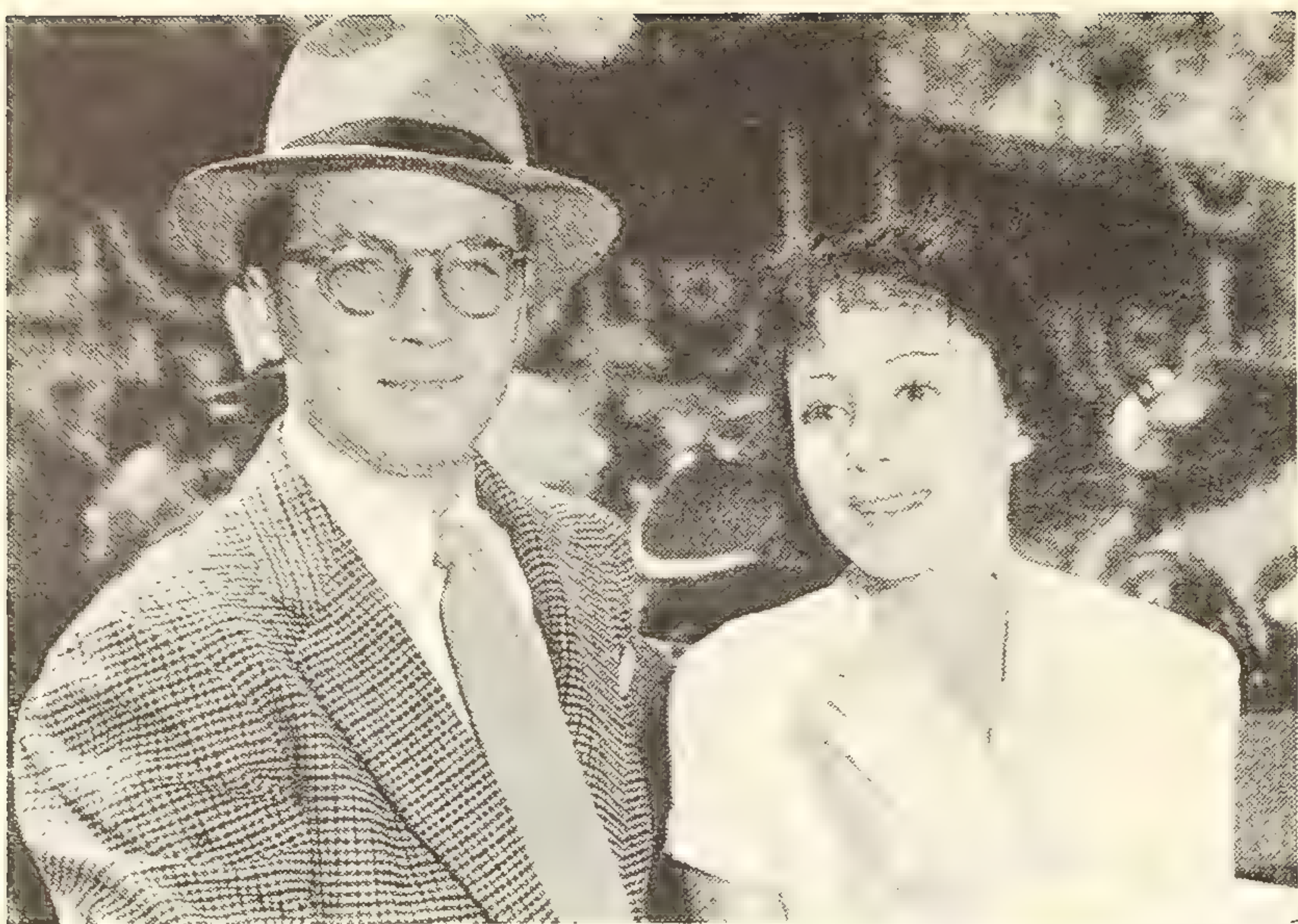
It's on again—the Tony Martin-Alice Faye romance, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. And here's the proof.

DROPPED around on the set of "Hurricane" to visit Dorothy Lamour, who's playing the lead. And believe me, Dorothy really has the longest and loveliest hair in the film colony. It falls way below her waist and is a lovely deep brown in color. And Dorothy was *that* burned up, the first day she worked on the set, when someone accused her of wearing a wig—and not a very good one at that! By the way, Dorothy has joined the band-leaders' widows club along with Ann Sothorn and Harriet Hilliard. Her husband, Herb Kay, is now appearing with his orchestra at the Texas Centennial which has just reopened and will then go on to Chicago to fulfill an engagement there for several months.

THAT Eleanore Whitney-Johnny Downs romance seems to be still flaming in a big way. When he returned from Honolulu recently, Johnny brought Eleanore a very fancy hula skirt and now he's teaching her the real, honest-to-goodness hula as he learned it in the islands.

THE Dick Powells will take off, immediately upon the completion of their work in "The Perfect Specimen" and "Varsity Show" respectively, for the last half of their honeymoon. Work, illness, and what not have prevented this happy couple from really having a vacation together, so now they're definitely going. Where, no one knows. It's a secret.

YOUNG Bill Powell, Jr., we've just learned, is looking forward to his summer vacation with a great deal of pleasure. Seems he's done pretty well in school this past term and is therefore assured a pat on the back from Bill, Sr., and his reward. Every month, when his report card is forwarded to papa, he's given 50¢ for his best grade, 25¢ for the second, and a fine for all the bad ones!



Acme
"Enchanting," said Luise Rainer of the exciting polo game she attended with her husband Clifford Odets, above. Upper right, Priscilla Lane, songbird of Fred Waring's band, hits a high note as Fred directs his orchestra in "Varsity Show." Right, Sheik Ramon Novarro and Lola Lane are under the spell of the desert in a new film.

AN orchid to Mrs. Leslie Howard who we've just learned is one of the mainstays of the Hollywood Assistance League. Mrs. Howard has not only assisted in remodelling the buildings which serve as lunch-room, child's nursery, and school-room, but she never fails to show up a couple of times a month with large groups of her friends for luncheon and a leisurely trip through the gift shop. The Assistance League, as you probably know, is a charity organization which contributes greatly to the needy film folk, and every penny spent there is turned over to its treasurer for distribution.

WE'VE just heard that Bennie Goodman, w.k. orchestra leader, has just turned down a very swell offer from the Cocoanut Grove to play there during the summer in favor of the Palomar Dance Hall. Bennie's reason is the Palomar caters to the college crowd and he feels the college kids helped put him across, so money or no money, he's going to be loyal to them.

STROLLED over on the set of "First Lady" the other day, and found a regular hen party in session. Between scenes, Kay Francis, Marjorie Rambeau, Louise Fazenda, Verree Teasdale and Marjorie Gateson gathered around in a circle indulging in "women talk" in a big way. Over in another corner, Preston Foster was looking most disconsolate about something. "Don't tell me you like it!" he challenged. "What?" "The grey hair!" he moaned. "I think it's terrible, but the studio insisted it made me look distinguished. Don't they know I'm a juvenile?"

JUST as soon as "High, Wide and Handsome" is "in the can," (as we say in Hollywood), Randy Scott is off for a vacation to visit Mrs. Randy in Virginia. He'll be gone as long as the studio lets him stay.

WE HEARD a rather nice story on Gladys George the other noon over the luncheon table. Seems Gladys has moved right in on the personnel at Metro and is rapidly becoming one of their favorite people. And this is one of the reasons why. A gal in the studio was all depressed, for some reason or other. Upon learning the reason why, Gladys



rushed right out and had sent over to the gal's office a gorgeous corsage of gardenias, all done up in huge bows of ribbon. And right in the center of the bow which tied round the box, was a most attractive bottle of her favorite perfume.

Fred MacMurray loves Frances Farmer—in his latest picture, in which Fred is an editor and Frances a reporter.

STUDIOS take notice! If you're looking for another Joan Blondell, just send around for Joan's own sister, Gloria. Joan arranged a test for her the other day and the studio executives had to say "thumbs down" on account of Gloria looks, talks, and walks like her big sister and they just couldn't find a spot for the two of them on the same lot. The only difference between the gals is Gloria has dark brown hair.

BETTY FURNESS has originated a swell new idea for her fall wardrobe which all you gals could imitate, if you were right bright. She's purchased four (only) of the simplest and smartest frocks she could find. With these, she'll have dozens of accessory sets—hats, shoes, ties, scarfs, and bags. So every time you see Betty, you'll think she has a complete new ensemble.

BOB COBB (of the Brown Derby Cobbs) will take off for Rex Bell's annual cattle roundup any minute now, where they'll take charge of over 800 head of the animals. Wife Gail Patrick will go along, if her picture work doesn't interfere.



Mrs. Barclay Warburton Jr. Plays an exciting game of tennis—



TENNIS—Mrs. Warburton plays a really good tennis—hard driving returns. Her opponent, a young girl, was startled by her power at the back of the court. "All I want to know," says Mrs. Warburton, "Camels. Camels are so useful they never get out of my mind!"



WHAT TO WEAR—Mrs. Warburton (foreground above) looks charmingly cool in white shark-skin, after a hard game of tennis. The pleated shorts, knee-top length—the new longer type—are preferred by this unerring stylist. "It's like a woman to enjoy costlier things. So, naturally, I smoke costlier tobaccos," says Mrs. Warburton. "Smoking Camels perks up my energy...gives me the grandest lift!"



TEA—Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr. entertains frequently at "Sandblown," her Southampton place, and at "Saracen Farm," the family estate near Philadelphia. "An appetizing dish," she remarks, "has a fuller flavor when a Camel keeps it company. There's no denying—smoking Camels at mealtime helps digestion!" As you smoke Camels, the flow of digestive fluids is increased. *Alkaline* digestive fluids that mean so much to mealtime enjoyment!

Other women prominent in society who also prefer Camel's mild, delicate flavor

MISS JOAN BELMONT, New York • MRS. NICHOLAS LEONARD, New York • MRS. POWELL CALDWELL, New York • MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, Boston • MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, Philadelphia • MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York • MRS. NICHOLAS PENNIMAN III, Baltimore • MRS. JOHN W. ROCKWELL, New York • MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, New York • MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., Chicago

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FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS!

THE MOST PHOTOGRAPHED GIRLS IN THE WORLD



You'll see them in "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938" — lovely Ida Vollmar, Dorothy Day and Ruth Martin. These gorgeous models were born with beauty — but they learned for themselves the priceless trick of using an exciting perfume to dramatize their charm. That's why, in both professional and private life, they always wear — IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME.

Their fragrant secret can be yours, too. And once you've known the thrill of this luxurious perfume, no other can quite take its place. A floral bouquet — intensely modern, restless, gay, adventurous — everything that its name implies! Add the vivid sparkle of screen celebrities to your own personality with — Irresistible Perfume.

Only 10c at all 5 and 10c stores

BE SMART—USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



Florence Rice and John Beal in a wedding scene—the bride wearing white and the groom a scared look—as usual.

SMITH BALLEW, that tall, rangy singing star, was completely surrounded by attractive gals at the Clover Club the other eve. But all eyes turned the other way when Cary Grant passed by, we noticed. And we might add we think Cary is pretty swell, with his heavy coat of tan. His partner for the evening was Florence Rice and the rhumba they did was something terrific! Miriam Hopkins with Mady Christians passing by and Sylvia Sidney with a large party, all at the same place on the same evening.

WELL, you'd just never know our hot-cha girl friend Martha Raye these days, she's gone that domestic on us. She's spending every spare moment hemming tea towels, doing her own cooking, and working out a budget whereby she and hubby Buddy Westmore can live on his salary exclusively, because they both feel it'll work out much better that way. A smart gal, that, we'd say.

NEWS OF THE YOUNGER SET.

They've organized a new club whose purpose is to end all club-joining between pictures. Members include Helen Mack, Jacqueline Wells, Pat Ellis, Anita Louise, Maurice Murphy, Jimmy Ellison, Bill Henry, Dick Hogan, Spears Ruskell, Lois January, Evelyn Knapp, James Blakeley and Fritz Leiber, Jr. Bob Hoover has nominated himself for president. Their meeting place each Friday afternoon is at

the swimming pool of the Sunset Plaza. There are no dues and the chief purpose is loafing. No one may receive a script, picture, or play. Agents may not be discussed, favorably or unfavorably. Members must drop their "last 10" allusions and be "regular." Anyone who has a voice to speak about ambition will be fined. Only cursory conversation on the lightest of subjects is permitted.

WHEN you see Irene Dunne in her new picture with Cary Grant, "The Awful Truth," you'll see a brand new hair style. It's one of the long bobs, with plenty of curl at the ends, and a short bunch of curls high on the right side which just shows under her tight-fitting hats. We dropped around to watch her testing for one particular scene, and she's wearing the most stunning clothes, specially run up for her by the Columbia designer, Bobby Colwell. One particular costume is a grey wool suit, having a tight-fitting jacket with a tendency to flare at the hips, with the most divine silver fox collar. Under this, she wears a pale grey embroidered organdie blouse, which is really something!

HERE'S something you'll have fun trying on your next dinner guests. It's all Boris Karloff's idea, of all people, and the game is you must "Sing for your supper." And considering there wasn't one really good voice in the party, the first time Boris tried out his gag on his wife's recent birthday, it was really too, too amusing. But the funniest part of it was you *didn't* get anything to eat unless you warbled a song!

JOHN FARROW has just decided Olivia de Havilland belongs to what he calls the "Wu Girls" whose president is his own wife, Maureen O'Sullivan. A "Wu" girl, for your information, is the sweet young thing who looks up into a man's eyes as he's telling a story and says: "Wu, but I think you're wonderful!"

WHEN you see that great St. Bernard dog in "Life Begins With Love," in which Douglass Montgomery and Jean Parker are featured, you'll never imagine who his stand-in was. It was none other than his own father! And what's more, the tiny Pekinese's own mother stood in for him! All I've got to say is they shouldn't have raised such brilliant children.

All very politic are Kay Francis, Verree Teasdale and Victor Jory in this scene, left, for "First Lady," adaptation of a stage play. Lower left, Margaret Lindsay, Pat O'Brien, and Joan Blondell, featured trio in "Back in Circulation." Below, another trio: Esther Brodlet, Tony Martin, and Irene Thompson. Lucky boys, Tony and Pat!



Fall Faces

Continued from page 63

fifteen minutes. So leave it on while you clean your teeth and brush your hair at bed-time. Then remove the excess with cleansing tissues—and so to bed, with a clean, non-greasy face that gives your pores a chance to breathe while you sleep.

Faces weren't made to lead a wrapped-in-cellophane life, covered up with a foundation and make-up all day and with a lubricating cream all night. They need fresh air and water.

And speaking of water, don't be afraid to wash your face. A good, thorough lathering with one of the modern beauty soaps is an absolute necessity for every type of skin. If your skin is very dry, it doesn't need soap-and-water washing more than two or three times a week. But it certainly should have it then, with an application of lubricating cream afterwards.

There are all-purpose creams that can be used for cleansing, lubricating, and make-up foundation. In fact, these are gala days for the "one-cream" woman who doesn't want to be bothered with a raft of preparations. Some of the best-known manufacturers put out all-purpose creams that are ideal for the busy woman who has an average skin without serious faults to correct.

When you use a combination cream, spread it over your face and neck and leave it on for a minute or two before you remove it with cleansing tissues. This gives it a chance to do a better cleansing job and it contributes to the soft smoothness of your skin as well. When you give your skin a soap-and-water scrubbing (which should come after the make-up has been removed with cream), smooth on some more of the combination cream and let it stay on ten or fifteen minutes.

So much for correcting dryness, which is the most prevalent end-of-the-Summer complexion ailment. If you find yourself with a legacy of freckles, there are excellent freckle creams to bleach them into oblivion. There are skin-clearing creams that help to hasten the demise of a coat of tan, too.

A very important thing to remember while your tan is fading out is to change your face powder accordingly. Don't throw away your sun-tan powder and try to "go light" all at once. Get a box of the shade you normally use in the Fall and Winter Months. Mix a small amount of the two and keep adding more of the lighter shade as your skin bleaches out.

Face powder should be a close match to the color tones of your own skin to achieve the natural, "un-powdered" look that is fashionable now. It may be a trifle darker to help disguise blemishes, or it may be a little rosier to give the effect of a healthy glow. But it should never, under any circumstances, be lighter. A lighter-than-skin face powder always looks artificial and it shows up every little blemish, line, or discoloration.

A new fashion for complexions is the use of two face powders, not mixed, but super-imposed. A bright, rosy tint of very fine powder is applied first, all over the face and neck but not on the nose. Then a slightly heavier, more adherent powder in a darker shade is patted on. This second application includes the nose. The excess is then brushed off with a powder brush. The finished effect is that of a "peaches and cream" complexion with a supremely natural look. Rouge is applied very sparingly when you make up your face this way, and it should be compact rouge applied after the powder rather than the cream type that goes on before.



Night and day—A La Cocarde Eau de Cologne.

A GLAMOROUS past and a glorious future to A La Cocarde Eau de Cologne by Delia! This rare fragrance has come across the Atlantic to steal the hearts of American men as it conquered Napoleon when Empress Josephine wore it. Beautiful Josephine did not like the natural odor of eau de Cologne, so she had a new kind created especially for her, subtly scented with Hyacinth. That was the origin of La Cocarde (which means "cocked hat" in English). The sweet fragrance of Hyacinth combined with the spicy perfume of eau de Cologne produces an effect that's as elusively fascinating to modern sophisticates as it was in the Court of Napoleon. Besides its invigorating qualities, A La Cocarde Eau de Cologne has a fragrance as lasting as that of a perfume extract.

WHETHER or not you're a devotee to Primrose House Chiffon face powder, you should welcome the advent of Chiffon Cream, its brand new companion. This face cream is as fluffy and light as thistledown. Yet it's wonderfully effective for cleansing, softening, and refining the skin. Like all Primrose House preparations, it's made with very little base and whipped to a smooth, airy consistency that makes it a delight to use. It cleanses quickly and thoroughly, leaving the skin soft and refreshed without a trace of greasiness. You'll love its delicate fragrance. Although it's excellent for every type of skin, Chiffon Cream is especially suited to the dry, sensitive, fine-grained type of complexion. Like Chiffon Face Powder, it's surprisingly low-priced.

FRONT page news in the Beauty World is the arrival of "Sno." Cool and pleasant to use as its name implies, Sno is a positive perspiration check that's bringing a flurry

Femi-nifties

New Beauty for Autumn!



Fair face and firm throat won with Noxzema's Cleansing and Night Cream.



Exquisite Primrose House Chiffon powder is matched with new Chiffon Cream.



Insure the loveliness of your skin by washing with Resinol Soap.

of enthusiastic praises wherever women have started using it. In outward appearance, it's so like its older sister, Hush Deodorant Cream, we defy you to tell the two apart. There's the same bland consistency, snowy whiteness, and delicate fragrance. Only Hush "Sno" has an added ingredient that won't let perspiration seep through to stain or injure the fabric of your clothes.

MATCHING beauty for your face and neck is the promise Noxzema Cleansing and Night Cream makes—and keeps! It's medicated with the same ingredients that won Noxzema Skin Cream the name of "The Wonder Cream of Baltimore." Simple as it is to use, this combination cream provides a beauty treatment that's marvelously effective in clearing the skin and keeping it in the youthfully smooth condition that prevents age signs from getting a start. For cleansing, apply it with an upward circular motion to the face and with a natural upward and outward motion to the neck, using the first three fingers of each hand until the white Noxzema disappears into the skin. Then remove. Be sure to treat your neck just as you would your face. As a night cream, make a second application in the same way, massaging it in slowly and firmly. Its consistency is such that your skin will feel perfectly comfortable and tidy when you leave this cream on all night. The following morning, massage greaseless Noxzema into the skin as a powder foundation.

AS YOU'VE probably guessed from what we've said before, we're ardent advocates of "washing your face" for beauty! There's no substitute for soap-and-water lathering to get pores thoroughly clean and keep them out of the lazy habits that lead to blotchy, clouded skin. Personally, we're enthusiastic about Resinol Soap as a daily beauty aid for complexion and body skin both. It lathers luxuriantly, and it has a distinctive fragrance that smells ever so clean. Blemishes and sallowness are much easier to prevent than they are to cure. Washing regularly with Resinol Soap is insurance against those "poor-skin" heartaches. Besides the full size, which department and drug stores carry, Resinol Soap may be purchased at five-and-ten cent stores.

Freshening Up



THIS WAY

Does More Than Clean Your Skin— It Invigorates the Skin!

Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III

At parties and dinners . . . in her simplest play clothes . . . or out for a brisk walk with her Sealyham "Daffy". . . Mrs. Drexel always presents the same sparkling loveliness! Mrs. Drexel is an enthusiastic user of Pond's Cold Cream. "A Pond's freshening up leaves your skin more than clean," she says. "It's brighter . . . invigorated."



FRESHENING UP is *more* than getting your skin clean. That's what beautiful girls who have found the Pond's way of freshening up say.

Before they make a single appearance, they give their skin the brisk toning up as well as cleansing that sends them forth with such fresh and vital-looking young faces.

Rousing Treatments Fight Off Skin Faults . . .

For this Pond's way of skin care, they find, invigorates their skin. It tones up faulty oil glands, chief cause of black-heads and blemishes . . . livens the circulation. Tones the tissues, so lines will soon be smoothing out, your skin be clear, fine textured, flawless!

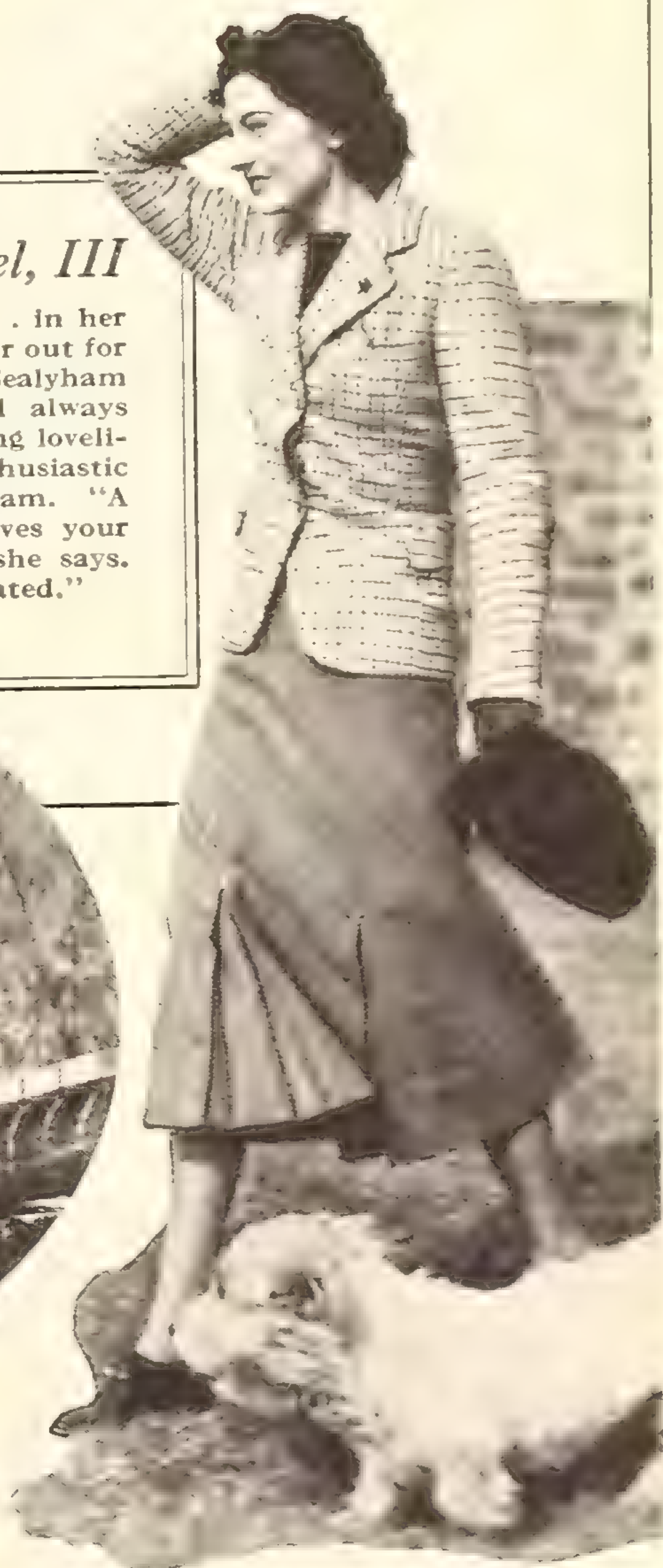
Here is the simple method they follow. It's a method whose fame has spread around the world!



Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, make-up and skin secretions—wipe off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated. It is softer—smoother!

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Begin yourself to use Pond's. See *your* skin, too, grow clearer, brighter, smoother—admired for its youth and freshness.



Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept. 7S-CJ, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 4 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose this to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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Great Lover

Continued from page 25

THE STORY SO FAR

Ferdinand von Schoenbauer, actor, is "discovered" in a Vienna theatre by Elaine Fuller, frivolous wife of a Hollywood agent. To please her, Fuller arranges for von Schoenbauer to go to Hollywood. He is to receive a small salary for a limited time—but if he succeeds, then he will have money to provide for his father, mother and younger sister. Still hoping, facing the inevitable delays in Hollywood, he finally gets a conference with Fuller—thanks to Fuller's secretary, Hilda Drake. A screen test is arranged, and von Schoenbauer's proud name is changed—Fuller's idea—to Greenwood, English translation of his mother's maiden name. With wishes for good luck—even a good-luck piece, a paper-weight in the shape of a four-leafed clover given him by Hilda—the young actor leaves with instructions concerning the time and place of his screen test.

Louise

You've got a funny way of showing it. (She turns from him)

Steve

Yeah, I know. I'm not much on the lingo. But you know how I feel about ya.

Louise

I don't.

Steve

Aw, come on, honey, be yourself.

Louise

First you have to say it.

Steve

Say what?

Louise

Say you love me. Any girl wants to hear that.

Steve (Indignantly)

Well, I just did, didn't I?



Virginia Bruce enhances a smart two-piece ensemble of new Fall design.



Blowing somebody else's horn! Shirley Temple dons the picturesque costume of Switzerland in her next film, "Heidi." Here's an advance flash of the star with Gene Reynolds.

Louise

I didn't hear you.

Steve

Didn't I say I was nuts aboutcha?

Louise

Say I love you.

Steve

Aw, sugar, I can't. It sticks in my crop.

Louise (stamping her foot)

Say it.

Steve

I—I—NUTS!!

She turns around and laughs up at him. He grabs her and lifts her from her feet. She buries her hands in his hair and bends her face to his lips. They kiss.

Ferdinand was stiff with horror—such horror as drove all timidity from his breast. He rose and approached the desk, where the Sour One, as he had already named her, was pounding away at her typewriter.

"I ask pardon for disturbing you. But if you please, there is some mistake." She turned a worried glance at him over her glasses. "This is not for me."

"Why, of course it is. Don't you see your name on it? You're Greenwood, aren't you?"

"I am Greenwood. But I cannot read such lines. For me they are imbecile. I am the romantic type—"

"Well, I'm sorry, but there's nothing I can do about it. I'm just the hired help. You'll have to take it up with MacAllister." She pulled a sheet from the machine. "You'd better study it anyway, just in case. I'm going to lunch."

At four that afternoon he found himself on a set, bare save for a couch in the corner and a table adorned with a cocktail shaker. His head throbbed. Afraid to stir from McAllister's office, he had had no lunch. He hadn't slept much the night before. At two they had taken him to the makeup department, smeared his face with yellow-brown paint, stuck a marcelled wig over his own soft hair. He had questioned the wig. "That's what it says," and a pudgy finger had pointed out the word on a slip of paper under his name. When they'd finished with him, he stared at himself in the mirror.

"My friend," he told his image, "you have the appearance of an ailing baboon." Then, quickly, to reassure himself: "It must be they know what they do here."

On the set, lights and camera were being adjusted. A hearty looking man, at peace with himself and the world, entered, accompanied by a girl in flowery summer clothes.

"All ready?" he called. "Come on. What are we waiting for? You Greenwood? Glad to know you." They shook hands. "This is Miss Pemberton. She plays opposite. Won a beauty contest. And you've got to kiss her. Some fellows have all the luck." Miss Pemberton giggled. "Ready, boys?"

"One moment, if you please, sir." Ferdinand spoke with the courage of desperation. "These lines—I am not at home in them. They are written for the gangster type, is it not? Mr. Fuller has perhaps told you I am the—"

"Gangster! Good Lord, no! Just a nice American boy making love to a nice American girl. Don't worry, old man. The lines don't mean a damn thing. Personality—that's what counts in this business. Now you stand here—and the little lady here—that's fine. When I say, roll 'em, you start."

From the first he knew it would be no use. As well ask him to repeat the mumbo-jumbo of a Hindu fakir and make sense of it. "Leesten, keed. How about signing awp weeth me? I am nawts about you." It didn't need the girl's first irrepressible titter nor the glance he intercepted between McAllister and the cameraman to tell him how false it rang. Miss Pemberton wasn't much help, though her nasal twang seemed better suited to the dialogue than his own careful enunciation. Of training she had none, and of instinct less than none. Like a little wooden doll on strings, she turned and lifted her hand and dropped it again and simpered. Only when he picked her up from the floor and felt her lips on his, did he find her convincing. But she was a hefty armful and he was giddy with nervousness and lack of food. He staggered, she squealed, and he dropped her.

They went through the scene a number of times, each time more listlessly. The director's reaction infected the others. He fidgeted, pulled a *Reporter* from his pocket and turned the pages, told them to wait while he went to the phone and called the Sour One. His instructions grew briefer, more indifferent, he let them flounder as they would.

"That does it," he said at the end of an hour, and rose in obvious relief, good na-

"This snapshot fixed everything"



• By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances... use it always... Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.

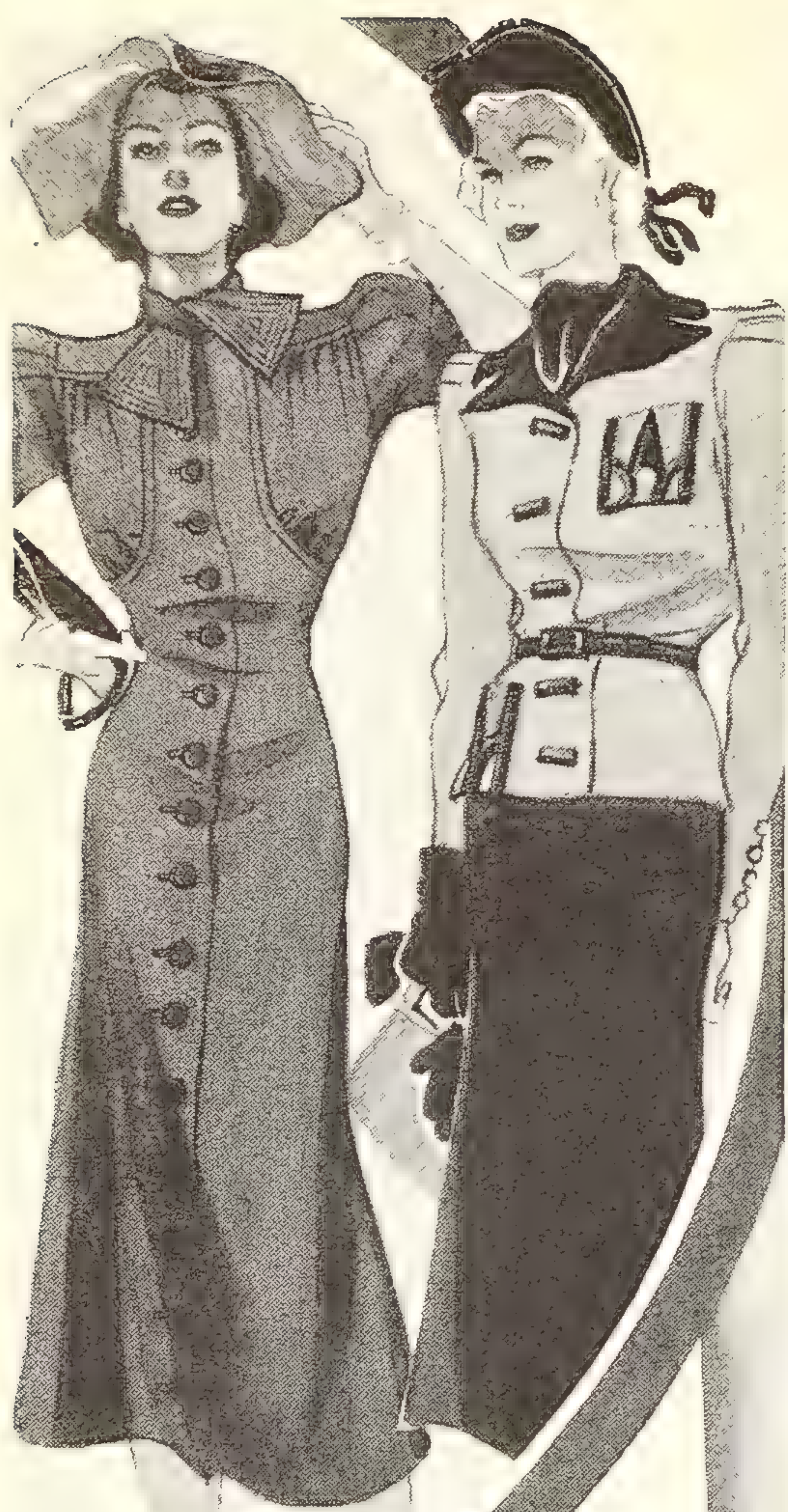


"WHEN he went away, we both promised to write. But you know how letters are—you don't say what you intend to, or the other person misinterprets.

"Before we knew it, our letters were mostly spats, explanations, and apologies. We were getting farther apart all the time. One day I was awfully blue, and on impulse sent this old snapshot. I wrote on the back, 'We didn't quarrel then, did we?'

"I wish you could read the letter I got back. It was the old Pete again, not trying to write, just telling me how much he cared. He said he'd always write with this snapshot in front of him—he could talk to the girl in it so she'd never misunderstand."

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow
—you must take Today



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ture flowing back all but visibly. He clapped Ferdinand on the shoulder. "Thanks, fella, we'll let you know. You too, honeybunch." Ferdinand opened his mouth, but found no words, and turned away. At the heavy stage door, however, he paused uncertainly. He must do something—force his way somehow through this man's lack of comprehension. He started back.

"Fuller sent him in," he heard McAllister say. "Elaine told him he had sex appeal."

"She oughtta know," caroled the cameraman.

"Well, this is her one mistake of the year."

Ferdinand stumbled out. Miss Pemberton was waiting for him. "My car's being fixed," she cooed. "I wonder if you could give me a lift."

He stared at her blindly. "I ride myself on the bus," he said and left her standing there.

Fuller had the casting director of Artfilm on the phone. "Listen, Pete, you're paying the guy anyhow for six weeks. Give him a bit. Whaddaymean, you don't want to run a scene for fifty bucks? I know the test was lousy. So what? It wouldn't be the first time you let a comer slip through your fingers on a lousy test. The guy's a foreign handkisser with an accent, and Mac gives him a Cagney part to read.—Well, you told me you needed a bit for that big final ball sequence in 'Glorious Lady.' He is experienced, I'm tellin' you. In Vienna they turn handsprings over him. Listen, Pete—" he lowered his voice. "Do it as a favor. I'll square it with you some day. No, he's not a relation—it's Elaine. She's gone to Honolulu in a huff. How do I know what dames get huffy about? If I cable her I got this gink a job, it'll smooth her down. No, nothing like that. She spotted him. He's her prodajee. It'll make her feel like a big shot—"

Ferdinand sat in Hilda's office. Despite his misery, he couldn't help noting with pleasure how the sunlight picked golden gleams from the short curls clustered round her temples.

"It's a crazy business," she was saying. "There's no sense in it. Sometimes a poor test lands you a job, and a good one lands you nowhere."

He smiled without mirth. "You say this to be kind, and I thank you. But I know that good is good and bad is bad, and from such a test only bad can come."

Fuller's door was flung open. "O.K., Schony, got a job for you. Report to the casting director at Artfilm right away, hurry up, pronto. Never mind the questions, they'll tell you all about it there. Here's opportunity the second, knocks once for every man, but twice for you. What are you waiting for? Here's your hat. Beat it." He gave him a farewell thump, part impatience, part the benevolence of having gained his point. "Show 'em how they do it in your country. Vienna go brag!"

Ferdinand found himself outside the door, hat in hand, head in a whirl, but clutching at the memory of Hilda's smiling face and her: "What did I tell you?"

At 5:30 he was back. Fuller had gone. Ferdinand looked as if a light had been turned on inside him.

"Did you get it?" asked Hilda.

"Yes. Six lines. But good ones." The telephone rang. She talked for five minutes. He waited like a child, ready to tug at its mother's skirt. Then: "Six lines. I dance with the star—" A boy came in with a wire. She said: "Excuse me," tore a sheet from a telegraph pad and typed an answer.

When she turned back to him, his lips were parted, and resolution shone in his eye.

"Miss Drake, you alone in this Hollywood are alive for me. The rest are as shadows. I must talk, or I must—poof!—break in a thousand pieces. Will you be kind to take dinner with me?"

She opened her lips to refuse, as she refused all office invitations. "Go out with them," she had told her mother, "and next thing, they want you to sit on Fuller's knee and say, please give the nice man a job."

Why she said yes instead of no to Shaybar—as she continued to call him in the privacy of her mind—she didn't stop to analyze till she was in bed that night. "Felt sorry for him, I guess," she murmured to her pillow. "Little boy blue all alone in the wicked city. Eyes like a setter pup's," and she drowsed off.

She had phoned to her mother about her change of plan. Meantime Ferdinand dug into his pocket and brought forth \$3.20. "This is so much I have," he said, a slow flush creeping into his cheeks. "It is not *comme il faut* to invite a lady and show her one's fortune. But better than to pretend."

"Come along," she laughed. "I wasn't born rich either."

Her Ford took them to the Pig-n-Whistle, where they dined on the 65c table d'hôte, with a glass of sherry apiece to celebrate.

She lifted her glass. "To your success."

He lifted his. "To your happiness."

"Go ahead," she prompted. "Six lines, but good ones, and you dance with the star."

"You see, she is in love—not with me, but another. With him she has quarreled. So at a *grande soirée* she flirts—" he pronounced it "fleerts"—"that she may cause the other unhappiness—"

"Where have I heard that before?" Hilda murmured.

"Please?"

"Never mind. Go on."

"I am her *fleert*. I ask her to dance—simply with a bow. She accepts. I say: 'This is what I have lived for, mademoiselle.' She says: 'The party? Enchanting, isn't it?' And she smiles always into my eyes, very coquette, that the other may see she is having pleasure. I say: 'To hold in my arms the loveliest woman in Paris, though she belongs to another.' She says: 'What would you do if she belonged to you?' I say, quietly, you understand, but with undertones of meaning: 'I should know how to hold her bound.' She says: 'Bound? You speak as if you would have a woman your slave.' I say; with a smile of slight irony: 'You phrase it wrongly. I should be the master.' She says: 'Where does the difference lie?' I say: 'May I show you?' She lowers her eyes beneath the flame in mine. But when she lifts them again, the spell is broken. She says: 'Not tonight, Monsieur. Another time, perhaps.' The dance is over. I yield her to the man she loves, but first I bow over her hand and say: 'I am yours, mademoiselle—to command.' And in this 'command,' you see, there lies a little *double entendre* with the voice and the eyes. For he means truly to command, and not to be commanded, as in the traditional phrase." He threw himself back with an air of triumph. "A good scene, is it not?"

"Pretty hot," Hilda conceded.

"Hot?"

"Well—I mean—" She grew a little flustered—you never could tell what conclusions these foreigners might draw—"he gets pretty intimate in words, doesn't he?"

"Ah," he beamed. "That is why I am happy with this part. In a small, a beginning, way, this is the great lover."

He told her about his parents and Annamarie and what he hoped to do for them. She almost wished he hadn't. She couldn't

afford to have her heart torn by the personal woes of all the jobhunting players who stormed Fuller's door. The weight was too much for her shoulders to carry, and instinctively she moved out from under. It wasn't as if she could be of any practical help. She didn't realize it was her very tenderheartedness, hurt by the hurts of others, against which she struggled. She thought she was just being sensible and coolheaded. He asked her about herself, but she answered briefly—partly again to avoid getting involved, partly because she had neither his childlike simplicity nor his need for a listener.

He insisted on leaving her at her door, though she offered to drive him home.

"I can get you there in fifteen minutes. It'll take you hours, waiting for busses and cars."

"And then you go home alone? In the dark?"

"Nonsense. We all do that. We American girls."

"But I am still a European. And this I do not permit."

"I see." Bitten by an imp of mischief, she leaned from the car window. "Mine to command?"

He smiled—not a shy smile this time. "I am not yet so bold. I command myself—to go. You have made me the first happy evening since I am here. Thank you. Good-night."

"Don't you think it's time I got a look at this fascinating stranger?"

"Worried, darling?"

Hilda was giving her lips a final touch at the bedroom mirror. Her mother lingered over the paper at the breakfast table.

"Not a bit. Thank God, I had the sense to bear a sensible child! Just curious. As a rule, you palm them off on me first chance you get. This one's been going on—how



Tattered and torn are Mary Maguire's overalls, but we're not crying—and neither is the comely youngster from Australia, who has made a real hit in Hollywood films.

long?—and I've yet to set eyes on him."

"Five weeks." Hilda appeared in the doorway. Her mother looked up, a little startled at the promptness and precision of the answer. "Oh, I don't know, mom," she said drawing on her gloves. "Foreigners are different. Bring them home, and you're practically proposing."

"Where did you get all your lore on foreigners?"

"Girlish intuition.—Only I used to think they were all so sophisticated. This one's a babe unborn—" she grew thoughtful—"most of the time."

"Most of the time?"

"M-hm. Now and again I seem to catch glimmers of what he calls *understanding* of meaning." She swooped for a kiss. "S'long, my lamb. Expect me when you see me. They're sneaking the preview way out in Pasadena, you know. I don't know why Fuller broke down and told me about it. It's supposed to be a deep secret. Slayher's going quietly mad. I'll probably have to pick up the pieces and stick him together when it's over."

"Well, wish him good luck from an anonymous mother."

"I'll do that," and she was off.

(To Be Continued)

YES, I'M STILL SINGLE



DO YOU LIKE TO BE SINGLE, MISS ELLEN?

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, JUDY, I DON'T! I'D LOVE TO HAVE A LITTLE GIRL LIKE YOU!



THEN WHY DON'T YOU DO WHAT MAMA SAID? SHE SAID YOU WOULDN'T STILL BE SINGLE IF YOU ASKED THE DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH

MY BREATH! WHY, JUDY! IS THAT...



RECENT TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...



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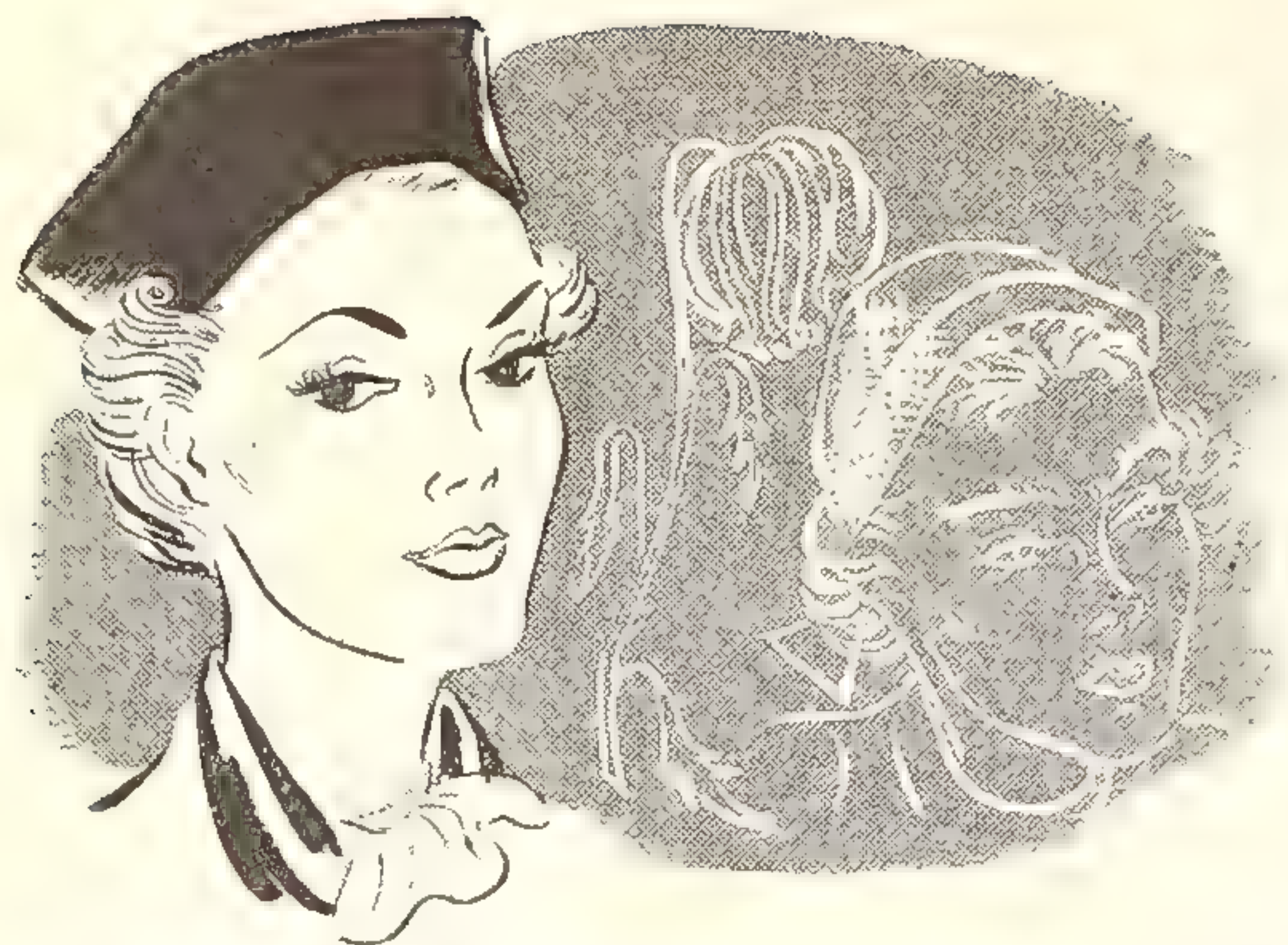
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!

...AND NO TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

THREE MONTHS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

AND MISS ELLEN SAYS I CAN HAVE THE BIGGEST PIECE OF HER WEDDING CAKE!





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Jane Heath

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Address _____

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Carnival Nights in Hollywood

Continued from page 31

Oh, no, I didn't mean anything personal—If you want a swing band I can get the name and address of the one Marion had—It has a trumpet player you'll go mad about—My dear, he's devine—what?"

"It's—it's—formal, Carole, dinner's at eight, Thursday."

"I wonder," said Claudette, vaguely as she hung up, "if I should have a swing band and a tent."

"Irene," she said over the phone to Miss Dunne, "this is Claudette. Could you and the doctor come to dinner Thursday night? It's formal and—"

"I'd love to come Friday," said Irene, "I'm going to a garden party Thursday night. Claudette, why don't you have a garden party? With that lovely green lawn and those gorgeous flowers—it would be too beautiful. Oh, no, we couldn't have fog, it isn't the season. That's right, it *was* rather foggy last night. I remember getting lost in the Glen. But a garden party would be so lovely—if there wasn't any fog."

"I wonder," said Claudette vaguely, "if there would be a fog Friday night."

"Joan," she said a few minutes later to Miss Bennett, "this is Claudette. Could you come to dinner Friday night? It's formal and—"

"I think I have to work Friday night," said Joan. "Why don't you make it Sunday night? Do you want a good fortune teller? Ann Sothern had a woman who reads palms and crystals both the other night and Claudette, she's uncanny. She told me everything I've ever done or ever expect to do—She said—"

Claudette called up four other people and of course the four other people also had very definite ideas about what night it should be and what kind of entertainment Claudette should have. "They say Miriam Hopkins' Russian party was simply mad," said one of them. "Why don't you have a Russian party, Claudette? You could have vodka and caviar and a Russian orchestra, and my husband adores singing the *Volga*

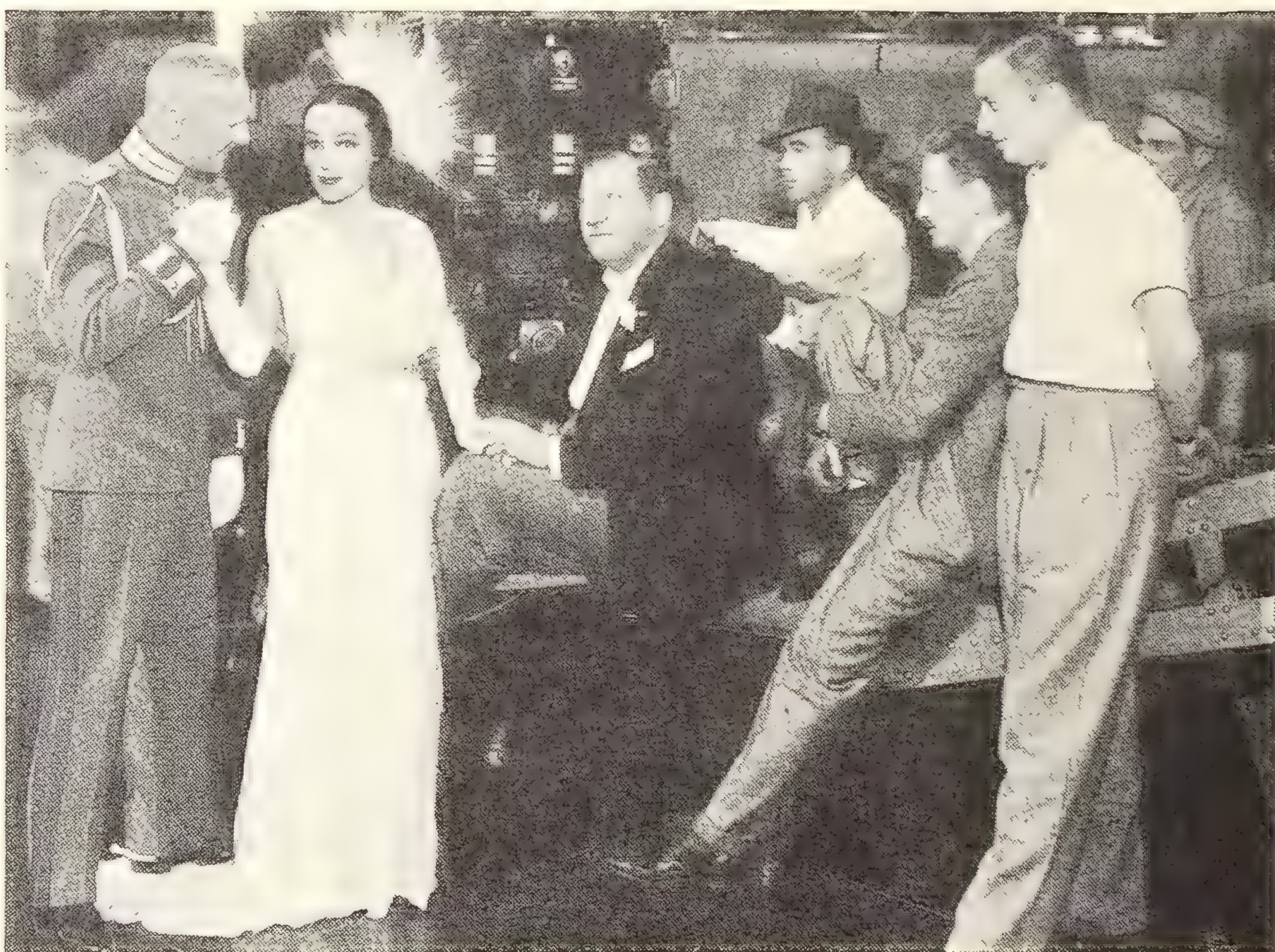
Boatman. We could come as peasants—I'm mad about the peasant dresses at Magnin's, aren't you?" And Claudette wondered if perhaps she should go mad with the Russians and hurl glasses at the fireplace after every toast. "Not *my* glasses," she said, suddenly becoming as house-proud as a suburban bride, "the servants will break them soon enough without turning the Russians loose on them." And then she added, "Why did I ever start this anyway?"

But with an Ambassador on your hands you just can't say skip it; that causes war, too; so poor Claudette went through the phone routine again, except that this time she was terribly, terribly determined and said that dinner was at eight on Saturday night and nuts to Marion Davies' tent, Ann Sothern's fortune teller, and Miriam Hopkins' Russians.

"It's my first formal dinner party," Claudette said that evening as she slipped into the dream of a dress that brought on the Coronation mood, "and if anything happens I'll die of shame. It'll be all over Europe next month." Of course Claudette wasn't intimating that the Ambassador was the gabby sort.

Well, if you're married to a doctor you can always be certain that somebody will get a pain at seven-thirty on the night you are giving a party. That's to be expected. And if you're a movie star, and very feminine besides, you can always be sure that your mirror will turn libelous on you the night you want to look your best. Tonight was to be no exception. At first she thought it was jaundice. Then she decided that it was the new foundation cream. And why of all nights did she try a new hair-do? "I look," she said dismally, "as if the birdies were nesting again. What is it, Terry? The Ambassador is here! But it isn't eight o'clock? It *is* eight o'clock? It can't be eight o'clock! All the clocks are wrong. All the money that I spend on this house and I can't even have clocks that keep the right time! Terry, tell mother to go down at once and talk to the Ambassador. Winifred, another pair of hose, just look at that run. Thank heaven for mother!"

If there had been those there that night who wished to wisecrack that Miss Colbert certainly managed to make an entrance they would have been justified, but at eight-thirty when she did finally manage to glide



On the one hand love, on the other encouragement—that's the situation as Dolores Del Rio rehearses a scene with Joseph Schildkraut as Director Gregory Ratoff observes.

down the stairs looking too divinely beautiful there was no one to notice her except the Ambassador, who was so completely enraptured by Madame Colbert that he barely lifted his eyebrows. "I did say eight, didn't I?" Claudette muttered *sotto voce* to her mother. Frantically she tried to recall whether she had said Saturday night or Sunday night—when Carole and Clark Gable arrived. Carole was in pajamas. Gable was in grease-paint, a sweater, and pants that smelled distinctly of the stables. "We're so sorry," said Carole who quite obviously wasn't sorry at all, "but Clark had to come right from the 'Saratoga' set and didn't have a chance even to wash his hands, and I didn't see much point in dressing if he couldn't—and oh, you didn't get the tent, did you?"

The Ambassador didn't seem to mind at all if Clark smelled of horses and Carole had smeared her lipstick. In fact the Ambassador didn't seem to mind when Irene Dunn dashed in breathlessly from the Columbia studio without removing her make-up. One of the friends had to go to a preview and couldn't come at all, but didn't bother to contribute the information to the Colbert home via phone until nine o'clock. Another friend got lost in the fog. Joan Bennett had gone to two cocktail parties before she arrived and simply hadn't had time to run home and dress.

"Dinner is served," said the maid, and Claudette knew from the tone of her voice that everything was burned to a crisp, the ice cream melted, and the cook bursting with fury. Miss Colbert did some of her best cover-up work. Especially when she discovered that tonight of all nights the bell under the table did not work. Screaming for servants was just a little too much to expect of any hostess putting her best foot forward. But somehow the maids came and went and Claudette talked a mile a minute. The Ambassador was practically submerged in charm and beauty. He was simply eating it up, literally and figuratively, when suddenly what did he find in his lap, of all unexpected things, but Claudette's chicken!

Well, no matter how you look at it there is something very down-to-earth about a fallen chicken. You can't *act* that away. So Claudette let out a shriek of laughter, in which the guests joined, particularly Clark and Carole, the Ambassador politely returned the chicken, and formality was shot to hell. "A year ago," said Claudette, "if this had happened to me, and in my house, I would simply have died then and there with mortification. But now—I'm sorry—but I think it's awfully funny." The Ambassador did too. The maids arrived with water and towels. Joan Bennett told about the time she had shot a lamb chop covered with mashed potatoes right into the lap of Visiting Royalty. Derain, Dali, Van Gogh, Spain, and "Of Mice and Men" were quickly forgotten—everybody had an anecdote.

There's nothing that can top a skidding chicken, so the rest of the evening was somewhat of an anti-climax. Nothing happened to the projection machine and Garbo loved Robert Taylor once more quite pleasantly while a couple of guests, and Doctor Pressman, caught up on their back sleep. The Ambassador said that next to Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Irene Dunne and Joan Bennett, Garbo was his favorite actress. He also said that all dinner parties he had to attend in the future would be as watered milk after Miss Colbert's. "And," he added with a wink at Gable, "that was the tenderest chicken I ever had on my lap." Everybody thought that was awfully cute of the Ambassador and laughed merrily. Then everybody said goodnight and that they hadn't had so much fun in years. Strangely enough, they meant it!

"I'll never do it again," said Claudette, and she meant it too.

Prelude to Allure...



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A LOVELY DENVER BRIDE WRITES—"What a pity that every girl doesn't bathe with Cashmere Bouquet! For this deep-cleansing perfumed soap removes body odor so completely . . . keeps you so sweet and clean. And then Cashmere Bouquet leaves its flower-like perfume clinging to your skin. No wonder Cashmere Bouquet is called the lovelier way to avoid offending!"



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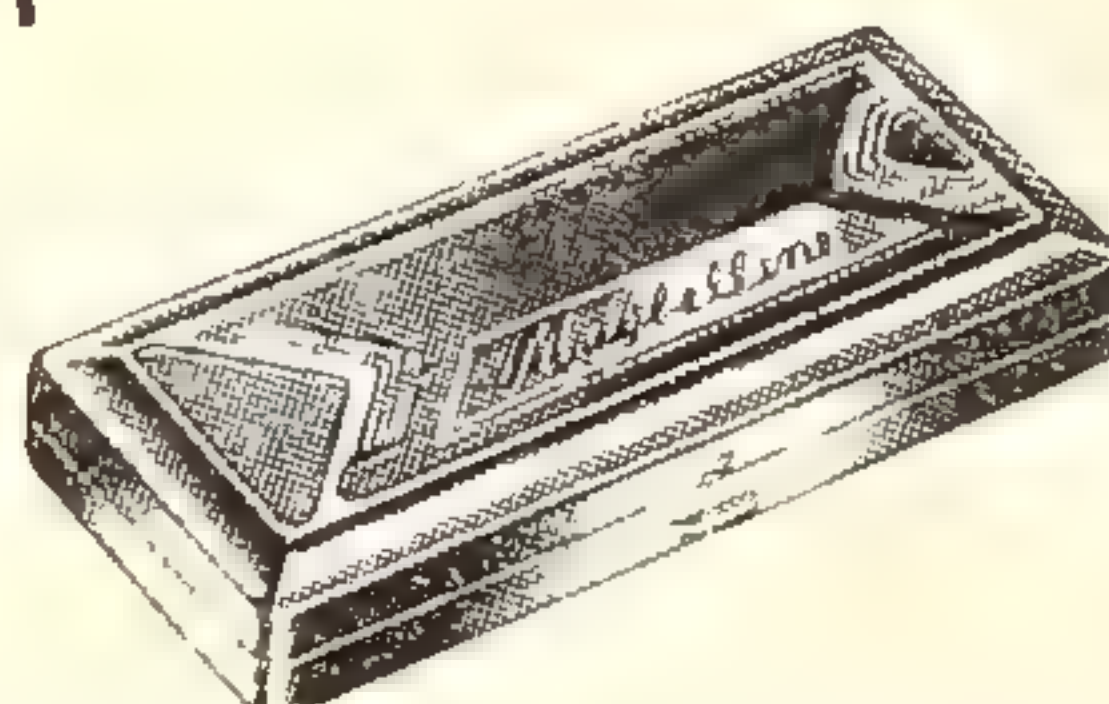
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Maybelline

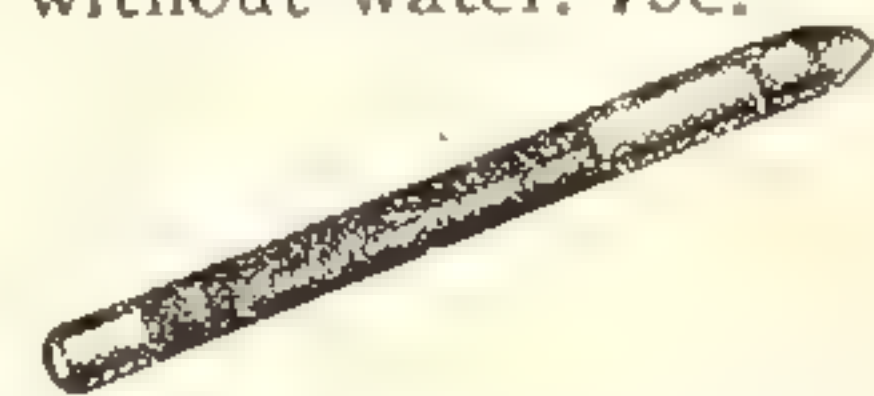
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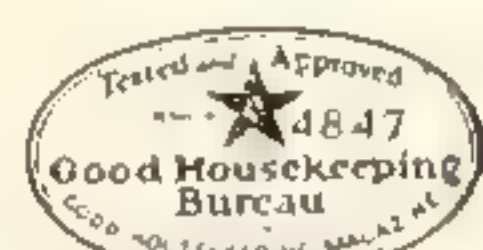
Maybelline Cream Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue, in dainty zipper bag. Easily applied without water. 75c.



Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.



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Hollywood for the winter months—his doctors have forbidden him to spend them among the English fogs and rain. “Shall I be making a film there?” he echoes blandly. “All things are possible in this existence and I must confess that I have already received two—ah, interesting invitations from my producer friends.”

Brief shot of Jessie Matthews, firmly adopting a fringe and letting her dark hair grow long behind too. She pays that twice-postponed visit to America this Fall and is planning to make the voyage in a freighter so as to get a well-earned rest.

Dissolve from this brunette fringe into a golden curly one decorating the forehead of Gracie Fields. Our famous comedienne is now working on her first film under the new contract with Twentieth Century-Fox which she signed on her visit to Hollywood last Spring. It's titled “He Was Her Man” and Gracie plays an English girl who emigrates to a gold rush town in Alaska where she becomes a great entertainer.

Her recent Hollywood grooming course seems to have lent Gracie fresh poise for she walks with added swing and takes a completely new-found interest in her clothes. (I've seen her wearing the coat of a tweed street-suit over a satin afternoon frock and not caring a darn who commented!) As soon as this present picture is finished, she returns to California to make her next one there. She's taken a house, with a garden where she can keep her two Pekingese dogs and her parrot, and she intends to give a jolly arrival party there which her friend Charles Chaplin has faithfully promised to attend.

Next item in London's current news reel is really unique, to be appropriately ushered in with a fanfare of trumpets and maybe a jazz orchestra too. Announcing Positively the First Appearance on Any Screen of the Lady Charles Cavendish, daughter-in-law of the Duke of Devonshire and the Duchess who is Queen Elizabeth's Mistress of the Robes. She's dark, demurely saucy, and can she dance! You see, she used to partner Fred Astaire on the stage because she's his little sister Adele. They still visit each other at least once a year, according to the promise they made when Fred took to the studios and Adele took her aristocratic husband and so their professional roads had to part.

As Adele Astaire, she is playing with Jack Buchanan in a musical comedy film being made at Pinewood. They're a pair of travelling vaudeville artists involved in amusing complications arising out of a fake “murder” they arrange for publicity. Rene Clair, the famous Frenchman, is directing.

Fred is naturally following his adored sister's studio progress with the keenest interest. He trained her to sing and dance when they were beginning their careers so consequently she has much of his easy-seeming style as well as an equally expressive face. She comes to the studio in an impressive Rolls-Royce with a coronet painted on the door-panel, generally wearing a simple brown or rust-red suit with magnificent foxes—she doesn't care about jewels but she says she “goes all crazy” when it comes to furs. Despite the ducal background, she is sweet and friendly and tremendously earnest about establishing herself on the screen. Adaptable Adele I call her. Don't be too surprised if you see her acting with Fred one of these days soon!

Flash-back for a moment to “Secret Agent,” the last British film in which Madeleine Carroll and Peter Lorre ap-

peared before Hollywood signed them both up. Close-up of the third featured player, tall aesthetic-looking John Gielgud who has since been playing *Hamlet* on the American stage. Now he's home again and appearing in "Richard of Bordeaux," a richly dramatic historical picture being made all in color.

Next we show you the interior of a London workroom where several women are sitting comfortably back in their low chairs just knitting. They are creating exclusive sportswear, some models destined for famous Hollywood stars who have been introduced to this individual shop during their London visits. The blue silk jersey is for Miriam Hopkins and that fluffy grey wool will be fashioned into a riding cap and scarf for Margot Grahame. Kay Francis has ordered an orange thread sweater with a white tennis skirt. It's a



Tyrolean topper—Binnie Barnes wears a jaunty new chapeau creation.

long way to send for clothes but so nice to have your friends wondering just where you got that new outfit! Even Dolores Del Rio has fallen for a pink knitted swagger coat that looks like delicate lace.

For the final item we must wheel the news reel camera into a modernistic apartment in Park Lane where Anton Walbrook is giving a little party to celebrate the completion of the spectacular "Victoria the Great" in which he appears as *Prince Albert* while beautiful Anna Neagle is *Queen Victoria*. Anton naturally entertains in his native Viennese manner, offering tall glasses of golden Tokay wine and baskets of marzipan sweetmeats and tiny cream-filled cakes. He is chatting enthusiastically about golf, to which he has fallen victim during his stay in England.

H. B. Warner is one of Anton's guests, accompanied by his schoolgirl daughter Lorraine. She has spent most of her life in Hollywood but she doesn't want to be in pictures. "Anybody can act," she informs me calmly. "I'm going to be a doctor."

Producer Herbert Wilcox strolls round happily and Leslie Banks and Tullio Carminnatti are here too. Anna Neagle looks deliciously diaphanous all in palest blue. She's about to take her annual holiday which will, as usual, be a cruise. Anna's father is a retired sea-captain so the shipboard atmosphere appeals to her automatically.



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WARNING: Beware of the many cheap substitutes for this successful formula. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast.



Gloria Dickson finds her place in the sun, (please hold that pose, Gloria, while we feast our eyes!), and in the limelight of Hollywood favor as a new cinema star.

My Life

Continued from page 34

experienced a sense of cheer and inner peace. I imagine I hate quarreling because I was inoculated against it, because it was never a familiar habit to me. Mother and father fell more in love as time went on, if that could have been. There never was any bickering or jealousy of any sort. I believe it was because they loved with absolutely no reservations, with no selfishness lurking in the background. Each thought of the other. A golden rule for love, I believe. A brief, but potent rule.

My mother not only kept our house running on oiled wheels—she liked it to be neat and attractive and she liked good manners—but she managed to combine other things to round out their life. She was active in church doings. Yes, I went to Sunday School—at the Methodist Church. I joined the church when it was time. But mother—well, she couldn't be separated from father all day so she acted as his office assistant, also. She assumed charge of his books, aided him in his obstetrical cases, went on calls with him, learned how to do most of his X-raying.

When I was ten I got the pony I had been proposing. I had had a lot of friends, but when the pony materialized I began to ride off alone. Usually I headed south of town, to a farm owned by a couple mother and father particularly liked. I am informed I was exceptionally persevering about that pony. I still don't want to be without a horse!

It appears I displayed persistence as a foremost trait, that my parents had to think fast and furiously as to whether their answers should be "All right." I do know that they often replied, "Now we'll just think a bit." They never said no to me unless they meant it; I wasn't ever whipped, for I recognized that they were wholly serious when they denied me something. I respected their wisdom because they treated me as though I had sense enough to understand whatever arose. And I wanted

to exceed their hopes for they never hid the fact that they were centering their lives around me.

Was I spoiled? Some of my relatives, aghast at the advantages I was given, probably thought so. But while it was true that I was given everything a boy could want, I was on my honor in return. My parents firmly believed in a child having every benefit. They bought me the books of knowledge, and subtly pointed my reading. They appreciated music and how much it can add to life; the records they selected made me eager to tackle the piano and—later—the cello. They allowed me to choose good clothes, not to feel superior in, but because one feels more capable, feels more self-respect in a nice suit. They were keen on high ideals. But they didn't lecture me. Rather, they set the pace by example.

I saw how they helped others. We had someone living with us half the time. A cousin from Chicago, whose mother was widowed, lived with us for several years. A woman doctor in San Diego seems like my own sister, for she was with us once. There is another woman doctor in Pasadena whom mother and father helped by having her move in with us. They shared whenever and whatever they could.

When I reported to high school one fall I rode my bicycle up to register. It was a brand new building that year. I don't know why I was elected class president for the freshmen, for I never tried to be a politician. I don't like to attempt to glad-hand. But I was proud of the break!

My particular pal, as it turned out, was Gerry Weber. Soon he was over at our house most of the time. In the summers father and mother asked Gerry along on our vacations. We went up to the lakes of Minnesota, to Lake Okabajo in Idaho, and twice clear out to Denver.

High school was as much fun as grammar school. I wouldn't say that I studied too hard. The subjects I took seemed to come pretty easy for me. For which I was grateful! I liked English and public speaking best.

I was motor-mad next. I had four different cars while I was in high school. The green sport model with the top down

was my favorite. Still, I controlled my impulse to be a second Barney Oldfield. "There would be no use in giving a boy a car if he were the type who'd rush out and crack it up," my father commented to the dealer within my hearing. I got it, his cleverly phrased advice!

Yes, I did have dates. When you are young and you have a car and you observe that beautiful girls are rather intriguing company indeed—well, you have dates. I can't remember the first one, nor what we did. But the dance hall downtown was the spot where the young crowd flocked. I always liked dance music as well as classical music. But I never cared for double-dating. I never was much for parties, either. I prefer to escort the special girl I ask, and to direct my conversation to her alone. That's a man-sized engagement for the evening, I figure. No, I didn't fall in love with any childhood sweetheart.

There were high school plays, of course. I was in them. I wasn't a prodigy, but I was elected president of the dramatic club before I finished. When there were stage events at the moving picture theatre I was occasionally the master of ceremonies. I played cello in the school orchestra.

Then, surprisingly, it was college time for me. I was through in Beatrice. "One grew up for a long spell, and then like a flash one was up against picking a future. I had intended to study medicine, but now I couldn't be vague any longer. Where should I go to become as grand a doctor as my father was? He had built up an excellent practice. Every one of his patients, everyone who knew him, admired him. He was always jolly; he'd clown away blues. Many folk claimed his smile cured them. He never showed anger—he had an instinctive flair for handling people. He was my Exhibit A, the pattern I wanted to copy.

It was mother who thought of the great scheme. She wanted to feel that I'd have a good room-mate at college. So she consulted father and then they put it squarely up to me. I could go to Northwestern University. That would mean Chicago, seeing a roaring city. Or I could go to Doane College, nearby, and Gerry Weber—my buddy—could go there with me. They had watched him; they knew he only needed an opportunity. They would pay his way.

It was a hard run to the telephone to hurry him over for the marvelous news, but I made it.

I decided I would become an orthopaedic surgeon, correcting the deformities of children. Gerry would become an X-ray specialist. Father would locate in a larger town—when we were ready to join him—and the three of us would knock Nebraska for a loop!

So, in the meanwhile, I went to work in the bank in Beatrice for the summer season.

Summer nights I slicked down my hair by glancing into the polish on my roadster's gleaming hood. I dated for the movies, and—I do seem to remember now—then I'd drive into the park. It was a beautiful park. When I looked up the heaven was full of stars. So bright, so many. I never for an instant imagined I would wind up on a studio lot whose boast is—"more stars than there are in heaven!"

Next Month! Don't miss the second chapter in "My Life"—Robert Taylor's own story as told to Ben Maddox. "My College Days," which will appear in the next, the October issue of SCREENLAND, and in no other magazine, will tell in Bob's own way what college meant to him; his realization that romance can trip him if he isn't level-headed—and the bitterest blow he ever had to take—which oddly enough made him a movie star!



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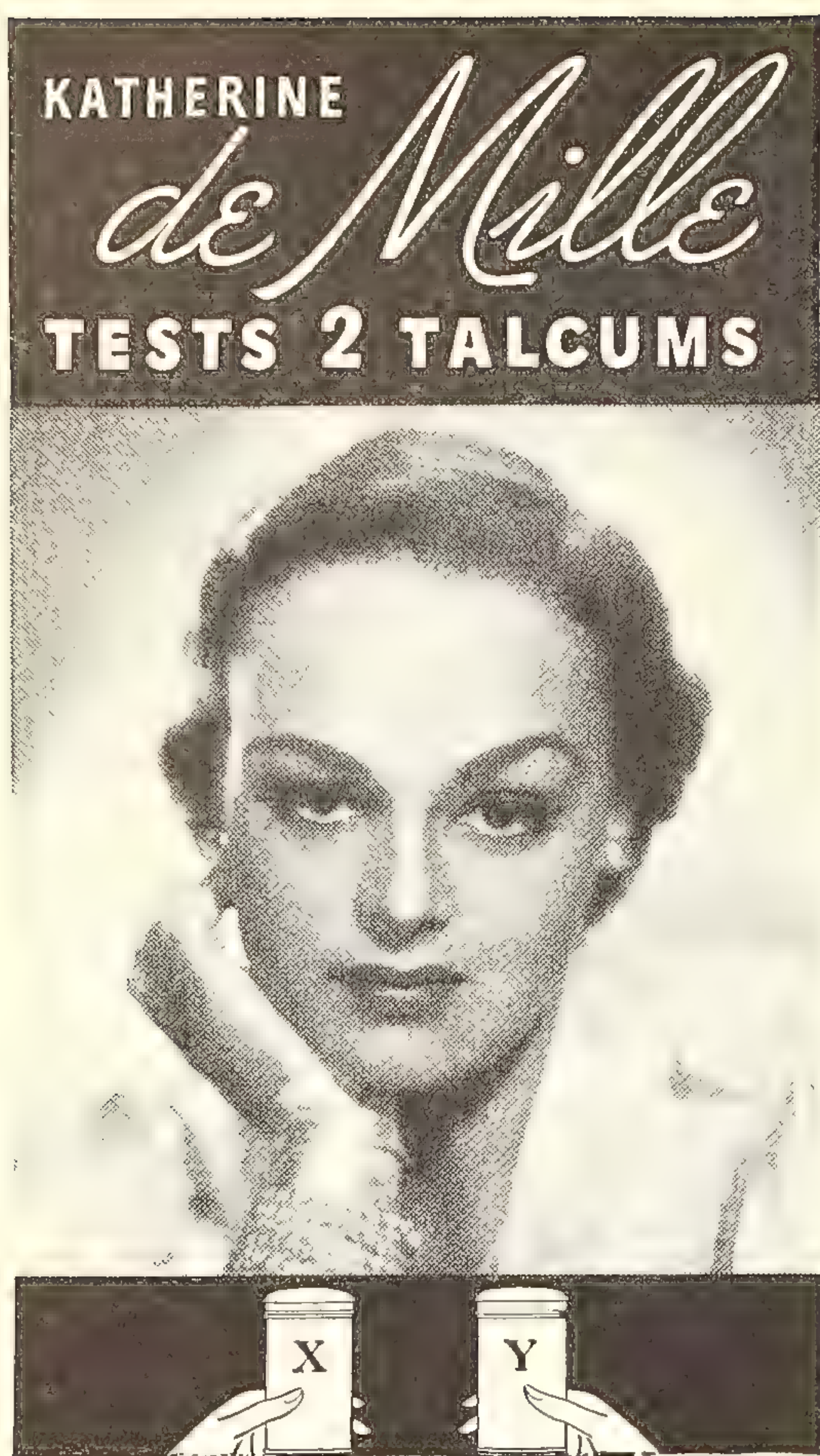
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Finer Than Most Face Powders



Modern Madonna

Continued from page 55

me an old milk of magnesia bottle. "Jane dear," said Loretta patiently, "that belongs to Judy. That lovely blue shoe box is yours." Jane's lips puckered and quivered. Big tears began to form on her long lashes.

She looked at Loretta. And Loretta looked as though catastrophe was just around the corner, and tragedy would stalk the land unless something was done, and immediately, about the milk of magnesia bottle situation.

"Oh, darling!" cried Loretta. "You can have a milk of magnesia bottle too, just like Judy's. Liza, please empty that blue bottle on the shelf—the second one from the end. Of course Jane can have a milk of magnesia bottle too. Oh, dear, and she did seem so pleased with her shoe box yesterday!"

Just in case you, dear reader, don't know tiny tots and have the idea that Loretta was trying to economize in playthings, I hasten to inform you that it looked as if the entire toy department of Bullocks-Wilshire had been dumped into the Young homestead. I never saw so many expensive dolls, and animals, and gadgets and things in all my life. But Judy and Jane, it seems, had their own ideas about playthings. Judy could not be parted from a blue bottle, and Jane up until the present had given her devoted attention to a shoe box. It made such a nice train. Mr. Bullocks-Wilshire's de luxe model didn't come up to scratch in Jane's opinion.

"Look at their darling little clothes," said Loretta. "In the drawers over there. This used to be Sally and Polly Ann's room, remember, but it makes a grand nursery now."

Loretta loves clothes, and so it was only to be expected that she had bought the sweetest and daintiest of everything for her babies. "That coat," she sighed, "cost twenty-two fifty, imagine, and when I showed it to Judy she wouldn't even look at it." No, I don't believe that Loretta's youngest is clothes-conscious as yet, but she will be after she has lived with her mother for a while. Jane, being three and getting along in years, is far more appreciative of her new wardrobe. When Loretta shows her her new dresses and coats she says, "Ooooooh!" And I had to laugh at Loretta when she told me about her shopping tour for the infants. It seems she tried to get Jane a frilly cap and dress but was told by the saleslady that little girls of three no longer wore frills and laces. "They wear tailored things," said the saleslady. Loretta was irate. "How silly," she said, "you don't let them be babies at all. I suppose by the time Jane is four you'll want to sell her a wedding dress!" It's as plain as the nose on your face what kind of a mother Loretta is going to be.

And none of this new-fangled calling your mother by her first name for Loretta. She is teaching her babies to call her "Mama" and the first one to call her Loretta gets a good spanking. Loretta spent a whole day teaching Judy to say "Mama" and Judy had no objections to saying it, but she simply couldn't be coaxed to look at Loretta when she said it. "She'd look at the dresser, or at Jane, or at Christobel (Loretta's maid)," Loretta complained, "but never at me. It was most disheartening."

But Loretta's coaching evidently took effect on Judy over-night, for the next morning Loretta was awakened by a terrific jabbering in her ear. Judy had climbed in bed with her for a little morning's fun and was shrieking "Mama" at the top of her lungs. Loretta is a very casual, genial person usually but she does have her mo-

ments of temperament, and there is nothing that will make her fly off the handle so effectively as to awaken her in the morning before she is ready to awake. Those mornings when she hasn't a studio call, of course. Everybody in the Young household knows not to disturb Loretta for anything less than an earthquake. But Judy is going to make new rules. She's a snappy six o'clock riser. But so long as she looks at Loretta when she says "Mama," and not at the faucet, I'm sure it's okay with Loretta.

And that's not the only upset Judy and Jane have caused. Dinner used to be served promptly at seven every night, but what with the babies getting their purees and things the Youngs are lucky to sit down by eight. The cook who used to prepare three meals a day now cooks six, but she loves the babies so much herself she doesn't complain. And of course Loretta's young men are having a time of it. They arrive all



It took 75 yards of material to make this gown for Marjorie Lord. It is pale blue, with sleeves of silver.

sleek and smart in their dinner jackets ready to go places, only to find Loretta dishing out cod liver oil, bending over bathtubs, or indulging in a spirited game of hide and seek with no thought whatsoever of getting herself dressed. And the poor family doctor is summoned out to Bel Air any time of day or night. The last time Loretta was positive it was scarlet fever—it proved to be a simple diaper irritation.

Little Judy and Jane, both very blonde with big blue eyes and long lashes, are little sisters whose mother and father are dead. Loretta saw them in an orphan asylum where she had gone one day on an errand of mercy, and when Judy gave her a big sticky kiss and Jane slipped her little hand in hers Loretta knew that now was the time to do the thing she had long planned to do. If there are two babies they are not so likely to be spoiled, she thought, and besides they are real sisters and should not be separated. She adopted little girls because she was brought up in a family of four little girls and she knows little girls. "And besides," said Loretta, "little girls are more affectionate."

Little Jane and Judy may have been born with the odds against them, but thanks to a kind-hearted girl they have a gold spoon in their mouths now. They will be brought up in a rich and religious home with the greatest love in the world. "Lucky Jane and Judy," I said as I left Loretta's that day. "Lucky Loretta," said Loretta.

Ask Me!

Continued from page 8

Lottie Z. George Raft is 5 feet, 10 inches tall, and weighs 155 pounds. Incidentally, it might interest you to know, also, that he has a new "hair-do" these days, wind-blown and tousled instead of sleek and shiny! All for "Souls at Sea," in which he appears with Gary Cooper and Frances Dee.

Adele F. Why not look for the answers to queries about Henry Wilcoxon in very recent issues of SCREENLAND? Or at least vary your questions on the aforementioned actor. Seems to me rather dull to answer over and over again the same questions! Yes, you may consider yourself spanked.

Dottie Mae. What a nice letter that was. Guess I'll have to do something extra special for you! **And Donald Woods.** No, he isn't a native Californian. He was born in Winnipeg, Canada, but now he is a naturalized American. He was educated at King Edward High School, in Vancouver, and after graduation went to the University of California. His first appearance on the stage was in stock in Salt Lake City, after which he toured through the middle west and south-west. His first Broadway play was in "Singapore." You know all about his screen career, but perhaps you did not know that he is happily married and has a son and lives in Beverly Hills—and his pet hate is any kind of cheese!

Howard H. Billy and Bobby Mauch were born in Peoria, Ill., July 6, 1924. They began their careers early—



The glamorous gate-keeper is none other than screen girl Ann Sheridan.

to be exact—at the ripe old age of six! The theatrical manager of their home town engaged them to sing and dance, which led to stage and radio appearances. Billy played the boy *Anthony* in "Anthony Adverse." "The Prince and the Pauper" is the first picture in which they appear together. A photograph of them? Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, California, is the place to make that request.

Marjorie C. Nelson Eddy was born in Providence, R. I., in 1901. Was first instructed in singing by David Bispham. His present teacher is Dr. Edward Lippe.

B. L. C. Sounds as if Akim Tamiroff is your heart-throb, all right! All the things you want to know about him—well, he was born in Russia and attended and graduated from the Moscow Art Theatre. Came to America in 1923 and appeared in a series of Russian plays, after which he played a leading comedy rôle in Balieff's "Chauve Souris" for three years. He was engaged by the Theatre Guild of New York to play leads in several of their plays, finally going to Hollywood in 1932. A few of his outstanding pictures are "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," "Big Broadcast of 1936," "Desire," "Anthony Adverse," "High, Wide and Handsome," and "The Great Gambini." For his photograph, write to the Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

Gordon H. L. Although Sybil Jason's life has been brief, it has been filled with activity. Born November 23rd, 1929, at Capetown, South Africa, she began her vocal accomplishments at the age of 2, at the same time executing astonishing dance steps, accompanied by droll mimicry of famous people. In London at the age of 3 she made her first professional appearance at a charity concert in the Palace Theatre. Sybil's American pictures included "Little Big Shot," with Glenda Farrell, Robert Armstrong, and Edward Everett Horton.

Elizabeth C. "Gone With the Wind" will be produced by Selznick International Pictures, Inc. "Come and Get It," a Samuel Goldwyn picture, was released through United Artists.



OH, JANE,
I CAN'T GO. MY
SKIN'S SO ROUGH
FROM RIDING IN
THE RUMBLE SEAT
THAT I'M A SIGHT

DON'T BE SILLY!
I KNOW A
SPECIAL CREAM
THAT *MELTS*
SKIN SMOOTH



THAT WAS A SWELL
STEER ABOUT POND'S
VANISHING CREAM.
NOW MY SKIN'S SMOOTH
POWDER STAYS ON

Melts FLAKINESS AWAY —IN ONE APPLICATION

ANN'S made a hit! Any girl does if her skin is smooth and soft, if her make-up looks flawless—stays looking that way.

Popular girls use Pond's Vanishing Cream. As a famous dermatologist says, "A *keratolytic* cream (Vanishing Cream) has the ability to *melt away* harsh, dried-out surface cells when it touches the skin. Instantly the skin becomes fresh and smooth."

Just one application of Pond's Vanishing Cream and dry, flaky bits melt away. An instant later, powder goes on smooth as silk. You'll be delighted with the way it clings!

For powder base—Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a perfect powder base because it *smooths* your skin. Make-up goes on with an even finish... stays.

For overnight—Apply after cleansing. Not greasy. It won't smear. Lovely skin by morning!



Miss Nancy Whitney

"Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths off little roughnesses right away. Make-up looks better."

8-PIECE PACKAGE

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Name _____

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★ PERMANENT WAVE YOUR HAIR YOURSELF AT HOME...A COMPLETE PERMANENT \$1.00

Pleasantly and inexpensively, Endura gives you the best permanent you have ever had. Endura banishes, once and for all, the hours of discomfort of old-fashioned methods. Without machines, heat, or electricity, Endura permanent waves your hair at home while you work or read or even sleep. It's so easy to use, and so inexpensive. More than 200,000 women have changed to Endura permanents. Endura is sold in two sizes; the \$1.00 complete permanent wave and the 25c Endura Ten-Curl. Endura Ten-Curl gives you 10 winsome curls, permanent waves those straggly end and side curls. Endura is featured at drug, department and 5 and 10c stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, ask him to order it...THE ENDURA CORPORATION, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA.



IMPORTED SIMULATED DIAMOND 15c

To introduce Hollywood's NEW-EST Orizaba Mexican Diamond reproductions, Dazzling, Brilliant, full of Blazing Fire—(worn by Movie Stars). We will send a 1 Kt. Simulated Brazilian Diamond, mounted in Solid Gold effect Ring as illustrated—(looks like \$150. Gem) for this ad and 15c. Address today FIELD'S DIAMOND CO.—Dept. SU-510 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif. (2 for 25c)

WHY LINES & PIMPLES?



Do you know there is a new French treatment which beautifies women from 16 to 60 and

that crepey neck, wrinkles, puffiness, black-heads can now easily be taken care of? It is called Calmas French Beauty Film but many users refer to it as "the perfect way to a perfect skin" or "a face lifting without surgery." It is harmless and easy to use at home. Write to Calmas Products, Dept. 19-C, 6770 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif., and you will get ABSOLUTELY FREE a booklet which explains this new way to beauty and youth.

No Amateur Now

Continued from page 62

and rushed out to Hollywood from New York, my aunt and uncle and I. We hardly stopped to eat because it had been impressed upon us that the studio could hardly wait for me to go to work."

"And then—?"

"Then I sat around for nearly six months with only a few make-up tests and things before I finally was given a part."

"That's happened before."

"I know—but not to me. May I—?"

"Certainly. Go ahead and phone him. This can wait."

But "Bob" didn't answer. So we began again.

"Major Bowes discovered you, didn't he?"

"That's the story and I'm stuck with it."

"Well, what *did* happen?"

"I had been studying voice with Niclas Kempner, who is here in Hollywood now, and I wrote Major Bowes and asked for an audition with him to get his opinion of my voice, not to go on his program. But the first thing I knew I had signed the usual contract he asks all his 'discoveries' to sign and was singing on one of his amateur hours."

"A day or so later he called and asked me to come to his office to talk about a possible job at the Rainbow Room. So I went there to sing for a week. It's a nice place, you know, one of the nicest. I sang 'Did He Ask For Me' at night and—"

"Wait a minute, please. Let's get these names down on paper. You went to the Rainbow Room and sang 'Did He Ask For Me At Night?'"

"No, silly. I sang it at night. I sang it the next afternoon, too. And lots of others. I was to stay a week at the Rainbow, but I stayed nine weeks, which was a record at the time, I think; and I had a new evening dress every night. My aunt made them for me."

"Then you came to Hollywood."

"No, indeed. I went on the radio and the next thing I knew my career had ended and I was in bed for three months from bronchitis and its after-effects. When I was well enough I went back on the radio and then made tests for several studios and signed with Warners."

"And what did Major Bowes think of all this?"

"He was getting his ten percent, so why should he worry? He is still getting it, for that matter—or at least it is being held in escrow until we fight it out. And the radio people get some of it, too—and so does my Hollywood agent."

"Does that leave any for you?"

"Oh, yes. I am managing to get along."

"Well, if you came to Hollywood in a Lincoln car and with sixty-odd evening dresses, you weren't—shall we say, 'in desperate circumstances' when your chance for movie fame came?"

"No, I've never been really poor. Or rich either, for that matter."

"What did you do when you first came to Hollywood and the Warner studio?"

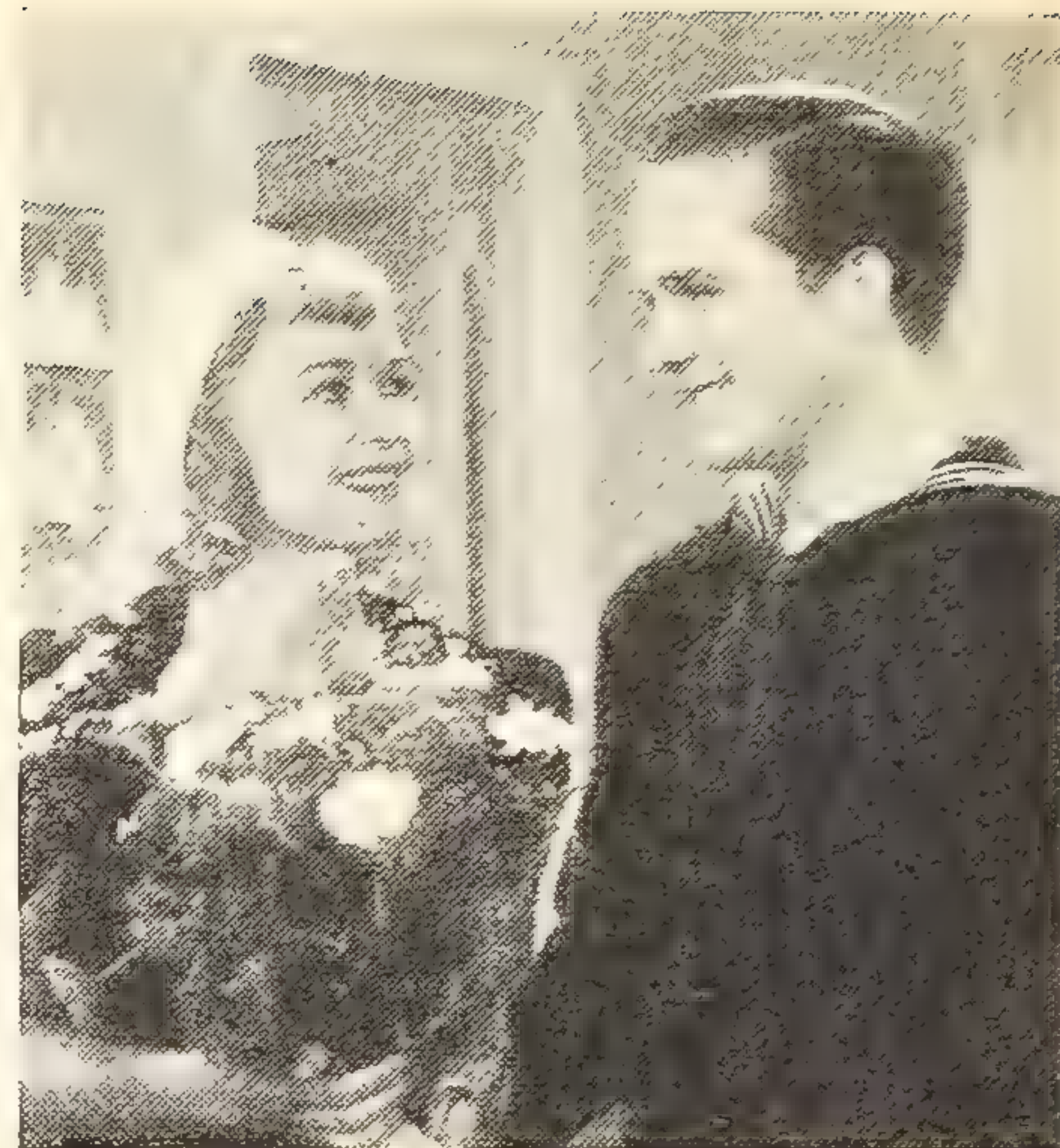
"I reduced. I was told to reduce. I wasn't fat but I *was* comfortable. You're not supposed to be 'comfortable' in Hollywood. So I reduced. And made tests, wardrobe tests, singing tests, make-up tests, and still pictures. And then, as I told you, I waited and waited and waited—may I use your phone just once again?"

"Just once."

But "Bob" hadn't returned.

"And then I got my first break—a big musical picture 'The Singing Marine' opposite Dick Powell. And the chance to sing in it, too. It was worth waiting for."

"Now I suppose you would like to



Eric Linden joins the navy and courts Cecilia Parker in a new film.

sing opposite Errol Flynn."

"Does Mr. Flynn sing? I've never met the gentleman."

"You mean you've been on the Warner lot for ten months and haven't met Flynn?"

"In fact, I've hardly seen him. He was getting shot at in Spain part of that time, you remember. There's another thing, too—"

"What?"

"Robert Taylor is *not* my ideal."

With this breath-taking announcement Miss Weston reached for the telephone again, apologetically. "I really must reach him," she explained.

"But it's not Bob Taylor you are calling, is that it?"

"It is not Bob Taylor."

But there was no answer at all to this call.

"I told you I didn't have a story," said Miss Weston after she had banged the receiver back into place.

"If you would only tell us about 'Bob.' Romance is the best news we can get."

"Don't you dare use his name. Don't you dare!"

"What name do you want us to use?"

"Any name except his own. Call him 'Bob.'"

"All right. We'll call him Bob."

(*Note to Miss Weston: We kept our word on that, didn't we?)

"And you can say that I like Hollywood very much."

"Everyone does as long as the options are picked up."

"I'll like it anyway. Isn't that the thing to say?"

"It isn't very original but consider it said."

"Well, what else have you got down there?"

"That you like Hollywood, Dick Powell, and your first picture. That you haven't met Errol Flynn and have not lost your heart to Robert Taylor. That you are not anxious to be known as a Bowes protégée and that you have a remarkable pair of eyes. Sometimes they are grey, sometimes light brown, and sometimes—"

"That ought to be enough for *one* story," Miss Weston—whose real name is Doris Wester—said with finality.

"I'm a terrible frost at interviews," she said. "But I mean well and I *do* try. There just hasn't very much happened to me yet."

"They are planning on calling you the 'Rainbow Girl.' What do you think of that?"

"It'll be all right with me—if the pot of gold follows along. Then I can relax and be comfortable again. Goodbye. I wonder could I use your telephone again—just once?"

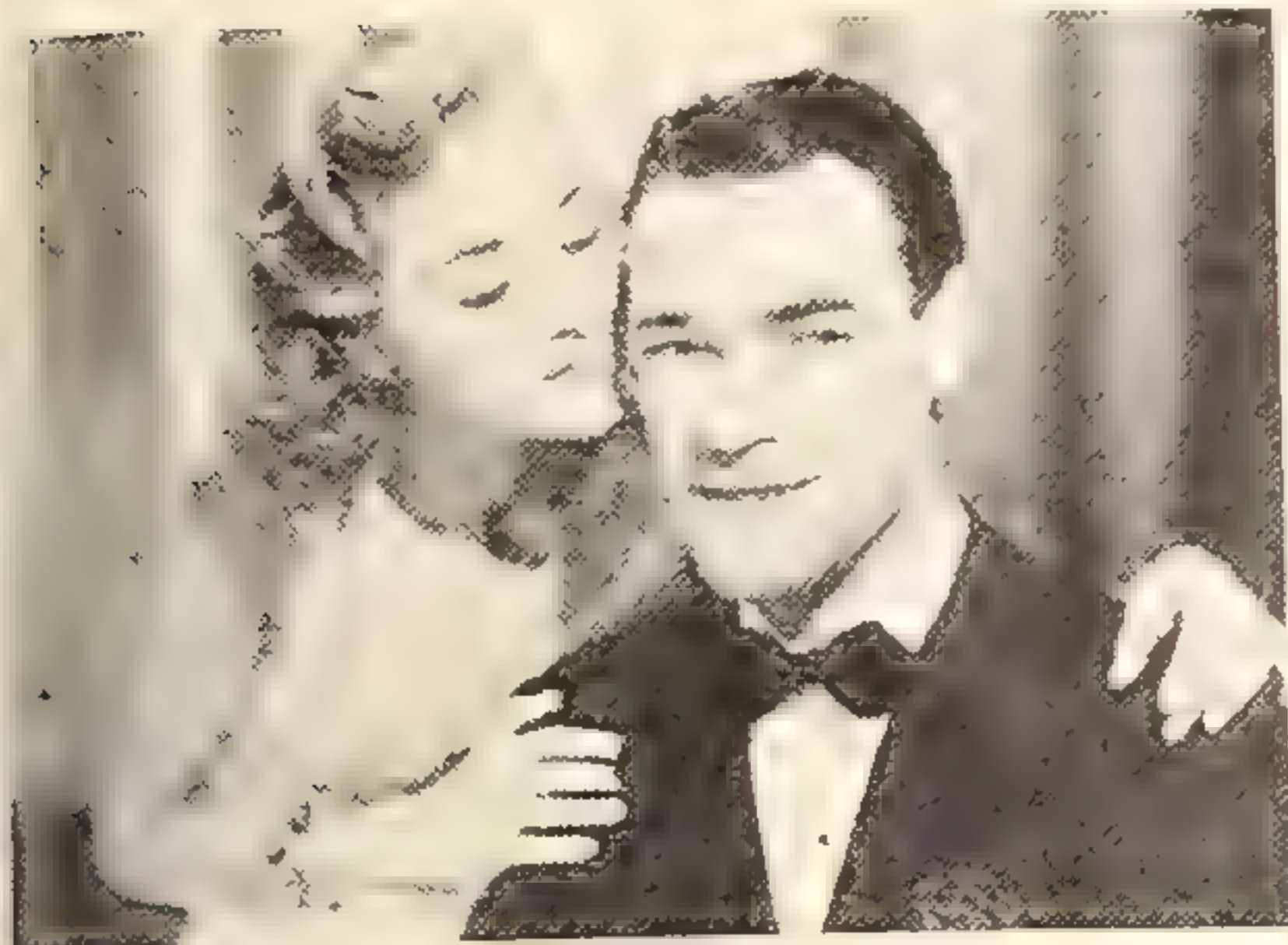
"If you do I'll use his right name in the story."

"That would be mean. Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

Tagging the Talkies

(Continued from page 14)



The
Great
Gambini

Paramount

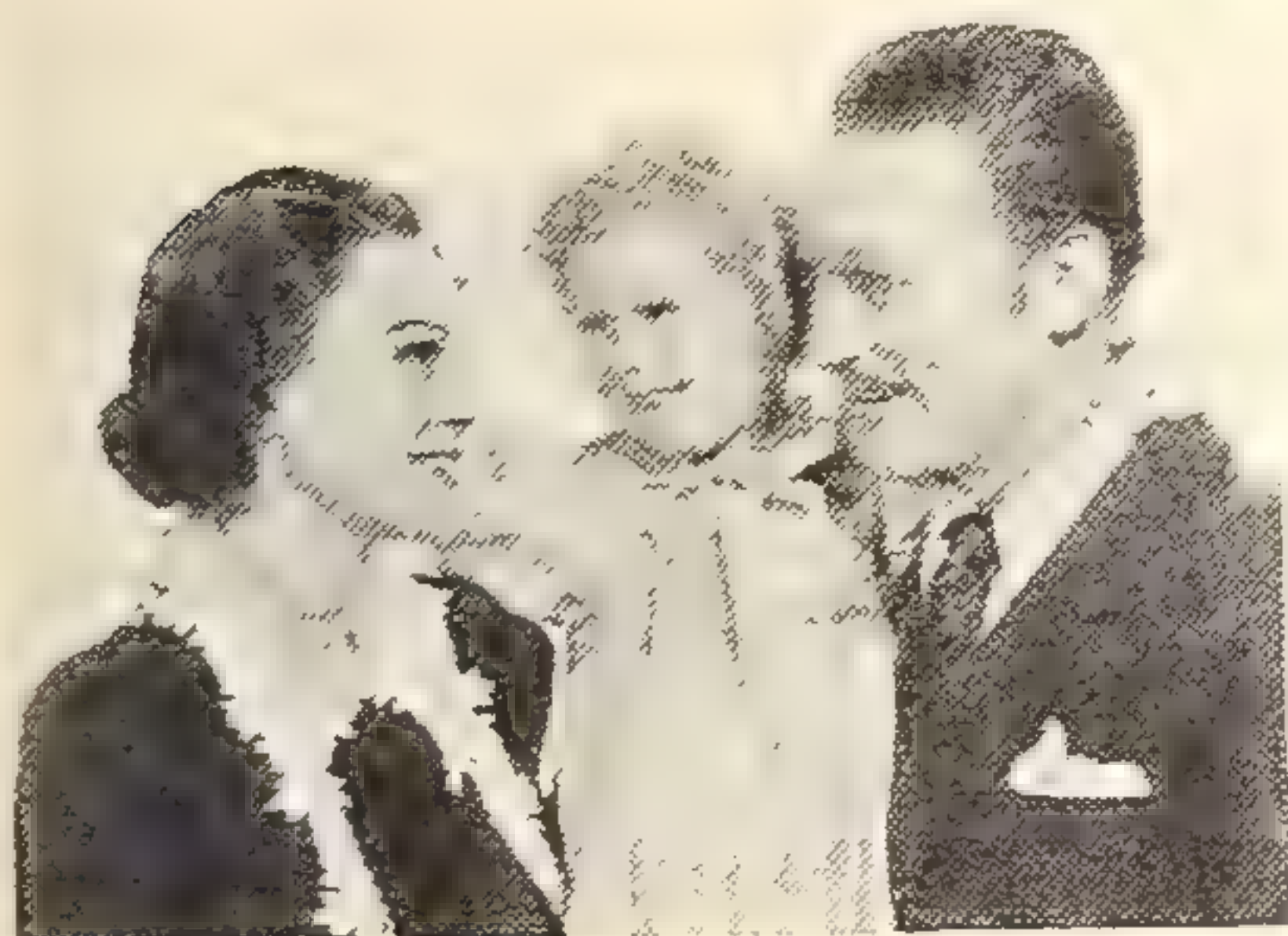
A new and novel presentation of a murder mystery wherein all clues are offered the audience in order that each may solve the crime for himself just prior to the last reel. Akim Tamiroff is outstanding as the magician, central character of the story. John Trent and Marian Marsh please in the romantic rôles. Pretty good.

Between
Two
Women

M-G-M



Very human, well-sustained drama of life, love and death in a general hospital. The story has been done before, but fine acting by Franchot Tone as a young doctor, Virginia Bruce as his beautiful but selfish wife, and Maureen O'Sullivan as the nurse married to a worthless man, and in love with Tone, carries it across in good style.



Midnight
Madonna

Paramount

However much you try to avoid comparisons, you can't help seeing Kitty Clancy as a "ringer" for the Shirley Temple of a few years ago. Here you'll also see Warren William in a corking characterization as an adventurous gambler who comes to the rescue of a little girl and her mother, Mady Correll (also a promising newcomer).

Easy
Living

Paramount



Scintillating, mad comedy about a girl who is suddenly thrust into the midst of the most incredible adventures all fantastically funny. Jean Arthur almost succeeds in matching her performance in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," and Edward Arnold, in his first comedy rôle in too long, is magnificent. Ray Milland does a grand job. Luis Alberni is priceless. Lots of real fun here.

Short-cut to Reno



A short, but frequent, story . . .
"Lysol" disinfectant made the
ending happy.

JUDY and Bill grew up together . . . were childhood sweethearts. Everybody said, "They'll be happy".

But . . . in less than a year of married life, Judy said Bill was cruel, indifferent. Bill said, "We both made a mistake". . . . But old Doc Davis, who'd brought them both into the world, discovered the real story. And "Lysol" disinfectant helped make the ending happy.

The tragic thing about it is, a woman seldom knows she's guilty of neglecting herself. Fortunately, any woman can (and millions of women do) know how *not* to offend. They know that "Lysol" disinfectant provides a wholesome cleans-

ing method of feminine hygiene. They know these six qualities of "Lysol" which make it so valuable:

THE 6 SPECIAL FEATURES OF "LYSOL"

1. NON-CAUSTIC . . . "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS . . . "Lysol" is a true germicide, active under practical conditions . . . in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. PENETRATION . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.
4. ECONOMY . . . "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
6. STABILITY . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK Products Corp., Dept. 9-S
Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

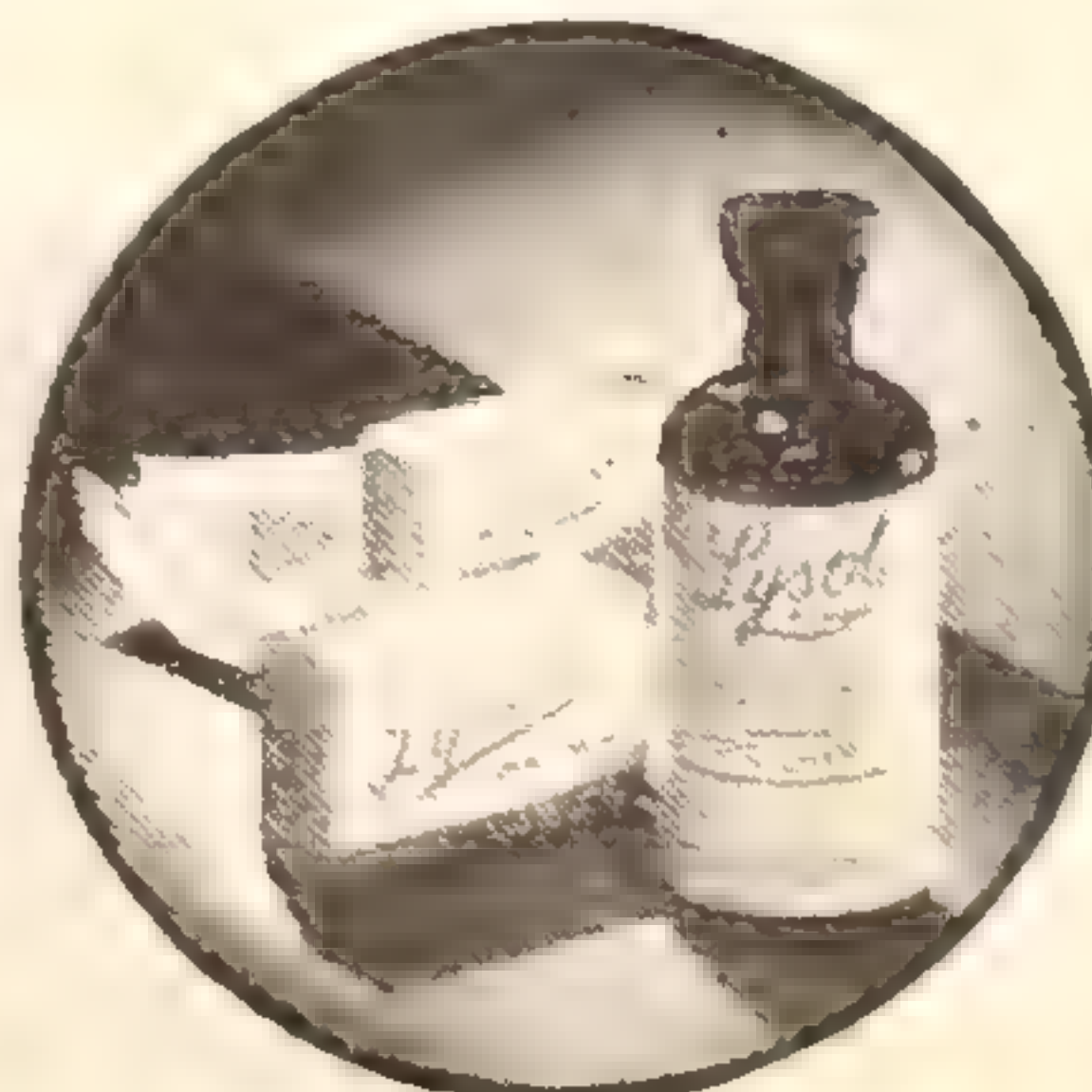
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Lysol
Disinfectant



BE WISE...ALKALIZE!

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a pleasant-tasting alkalinizing solution. You drink it and it does two important things. First, it brings quick, welcome relief from your discomfort—and then because it is also alkalinizing in its nature Alka-Seltzer helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS 30¢-60¢ SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer

WONDER WHY I FEEL SO LOW, I DIDN'T OVER-DO IT.

JUST TAKE AN ALKA-SELTZER, JOE, AND THERE'LL BE NOTHING TO IT.

ALKA-SELTZER, MY BOY, LETS YOU EAT AND FORGET.

FRIED POTATOES AND STEAK GET MY STOMACH UP-SET!

ACID-INDIGESTION

HEADACHE

OH DEAR! MY HEAD IS ACHING SO. I THINK I'LL HIKE FOR HOME.

I'D TAKE AN ALKA-SELTZER, FLO—IT ALWAYS CLEARS MY DOME.

TUNE IN The NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC-NETWORK



Personal to Fat Girls!—Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Prescription Tablets a day until you have lost enough fat—then stop.

Marmola Prescription Tablets contain the same element prescribed by most doctors in treating their fat patients. Millions of people are using them with success. Don't let others think you have no spunk and that your will-power is as flabby as your flesh. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure rightfully yours.

The Truth About Hollywood Diets!

Continued from page 20

those made with eggs and milk like puddings and custards. But I never touch those appetizing little after-dinner peppermints, or chocolates!

Week Ends: I'll eat anything put in front of me—indulging a regular food "bust"—and am I sorry for the next couple of days when I have to exercise a little harder to get all those grand "untouchables" off again? But the next week-end I do it all over again—Chili Con Carni—Popcorn—"party food"—and all the rest of it—Heaven help me!

After taking Joan's grand and honest deposition, I hied over to Paramount, luckily finding Marlene Dietrich looking like the title of her picture, sitting on the sidelines of "The Angel" set. After a little polite chit-chat on my part, and some polite drawls from Marlene, I think she was a little surprised when I asked her if she would tell me the truth (not publicity) concerning her weight and height. "I weigh 122 pounds and I am five feet six inches tall," said Glamor Girl No. 1—"is it any secret?" I told her it wasn't, that I just wanted to keep the records authentic. In the back of my mind I was thinking that since Joan is one inch shorter than Marlene and weighs seven pounds more, obviously Marlene's "bones" must be smaller. Hence the difference in the weight between two of the most perfect figures in Hollywood.

At first, Marlene was reluctant to reveal the secrets of her diet—if any—or even what constituted a typical day's menu with her. "So many people follow such advice blindly," she protested, striking at the same

point Joan had covered. And then in a slower, less emphatic way she argued the same diet advice pitfalls we had covered with Crawford. Also like Joan, Marlene was overweight when she first came to Hollywood, but it is interesting that she has reduced almost solely through proper eating, for she goes in for very little exercise.

"When you do not do much exercising to lose weight," said Marlene carefully, "It is very necessary that you eat properly. The system must have something of everything. Otherwise one becomes weak. Dieting incorrectly saps the energy."

Marlene may specialize in listlessness on the screen, but she never permits herself to feel weak and run-down even for the sake of her beautiful figure.

"Every day," she said like a child confessing a secret, "I have a cup of hot chocolate, rich, made with cream here on the set, while the others are having tea!"

Butter by the pounds for Joan—rich, hot chocolate for svelte Marlene Dietrich—there are two diet believe-it-or-nots for Ripley and the rest of us!

But here is a typical day's diet for Marlene:

Breakfast: Fruit juice (not iced). Whole wheat toast with honey. Sometimes rye toast—never white. Coffee without cream or sugar.

Luncheon: Tea sandwiches of whole wheat bread. Cold sliced roast beef, quite rare. Fruit salad with mineral oil dressing. (And she drinks no liquids with her meals after breakfast.)

Afternoon: That famous cup of hot chocolate—for energy building!

Dinner: Hot consommé. Green salad with mineral oil. One green vegetable (she loves string beans). Broiled meats, or sliced white meat of chicken or turkey. One roll, no butter. Custard or ice for dessert—but never pastries.

When I asked Dietrich if she had one



Masqueraders! Gail Patrick as JULIET, Jack Benny as ROMEO, Ida Lupino as CINDERELLA, and Richard Arlen as PRINCE CHARMING give you a new slant on some favorite characters.

food luxury she indulged, diet or no diet, she laughed when she replied: "Once in a while—cake with chocolate icing. It is so good!"

Carole Lombard, I was disappointed to learn, was not working at the studio that day—so I had to wait to catch her *via* telephone at her home that evening. "I'm not going to tell you what I eat—because I eat too much," she laughed. "And then—don't you remember I'm the gal who is supposed to have ruined her health by crazy dieting?"

"I know," I argued, "That's just what we are trying to clear up. This time we want the truth to pass on to the waiting public."

"I'm scared of it!" yelled la Lombard. "What I eat might kill somebody else. I do all right, you know!"

I said: "All right, let's hear the worst!"

It seems the worst is that Carole hasn't any regular routine for meals. She hates habit in eating! That's why her latest two homes have not even had a dining room—or if they had them originally Carole converted them into something else. She hates to think that at nine o'clock every morning she must consume breakfast dishes—just because all the rest of the world is busy with its ham and eggs at that time. Carole swears she is a "card table" diner. Or she loves for someone to hand her a sandwich as she comes off the tennis court. Or at four o'clock in the afternoon she had just as soon have a small steak, if it is ready.

By promising on our word of honor, we weren't going to recommend her system of eating to anyone, Carole said she would give us a vague idea of what she "snatched at" during the day. Read this over and see if you can still believe the stories that Carole has to "fight weight."

Breakfast: Maybe yes, maybe no. Just a nice cold glass of fruit juice will do, if someone will bring it down on the tennis court before the game starts.

Luncheon: A nice, husky sandwich of roast beef, or chicken made of any kind of bread, with butter—any kind of a salad—iced tea, or a Coca Cola.

Afternoon: Anything from a dish of ice cream to lemonade with cake if it's handy. If it isn't, skip it! Carole won't go looking for food.

Dinner: "Oh, I'm very scientific about dinner," she insists. "You may say Miss Lombard eats daintily of one large slice of meat, one generous helping of potatoes (she loves 'em), one green vegetable (if it isn't spinach), and one fancy service of ice cream!" And sometimes, she swears, she tops it off with a Coca Cola. "But late at night," laughed the glamorous Miss Lombard, "I am very particular. I seldom raid the ice box for anything less than cold fried chicken, or some cheese and crackers!"

Well, that's what Carole told me—and there it is! And oh, by the way, the gal weighs 107 pounds and she's less than five feet four inches.

Claudette Colbert said she didn't know just what she was doing in a diet story since her great problem is maintaining her weight of 105 pounds! "Believe me," she explained, "it is every bit as difficult to keep *up* to a figure as it is to get down to it!"

"I can't understand it, since I am hardly what one would call the 'active type,'" Claudette laughed. "I can sit for hours without stirring. In fact, exercise of any variety has always been a terrific effort for me. But perhaps—I *worry* off weight!"

She's been called the "Fretting Frog" by her pals, you know. Claudette doesn't have to have anything particular to worry about,

"Now there's a girl who KNOWS HER WAY AROUND"



"THAT girl has something."

"And plenty of it. I've seen prettier girls and known smarter ones, but Janet will manage nicely with what she has."

The girl who knows her way around men—what is her secret?

It's the happy art of pleasing, of taking care always to consider masculine likes and dislikes.

She knows that one of the things men admire most in a girl is a fresh, sweet daintiness of person. And that they *dislike* nothing more than the odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and person.

And so she takes no chances. For she knows it is easy to avoid—with Mum!

Takes only half a minute. Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Harmless to clothing. Another thing you'll like—use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed*. For it's harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Mum, you know, doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Remember—nothing so quickly kills a man's interest in a girl as disagreeable perspiration odor. Don't risk it—use Mum regularly, every day. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

MUM



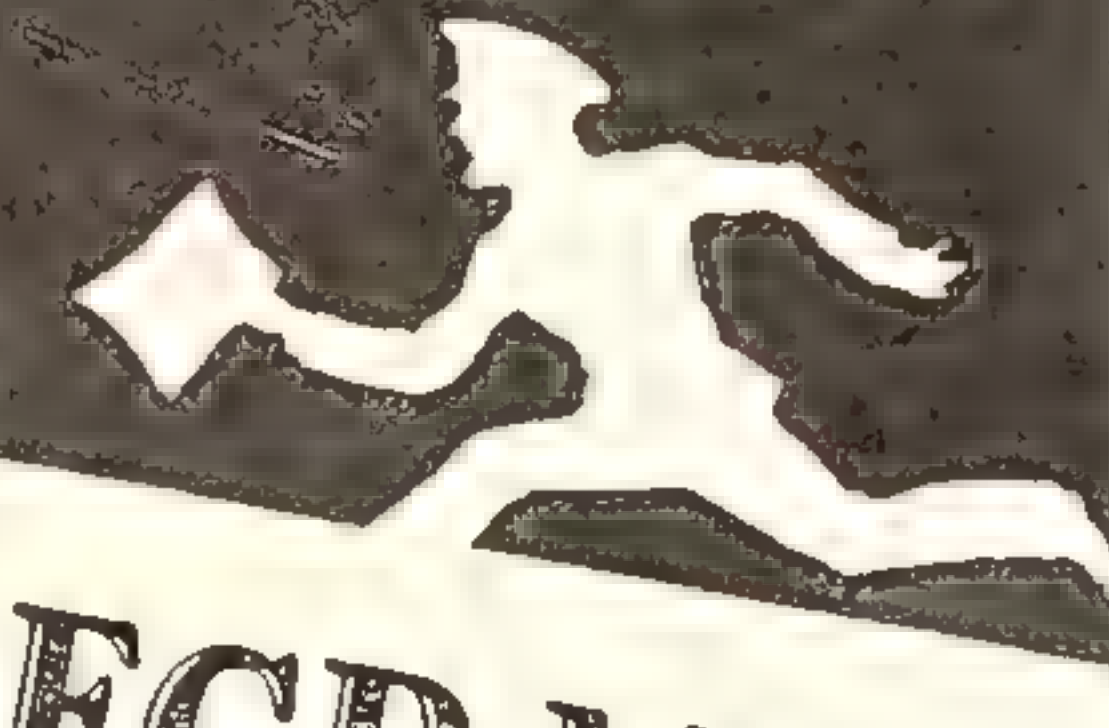
ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

Telegram

FOR

Miss Walker!



TELEGRAM

MISS A SUFFERN WALKER
NEW ORLEANS LA

RELIEVE TIRED FEET TONIGHT SOAK FEET
SEVERAL MINUTES IN HOT WATER WIPE DRY
AND RUB WITH MENTHOLATUM

MENTHOLATUM COMPANY

To Quickly Relieve

TIRED Feet

use

MENTHOLATUM

Gives COMFORT Daily

"PERIODIC" PIMPLES?

Cover them with

Blemi-Stik



When "periodic" pimples threaten to ruin your good time, bring Miner's Blemi-Stik to the rescue. Dab a little on each ugly blotch—fluff on powder—add a touch of rouge. See? That wretched spot is clear now—your skin looks perfect. Will he ever know? Never! Blemi-Stik conceals freckles, rings under eyes, birth marks and other disfiguring spots, too. Lasts all day, won't rub off or streak. Harmless. Water proof. At drug and dep't stores 50c or mail coupon with 10c for generous trial size.

By makers of Miner's Liquid Make-up

4 SHADES
Sun-Tan
Light
Medium
Brunette

MINER'S, 40A E. 20 ST., N. Y. C.

Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for trial size Miner's Blemi-Stik.

Name _____
Address _____ Shade _____

either. She just worries on general principles. After seeing her in that little ice-skating suit in "I Met Him In Paris" and hearing her private recipe for keeping thin is nothing more than some good worrying, I've tried my best to acquire the habit. So far, nothing has happened.

So unless you're a good natural worrier at heart—maybe you'd better skip Claudette's menu of "up and at 'em" three meals a day.

Breakfast: Never eats when she first gets up. No appetite. But about ten o'clock she loves a dish of nice cold bananas with cream and sugar. Coffee with cream and sugar. Claudette likes cream and sugar!

Lunch: Always a hot lunch beginning with hot soup—(it's the French in her); two hot vegetables, a slice of roast or lamb, white bread and a glass of milk. Like Joan, Claudette likes butter and eats lots of it.

Afternoon: She loves a glass of milk and a bread and butter sandwich.

Dinner: Cold consommé, or soup again. A green salad—or a sea food salad. Always potatoes, meat (she likes it very well done), and French Pastry!

That's it—all of it in a nutshell! And now that you know the truth about what four of the most glamorous women in the world really eat to keep their figures, this publication wipes its hands of all legal complications and suits if you put on fifteen pounds attempting to do likewise!

If you can't eat butter, like Joan Crawford; if you can't go for hot chocolate *a la* Marlene Dietrich; if "picking at food" all day long ruins your figure as it *doesn't* Carole Lombard's—and if you can't indulge French Pastry after Claudette Colbert—see your nearest doctor. Maybe hot biscuits and gravy will just roll the pounds off you! Maybe—!

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 11

put it back in the shell, sort of frothing over the top—and oh, it's delicious!

"This pecan roll I'm having today is guaranteed to put on pounds. I'll tell you tomorrow whether it does or not."

PECAN ROLL

- ¾ cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- 1 cup sweet milk
- 2 egg yolks
- ⅓ cup coffee cream
- 2 egg whites
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons Burnett's vanilla extract
- 1½ cups whipping cream
- ½ cup chopped pecans

Mix sugar and cornstarch. Add scalded milk gradually, stirring constantly. Cook in double boiler 25 minutes. Stir several times during cooking process. Combine with well-beaten egg yolks. Cook for about 5 minutes or until thick, stirring constantly. Add salt and coffee cream. Mix well, strain and cool. When custard is cool, add vanilla, chilled whipped cream and fold into custard. Pour into trays and freeze.

Before the dessert has frozen solid enough to serve, remove trays and stir well with a spoon. Then carefully fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which salt has been added. Then put in pecan nuts. Return to refrigerator and freeze.

COFFEE SAUCE

- ¾ cup strong hot coffee
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 2 tablespoons Karo corn syrup

Cook all the ingredients for 10 minutes. Cool. Place in refrigerator to chill. Serve very cold.

By this time, we were in the dining room, where the white Monterey was relieved with red carnations and tall red candles.

"I usually eat about six meals a day because I'm always hungry," said Wendy, between forkfuls of pecan roll. "I have orange juice, coffee, toast, and an egg first; then when I reach the studio, I send over for some oatmeal. Then there's lunch. I begin with the first item on the menu and go down the list eating everything until I get to black bottom pie. That's another discovery of mine. It's marvelous!"

BLACK BOTTOM PIE

Bake a rich pie crust. Put 1 quart milk in a double boiler, when quite warm, mix 6 tablespoons Bakers chocolate (grated) to a paste with some of it. When milk is scalding hot pour in the chocolate and boil

4 minutes. Cool. Beat the yolks of 4 eggs very light, then beat in ¾ cup of sugar; put a pinch of salt in the whites of 2 eggs and beat slightly, stir into the yolk mixture; add 1 teaspoon Burnett's vanilla extract; and then add all to the lukewarm milk. Stir and pour this mixture into a baked shell. Bake until the custard has set, then cover with a meringue of 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and 2 tablespoons powdered sugar. Return to oven until pale brown.

"In the afternoon, I have tea and little buns. Or else some kind of ice-cream. Ever tasted Frozen Crumb Cake? Try it sometime."

FROZEN CRUMB CAKE

- 2 cups cake crumbs
- 1 cup whipping cream
- ¼ cup chopped English walnuts

Whip cream and combine with cake crumbs. Add nuts and pour into tray. Freeze without stirring. Slice for serving. Fruit can be added to the above recipe. This is an excellent way of using left-over cakes.

"Then when I come home, I have dinner, and if I go out at night, there's supper after the theatre. That's six meals.

"If I followed my own taste, I'd let desserts alone and eat things like corn beef hash and those funny hot Mexican things they serve in Olvera Street.

"I'm going down to Ensenada with my mother and sister tomorrow to get their papers straightened out so they can stay in this country. They have an apartment near me, but they're in and out all day. We'll have a time in Mexico, finding new kinds of food. Ever taste Mexican shrimps? I wouldn't know anything about cooking, but you mention any sort of dish to George and he can fix it."

MEXICAN SHRIMPS

Place in pan 4 tablespoons butter (or Crisco) and 1 finely chopped clove of garlic; heat well, add 2 cups cleaned shrimps mixed with 2 level teaspoons chili powder, stir in 2 cups milk and simmer 10 minutes; add 4 tablespoons chili sauce.

Pour over slices buttered toast and sprinkle with finely chopped parsley.

A crooked stair leads from the living room to the upper floor of the duplex, where are Wendy's bedroom, a Dresden china bower in eggshell and beige, and a playroom in light blues.

There's a whole rackful of shoes in one closet, and the clothes! Why can't we all be picture stars? Wendy's evening gowns would take the breath away from any normal gal. There's an awning-striped chiffon in varied blues with an enormously full skirt, a brown and pink daisy patterned chiffon, a gorgeous painted dress in reds and blues. Why go on? Everything Wendy has is, like the duplex, exactly right for her.

First A Father

Continued from page 23

salvation. Edward Arnold found a bachelor uncle who would give him room and board for \$3 a week; he said goodbye to grammar school to start supporting himself.

He had already accustomed himself to a morning and evening paper route, and to delivering meat besides, to aid his mother. The extra dimes he was sometimes able to squeeze for himself went for gallery tickets. Ever since he could remember he'd been crazy about shows. More than anything he longed to enter that glamorous world of back-stage. But he was a poor, unpolished kid. All his relatives instructed him to aim for some regular trade. Whenever they heard he'd been to a show they berated him for being stage-struck.

So, at eleven, Edward Arnold turned office boy. He became a bell boy. Then, at fourteen, he tackled the upholstering trade. Its dreariness appalled him. He became an oiler in an engine room at Columbia University and was fired when he forgot to oil the engine in the excitement of dreaming about a rôle he'd won at the Settlement House over by the East River.

For instead of playing with the gangs of young roughnecks he'd discovered that amateur theatricals were being sponsored there, and he'd made a niche for himself. When he told the people there that he'd been fired a noted critic sent him to Ben Greet with a letter of recommendation. Greet, a popular Shakespearian actor, hired him. At fifteen Edward Arnold had his feet on the first rung of the ladder he learned to climb. He was paid \$25 a week and for two years he tramped the country with Greet, doing bits.



Man and boy—they're actors! Edward Arnold, and newcomer Edward, Jr.

At seventeen, back in New York, he secured his first part on Broadway. He spoke two words in an Ethel Barrymore play. After that he had to put in ten years in stock companies before he could get another Broadway opportunity.

But Bill started off a movie contract with a weekly salary for his first picture

that was the same as the peak salary his father ultimately earned as a juvenile on Broadway.

Edward Arnold had to wait until he was forty-two to be recognized by Hollywood. He had to succeed the hard, the slow way against all odds. The only encouragement and advice he ever got was from strangers whom he had to make like him.

It's practically a new world, the one Bill has entered. The pace in Hollywood is faster than the theatre his father knew, because everything is speedier nowadays. It's a fantastic city full of temptation for a rich man's son, Hollywood is.

Bill's father has an income on a par with the snootiest residents of Beverly Hills. But Bill isn't living in Beverly. He isn't because his father isn't.

Although Edward Arnold, Jr. is in pictures he doesn't even have his own car. He borrows his sister's. "I gave her a modestly-priced car when she graduated from high school," explains this remarkably sane father, "and Bill will get one when he graduates. But he doesn't know he will!" Of course, Bill has to go on studying senior subjects with a tutor.

The boy has not been raised to be an actor.

"Strange as it may seem," he told me, "Dad has never coached me at all. He's never once had me read aloud. He hasn't discussed diction with me, or sent me to any special dramatic teachers. He hasn't given me any lessons in acting technique, nor suggested that I go to plays. When I decided I wanted to take up acting as my life work, too, he simply said, 'It's a fine business, Bill. You'll love it more and more as you go on. But don't come to me for any pull, for any acting advice, either. You can quit school. But you'll have to swim for yourself. The best way to learn to swim is to be thrown off a dock!'

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FOOT PLASTER



It's getting so even movie stars can't make a love scene, like Joan Marsh and Kenneth Howell, without a candid camera enthusiast snapping it, like George Ernest does here.

"Dad's helped me so much," continues Bill, "by setting such an example. I'm so proud of him. Not because folks clap for him, nor because he plugged away until he got the only thing he needed—his break. Oh yes, I am proud of his success and his persistence, but what gets me, deep inside, is what a swell man he is.

"He hasn't a hammy trait in him. No temperament, no eccentricities. He isn't the excessive type, seeking an excuse for wine, women, and song—and if I ever go gay I anticipate a plain, old-style licking! At home we've never had to adjust ourselves to his being an actor, for when he leaves a set at five o'clock he is through with his work for the day. He doesn't have to be pampered, to 'live' a rôle. He has no false illusions about himself or Hollywood fame. He doesn't aspire for Academy prizes. To him acting is work, the work he loves, and he's eager only to do his job well.

"He has never hammered at me, laid down laws, said I should study this or do that. He's assumed I have intelligence enough to observe and choose for myself.

"Yet Dad is so darned frank, too! He's been saving most all of the money he's been making in Hollywood, putting it into trust funds for the family. But he shakes his head, often, and confesses, 'If all this had happened to me ten or fifteen years ago I doubt if I'd have been able to take it sanely.'

"The one bit of emphatic advice he repeatedly gives me and my sisters is this: 'When you go out, don't be foolish or bad-mannered. Be careful of your conduct! I want you to have a good home and if you do anything that's not nice people are bound to whisper that you must come from a terrible home.'

So when Edward Arnold threw Bill off the dock, to sink or swim in Hollywood, he wasn't wholly unemotional. In fact, he is fiercely fond of the boy. That's why he is resolved not to let overnight wealth spoil him.

This son's first camera experience was in a serial at Universal. Edward Arnold was completing "Sutter's Gold" when he overheard a casting director state that half-a-dozen Juniors, name-sakes of established fathers, were to be used in a hair-raising tale. Something within him couldn't be stifled. "Why don't you use my boy too? He hasn't ever acted, but neither have

those others!" So Bill got his opportunity.

Bill was fifteen then, the identical age his father had been on starting to tour America with the Ben Greet Players. His father had understudied Shakespearian leads. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold had planned a Honolulu vacation and they went ahead, leaving Bill to do whatever he could with the small rôle he was given. That is the only time Edward Arnold asked for a favor for him, the only time he ever will.

When the Arnolds returned it seemed that Bill wasn't very happy at the high school he was attending. There were snobbish cliques, fast cliques. The exclusive members thought a movie star's heir ought to be rolling up in a costly roadster and hosting at flaming youth parties.

"Bill figured himself out of that predicament," beams Edward Arnold. "All he said to me was that he wanted to transfer to another high school. He's like me, I guess, in wanting to select friends who are sincere, who aren't somebody merely on account of their money. At the other school he's made quite a few nice friends; he picked up stakes and started over, you see."

It was pleasant news when Bill informed his father that he'd decided to concentrate on dramatics rather than athletics. The taste of acting, in the serial, had apparently been enough. But gradually Bill, left to think things out for himself, discerned how much fun school shows could be. He won the lead in "Captain Applejack." His father had never seen him try to act until that evening when the curtain raised in the high school auditorium. There had been no home coaching. When Bill had to make the transition, in the second act, from shyness to swaggering bravado Edward Arnold clutched the arms of his chair and had a couple of bad moments. Would the kid be able to do it? The kid was able!

There was that brief conference about Bill's future in the library when the triumphant young amateur reached home that night.

"Why shouldn't he quit school and find out now whether he can be worthwhile in my business?" Edward Arnold is suddenly grave in discussing his son seriously. "If Bill can get along as easily as I have, he'll be happy at acting. It's given me no regrets. Bill instinctively has a talent. He's naturally really poised and smooth in self-expression. So why shouldn't he have a

chance? He has an excellent opportunity to amount to something some day, and an opportunity to do what you want to do, and are capable of, seems to me the one thing he should be trying to give him now.

"Not money! He knows he's not going to fall into any fortune. Whatever I can save during my lucky streak in Hollywood is going into trust for the whole family, to insure us when I stop collecting."

An actor has to have an agent to represent him. When he introduced Bill to a manager Edward Arnold was finished with his son's career, so far as personally being involved with it goes.

This manager, adept with young people, knew that Monogram was casting "Blazing Barriers" and Bill was marched over as a novice who'd just arrived in town. He read for the second lead and immediately was accepted. They couldn't believe he hadn't come from the stage. After awarding him the rôle they learned who he was.

Edward Arnold is glad of his son's choice because he foresees a splendid tomorrow for actors.

"When television comes there should be even more work for us. They will need many broadcasting stations and many more performers.

"I am sorry there are so few stock companies left, for stage training is valuable. But Bill should get on without it, because the ability to act is something fundamental. You have to be born with it and if you aren't there's no hope. You can't teach a heart to feel. There is no sure-fire system, either. So with expert direction Bill really should deliver. I might—just might, I say—weaken sometime to the extent of telling him that a death scene, such as the one I had in 'The Toast of New York' recently, is generally far more effective with an audience than sweetly winning the girl!"

But when it comes to romancing Bill is to be on his own again. Already he has demonstrated a preference for a certain high-school miss and hasn't switched to a screen charmer. He takes her dinner-dancing at the Wilshire Bowl, since it's not so expensive as the Trocadero or the Coconut Grove. Bill may be earning a pretty large wage, but that's all being banked by his astute father for him. He is still on the \$5-a-week spending money allowance dad has ordained. He still shares the knotty-pine, single apartment over the garage with a cousin, and the two lads still care for it themselves.

At the crossroads of adolescence, Edward Arnold's son isn't apt to go haywire in Hollywood. His father hasn't had time to learn to play golf, to ride, or to swim. Bill's enjoying a reasonable amount of sports. But Bill won't be dazzled by his salary as an ordinary fellow might, for his dad has told him of the fickleness of the business he's chosen, of that nine-month stretch when Edward Arnold was quite literally reduced to selling pickles and borrowing from friends.

Mrs. Arnold is a non-professional, but there'll be no love rules for Bill when he gets marriage on his mind. "When he's proved he is ready to have a family life of his own I shan't have to warn him about artificialities," declares the senior Edward.

Because the senior Edward rose above the environment of poverty and neglect and the Bowery I count on Bill beating the equally trying circumstances which a movie salary and attention and Hollywood are liable to bring his way.

"I oughtn't to waste money going to college if I know where my path lies," asserts this son who fortunately has such a father. An amazing down-to-earthness, hasn't he? But then this new juvenile is the young man Edward Arnold might have been—if everything had been different and if he could be young again and tackling Hollywood with a fresh spirit himself!



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A Melodrama of Manhattan

Continued from page 29

spoke lightly in that soft way that had fooled so many people in those brief, hard years of his, just as that face of his made over by plastic surgery was fooling people now.

The girl was a fool, he thought, interfering with the boys' fun, but he thought she was awfully pretty too, in that soft round way of hers that reminded him somehow of Francey. Only Francey would never have had the nerve to stand up to the boys that way and get those three cents back for the new kid who was crying a little now as he took it. For all her softness, for all the gentle look of her, there was strength in this girl.

"You look like a nice kid," Drina wiped a smudge off Milty's face. "Stay away from them. They're bad."

And her gesture included Tommy as well as the others as she sat down on the steps in front of Pascagli's. Her foot was hurting again and she took her shoe off and fitted the piece of cardboard in it so that it would cover the worn spot again and then she felt the warm blood rush to her cheeks as Dave looked down on her.

"I ran up to your place last night but you hadn't come home yet," he said slowly as if he were awkward with her too. "Kay, that is, Kay Burton and I went over to the park to hear the music. I wanted you to come along and meet her. I was telling her about you. How when you were a kid I used to come home from school and tell you everything I had learnt that day. I was telling her what a swell girl you were and how hard you've worked—"

Drina got up quickly.

"Picketing all day is hard on the shoes and the paper keeps 'em from wearing out. It may save the shoes but it's hard on the feet." She laughed in her anxiety to show him nothing of the things she was feeling, talking to him, being so almost close to him again. "I'm complaining. Gee, when I think of the other people on strike. Most of them with big families! I've only got me and Tommy to worry about."

But he wasn't listening to her. He was looking up at the terrace and at the girl Kay smiling down at him, and Drina felt alone again as she saw his answering smile come in that quick eagerness and even though he called after her as she walked away it didn't mean anything.

She looked so little and forlorn. Somehow Dave couldn't get the thought of her out of his mind as he walked down to the wharf blocking the end of the street. He straightened as he saw the two men come toward him.

"I know you, don't I?" he asked casually. "You're Martin. Baby Face Martin."

The shorter man started but the other smiled a little as his hand went to his shoulder holster.

"My name's Johnson, get it? Johnson." "Sure!" Dave laughed. "But my name's Dave Connell. Remember me? I was one of the gang of kids."

"Yeah. Sure." Baby Face looked at him long and hard. "You weren't such a bad kid. Still good at keeping your lips buttoned up?"

"It depends on how good you are at keeping your hands buttoned up," Dave said easily. "Don't worry. I'm not looking for trouble. Had your face fixed up?"

"Yeah." Baby Face, always pleased at a chance to talk about himself, brightened in spite of that tenseness that had come on being recognized. "Been reading about me? Hunk," he turned to his companion, "go

on over and try the address in Brooklyn, and get something for your nerves while you're there." He turned back to Dave. "I'm sending him over for Francey. Remember, she used to be my girl when we were kids. They don't make no more like her. You ain't seen her around here, have you?"

"No." Dave shook his head. "She moved away a long time ago. Well, you turned into a headliner all right. All over the newspapers. Should you be around here?"

"I ain't here." Baby Face scowled. "I'm out West. I got kind of a yen to see my old lady and Francey. You know? I ain't seen my mother in ten years. Since the day I come out of reform school."

"You've come a long way since then." Dave looked at him straight and hard. "Eight men—"

"What are you trying to do? Tell me off, you—"

"No." Dave laughed. "You got yourself away from here. I'm jealous of that, I guess."

"Yeah. Far away. What's your racket?"

"I'm an architect. I worked like a dog at anything to make enough to get through college. Took me six years. Well, it's been worth it." Dave's laugh came harshly. "I've been painting Pascagli's place for a month

"DEAD END"

by Sidney Kingsley. Script by Tess Slesinger; adapted by Lillian Hellman. Director: William Wyler. A Samuel Goldwyn production, released through United Artists.

CAST

Drina..... Sylvia Sidney
Baby Face Martin.... Humphrey Bogart
Dave..... Joel McCrea
Kay..... Wendy Barrie
Francey..... Claire Trevor
Tommy..... Billy Halop
Angel..... Bobby Jordan
T. B..... Gabriel Dell
Dippy..... Huntz Hall
Spit..... Leo Gorcey
Milty..... Bernard Punsley
Hunk..... Allen Jenkins
Patrolman Mulligan... William Harrigan
Mrs. Connell..... Mary Servoss

and he's going to give me forty bucks for it. And that's the first dough I earned in a long time."

Baby Face threw his head back at that.

"Six years you worked in a college and what you get now is handouts! That's a good one. Well, I'm glad I'm not like you. Starving and freezing for what? Peanuts? I got mine. I took it. Look!" He pulled at his shirt. "Silk. Twenty bucks. Custom-tailored suit, a hundred and fifty bucks. And dames—boy!"

"Ever get scared?" Dave asked quietly.

"Me? What of?" Baby Face laughed but suddenly, instinctively his hand went up to his face. That new face he had been so sure no one would recognize. "You can't live forever. But sometimes I get the jitters and sometimes I get a terrific yen to stay quiet—"

"But the eight guys won't let you, huh?" Dave said slowly.

Baby Face jerked angrily.

"Don't keep talking about those eight guys or there's going to be nine of them and you and I ain't going to be friends like we used to. Hear me?" He shrugged his mood away and became easier, almost confidential. "I want to see Francey. I wonder what she's doing. Maybe she got married. Maybe she died." For a moment he sobered, then he brightened again and grinned. "Nah, not Francey. She had too much sense."

Funny the way he felt, remembering. Francey and that gamin smile of hers and the way she laughed a lot and her eyes looking at him with that eagerness, that faith. Funny how he could forget her sometimes and then some little thing make him remember again. A bright ribbon or some other girl's yellow hair or a song played out of tune by a hurdy-gurdy on the corner.

But even now, remembering her in this new vivid way as if it had been yesterday he had seen her instead of ten years, she could slip out of his mind again at the sight of the girl coming out of the apartment house making her way towards him.

She was different, this girl, from the other girls he knew. As different from them as they were from Francey. Her dress was so simple somehow, and yet it looked expensive. She was smiling and excitement hammered in his blood as he smiled back.

Then he saw her smile was for Dave and he shrugged as he looked at him, his shabby clothes dabbed with paint.

"Lots of these dames are real batty," he thought, and turned his attention to the kids shrieking now and circling around an imperious boy who had just come out of the apartment house.

It must be even more fun on the street than there had been when he was a kid, he decided, with rich, overstuffed little sissies to hector and badger.

Dave turned eagerly as Kay came toward him.

"You're late," he said, and the way he said it told how frightened he had been that she wouldn't come and his smile, how glad he was that she had.

"I meant to be." The girl looked up at the tall young strength of him and the fair hair so unruly and boyish and the clean blue of his eyes. "I tried hard to be late."

"Why?" he asked slowly, but he didn't



Jack Haley eagerly awaits the call to play a love scene with his co-star, Ann Sothorn. That's natural!

have to ask that question and she didn't have to answer it. They knew how it was.

"I've been sitting in the sun," she smiled. "It's a nice day."

"I know. I saw you." Dave was looking at her as if he could never stop looking at her again. "Funny, how you people like the sun. We don't like it much down here."

"I had a good time last night." Her voice came breathlessly. "I never knew there were so many places to go that don't cost anything. I always go to fancy places and have a dull time. I had fun with you. I always have fun with you. Fun for the first time in years."

"Do you like him?" Dave asked suddenly.

"Yes," Kay said simply. And somehow she was glad that she was being honest

with Dave. That she had been honest with him from the beginning. It made her feel cleaner, somehow. "Yes, I like him. He's been good to me."

"That's his boat, isn't it?" Dave walked toward the yacht lying at anchor in the river. And then as she nodded, "It's a beauty. When I was a kid I used to make boats and sail them in the water here. Looks as if it's getting ready to make a trip. You'll be going with him, won't you?"

"I don't know." Her words came quick and wild. "I don't know!"

"I'm to phone about a job this afternoon." Dave's eyes were fixed on her. "It won't pay much, but it's my only line and—why am I talking like this? I'm a fool." He turned away. "I'm sorry you're going away."

"I haven't thought about the trip," Kay said slowly. "I kept pushing it off because—I suppose because of you. I've thought about us a lot, haven't you?"

"I've tried not to," Dave said, and he turned away for he didn't want her to see his mouth twisting when he was trying so hard to smile instead. But he was glad that her chauffeur came then and that she was gone.

The day was almost half gone. There was Drina walking, walking desperately and forgetting her hurting feet in thinking about Dave and Tommy and wondering, wondering. There was Dave too getting the half promise of a job at twenty dollars a week and not caring much any more. What was twenty dollars a week to a girl like Kay? And there was Miltie the new kid joining the gang with the quarter he'd gotten as Spit had told him to, and there was Tommy learning things from Baby Face, how to win the fight scheduled with the gang from a few blocks downtown and how to whip open a pen knife, deftly, with one hand, and use it in that split second of

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its opening, and then as the factory whistles screeched their lunch time warning and the sun rode high in the sky there was Baby Face seeing his mother again.

She didn't know him at first. There in the dark hall where he had followed her and she had stopped suddenly on the stairs as if she were too old and too tired to crawl up them again. She had seen him in the dim light and it hadn't meant anything. Then his voice had come, softly, urgently, "Mom, Mom! How are you, Mom? It's me. It's me. I only had my face fixed."

She had straightened then and her hand had gone quickly to her heart beating faster than an old heart should be called on to beat, but her voice had come cold. "You no-good tramp!"

"Mom!" Funny how much like a child's his voice was, this man who had killed eight men. "Ain't you glad to see me?"

He ran up to her and stood beside her and she flinched away from him and stared. Then her hand swept out hard across his face.

"That's how glad I am!" Her mouth tightened against that wild hammering in her blood. "You rotten yellow dog, you. You ain't no son of mine. What do you want from me now? Get out of here, before I kill you. Just stay away and leave us alone."

Baby Face stared at her and his words came in a half sob.

"I killed a guy for looking at me the way you are now." He watched her turn and hold hard on the bannister as she dragged herself up, then his voice came again pleading: "Do you need any dough?"

"Keep your blood money." She looked at him again. "You'll be needing it. They'll get you soon enough."

"Me?" The man flung his head back and laughed. "They won't get me. Not Martin. Huh, not Baby Face Martin."

"Baby Face. Baby Face." She felt her words flung back at her and then she trembled. "I remember—" That night he was born, lying on the bed in her arms. And then afterwards, the first time she read he had killed a man. She pulled herself up violently. "I ought to be killed for giving you life. Murderer! Murderer!"

So this was what he had come home for, all the way across the country. He walked slowly down to the docks and stood for a long time looking over the water, then he turned as he saw the gang of kids closing in around the rich little boy from the apartment house.

Baby Face laughed as he saw Tommy take the watch away from Philip. The beautiful gold wrist watch he had liked to show off so ostentatiously and laugh when he saw the greed come into their faces. Served the kid right, the gangster thought. Served him good and right, and he felt pride in the boy who was taking his place, here on this street where he had been born and brought up too.

Dave was standing under the deserted sand-hopper near the excavation across from the apartment house where soon another great, terraced home for the rich would be going up. He could see her terrace better from here than from any other place on the street. And he felt that curious excitement that always came with the hope of seeing her too.

Drina saw him as she was coming home and even though things were different than they used to be she couldn't help going up to him and smiling.

"Oh, hello, Drina." Dave's voice sounded far away. "You're home early."

"I've got news." Her smile quivered. "I'm afraid to think about it. Today the boss said our committee should come in and talk things over with him and maybe—but just maybe—" Her eyes were filling now, "Oh, that raise would mean a lot! I could get Tommy away from here."

"Far enough away?" Dave said.

"I don't know. I can only try."

The man was sorry now for the doubt he had instilled in her.

"You'll be all right." He smiled. "You'll always be all right."

"Sure." Drina's chin trembled. "I'll be all right. Drina will be all right. Drina was good to her mother. Drina's good to her brother. Drina works hard. Drina works and cooks and cleans and goes to bed to have enough sleep to work the next day." Her mocking sing-song voice stopped suddenly and she thrust her head up violently. "I've heard that since I was ten years old. I'm tired of hearing it. Don't say it again. Maybe I'll go away. I mean far away."

She smiled as she saw him suddenly surprised, suddenly anxious.

"You see I know a man," she watched him hungrily as she spoke. "He's very rich and he likes me. I met him in the subway. He's very good-looking. Well, it wasn't right but I didn't care so he took me to



Charming matron of films! Billie Burke whose latest picture is "Topper."

dinner, the kind of dinner you can have anything you like. He's very, very rich. He's got a house in New York and a wonderful house in the country. I like that best because that looks like a Christmas card with chickens and snow. He likes me."

"Do you like him, Drina?" Dave asked and suddenly he knew that her answer meant a lot to him, that he was afraid of what she was going to say. And looking at him she saw what he was feeling and the heart that had lain so heavy and still in her began beating again in desperate hope. But she couldn't go on pretending. Not with Dave.

"I don't know." She turned away so he would not see her eyes. "I made it all up. Not now. Years ago. When I was a kid. I know that house in the country so well I could almost build it. And he would be young and very kind."

"I wish I could buy you those things." Dave took her arm and now that he knew she wasn't really going away she became just Drina again. Dear as Drina could be and as familiar too. "I even wish I could find him for you," he said, and thought he meant it.

The bright smile was gone now. "Do you?" she said, and her voice came dull and heavy.

She stopped suddenly at the wild commotion in the street and saw the tall, pompous man who had caught Tommy by the wrist and the boy Philip shouting as he jumped up and down.

"He's the one. He's got my watch."

"Why did you beat my son?" Mr. Griswold said furiously. And then as he turned to call for a policeman Drina saw Tommy make that quick, furtive movement and saw

the pen knife flash as it jagged into the man's wrist.

Tommy ran as the man released him and Drina went over to him as the policeman came. Her heart sank as she heard him tell the officer he was Judge Griswold's brother. That meant the reformatory for Tommy if they got him. She turned quickly and went home, hoping against hope that Tommy would be there too. That somehow they could find a way out of this together.

Baby Face grinned as he joined the crowd, grinned harder as he began talking to the policeman. This was the sort of danger that was fun, a joke that only he could understand. The most sought-after man in America talking to a policeman under the shield of that new face of his; then he turned as Hunk came hurrying towards him and pointed at the girl coming towards them up the street.

"There's your Francey." His face was grim.

Baby Face turned sharply as the girl came up to them.

"Well, who's the important guy wants to see me?" she asked impatiently. "Come on. I'm busy."

"Francey!" he said and he saw the girl pale at his voice and hold on to herself desperately.

"For the love of—Marty!" she whispered, and then, "You did something to your face. They said you were around Colorado, the newspapers. Gee, I'm glad to see you."

The man reached out for her but she pulled away from him quickly.

"What's the matter?" Baby Face demanded. "Ain't I good enough for you?"

"Oh, no. It ain't that." She touched his arm shyly.

"You know, Francey," he was looking at her eagerly now, "I never forgot you. All those other dames never meant nothing. None of 'em. Remember the night on the roof?"

"Yeah, I remember," she nodded. "The sky was full of stars and I was full of dreamy ideas."

"Me, too," Baby Face said, and then he reached out again and this time she stood there while his arms held her, her face pressed hard against his shoulder.

"A couple of crazy kids we were." Her voice came almost in a sob. "We were going to get married. I bought a ring at the five and dime."

"Yeah." He tried to laugh but it wasn't really funny. "Only we didn't have enough money for the license. Gee, it seems like yesterday. We were talking about it right here."

"Yesterday?" Her voice came suddenly deadened. "It seems like a million years." Suddenly she pulled away from him. "Listen, what are you doing here anyway?"

"I came back for you," he said then.

For just that moment Francey's eyes lighted and then she remembered too. "It's a dream. I'm having a dream. What I wanted for so long." She looked up at him sharply, defiantly. "I'm tired. Can't you see it? Look at me good. You've been looking at me the way I used to be."

He saw her then for the first time as she was. Changed. So that little remained of the old Francey but the blue of her eyes and the sudden, quick smile. He saw the dead white of her skin under the thick dabs of rouge, the tight silk dress that revealed every line of her figure, the wrinkled stockings streaked with runs. And he had been seeing her as she used to be, sweet and clean and young.

"Why didn't you get a job?" Disgust thickened his voice.

"They don't grow on trees," she said, and her hands twisted.

"Why didn't you starve first?" he demanded.

She looked at him then. "Why didn't you?" she asked quietly.

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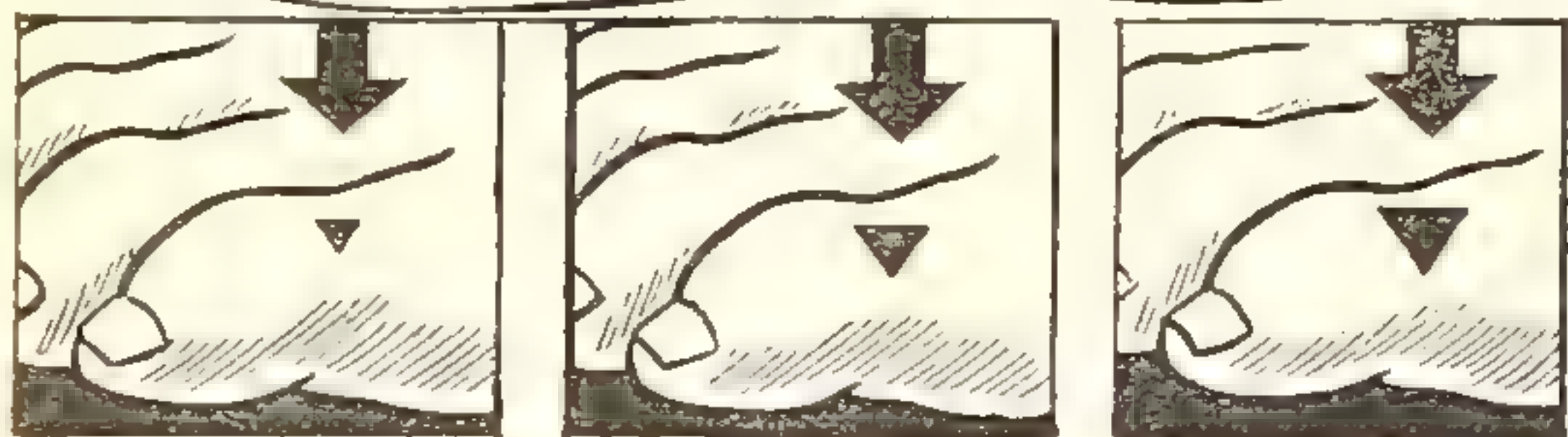
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So that was over too. His mother and Francey and the dreams of them on that long trip home, the dream of the kids he might have had in that safe place he and Francey might have found. But even now there was something he could do for Francey. The only thing anyone could ever do for her again.

"Here," contemptuously he peeled off some bills from the large roll he carried in his pocket, and thrust them at her. "It's hot. Be careful where you spend them. And keep your mouth buttoned up."

She stuffed the money carefully in her bag.

"I wouldn't tell on you, Marty," she said slowly. "Not if they tie me to wild horses I wouldn't. Do me a favor, will you, Marty? For old times' sake." She pointed to her cheek. "Will you kiss me? Please?"

When he leaned toward her she was sorry she had asked him. It wasn't the way she had thought it was going to be, that quick, disgusted peck. She had thought maybe it would be nice to remember. But she knew now that it wasn't.

The sun went down over the river in a bright red ball that meant tomorrow would be hot too. But up on Kay's terrace it looked cool with people gathering for cocktails. Drina knew she would find Dave looking up at the party from the shadow of the sand-hopper.

"Not a sign of Tommy," Dave said as she came over to him.

"I know. I've been all over." Her voice sounded tired. "How could he have done such a thing? Where does he learn about knives? But he's not a bad kid. Not really bad."

"The famous Baby Face Martin used to live on this block," Dave said. "He wasn't a bad kid either, at first. He was smart and brave and decent—at first."

"Like Tommy, you mean." Her voice rose on that note of fear. "I've tried so hard to tell him what was right. I kind of got out of the habit of wanting things for myself. I guess I knew I wasn't going to get them. I wanted everything for him. I don't know what else to do. I brought him up as decent as I could."

"Oh, what chance have they got against all this?" Dave said, his voice suddenly savage. "They've got to fight for a place to play, for something to eat, for everything. They get used to fighting. Enemies of society, it says in the papers. Why not? What have they got to be so friendly about?"

"It didn't do those things to you," Drina said slowly.

"It did enough to me." He gave a quick dark glance up at the terrace. "It made me into a fool who wanted too much to be something else. And how I tried to be something else. All that time wasted in working to what?" His head jerked toward the terrace. "That's the farewell party," he laughed. "Come out of the light, Drina. People like us are in their way. Come where it's dark. That's where we belong."

He tried to pull her in the shadow of the sand-hopper but with a quick jerk Drina freed herself.

"No." Her voice was still with fury. "That's not where I belong. You go over there. Stand where she can't see you, and be ashamed. She's made you ashamed. I remember when you felt like trying, too." She flung her arm toward the street. "All this means to you now is whether you get her or not. Well, it's more to me than any love affair. You used to say you were going to tear all this down and build a decent world where people could live decent and be decent. But now you want them down just so she won't see them because they're not pretty for her to see. Go on and get her and take her away and forget all this. And if you can forget it, it's all you were good for in the first place!"



Robert (Wheeler-Woolsey) Woolsey and Patricia Wilder as a romantic pair.

Her voice rose in a sob and she was gone. And for a long time Dave stood looking after her and forgetting something and remembering something else. The hard courage of this girl. Somehow just remembering made him feel different too. As if he could bear to keep on trying again. He needed Drina and her hard truth and her sweetness and courage. He knew now.

It was a bad moment for Baby Face to come toward him. Dave turned on him coldly.

"You made enough trouble around here," he said savagely. "You taught that kid how to use the knife, didn't you? You had better get out of here quick because the cops are going to like to know you are in New York."

With that same quick, expert gesture he had taught Tommy, Baby Face had ripped his knife open and stuck it in Dave's back. But Dave needed that too. With a shout he began fighting.

It was the cop on the beat who saw them first and raised his whistle to his lips in that shrill call that sent the plain-clothes men coming too. And after it was all over Dave stood looking down on Baby Face lying dead there in the gutter, and the diamond ring sparkling under the street lamp.

There was that sudden, terrible shriek from the window that had been raised in the tenement and an old woman's eyes staring as she looked down on her son, and no need now to hold that love back from him.

"Yes. It's Baby Face Martin," Dave said at the sudden light in the detective's eyes.

The detective was trying to tell Dave that he would get half the reward. That meant five thousand dollars. But it didn't mean much to Dave standing there looking up at Mrs. Martin and her eyes staring. She could only moan now a little and twist her hands, slowly.

"So they pay you for it, do they?" Dave said at last.

The ambulance and the patrol had come and gone and the excitement had come and gone too. The kids were having a bonfire, baking potatoes in the embers.

And there was Kay coming to Dave again too.

"So your boat's going tonight, isn't it?" Dave said slowly.

"I don't want to go." The girl looked up at him. "I won't go if you ask me not to. Can't we go away now? From this," her hands gestured towards the street. "And this." She motioned toward the terrace where there was still music and dancing. "We could have a year at least. A whole year together."

"And after that year was over?" Dave asked quietly.

"I don't know." Her smile came almost bitterly. "Maybe back to this. But I don't care what comes after. We could have a

year of happiness. That's more than I thought I'd get."

"No." Dave felt something break in him again and for the first time he saw things as they really were. He saw Kay and he saw Drina. And he knew what he wanted. "That isn't what I was looking for. I don't want a spree. I don't belong in your world or you in mine. It's good we found out in time."

He saw the policeman then go stealthily over to the fire and collar Tommy. And he saw Drina run toward them and scream just once.

But in a moment he was after her and held her as she struggled to get away to go after them.

"Drina, Drina." His voice came so softly even though now for the first time he knew he was the stronger one of the two of them. "We'll get Tommy off. You'll go down in the morning and get the best lawyer in the city."

"Yeah!" Her voice came wildly. "With a dollar and a quarter in my purse."

"I've got the money." He was almost shouting now in his happiness. "Plenty of it. The reward money."

"I couldn't do that." She shook her head. "You take your money and go away with her. Even if it's for a little time, that doesn't matter. It's something."

"That's not what I want." His arms suddenly found her and held her. "It never was. I found that out. Remember when you moved here? You were just a little kid. I never could think of you any other way. But now—oh Drina, Drina."

He hadn't known love could be like this, so sweet and tender and, in spite of Tommy and everything that had happened, so peaceful too. Then they heard the boy's voice calling to them and Drina raised her head from Dave's shoulder and called, "We're coming, Tommy."

And they were both smiling as they walked up the street, away from the dead end where the river was and the noise and the ugliness, up toward the other side that was open to the world.



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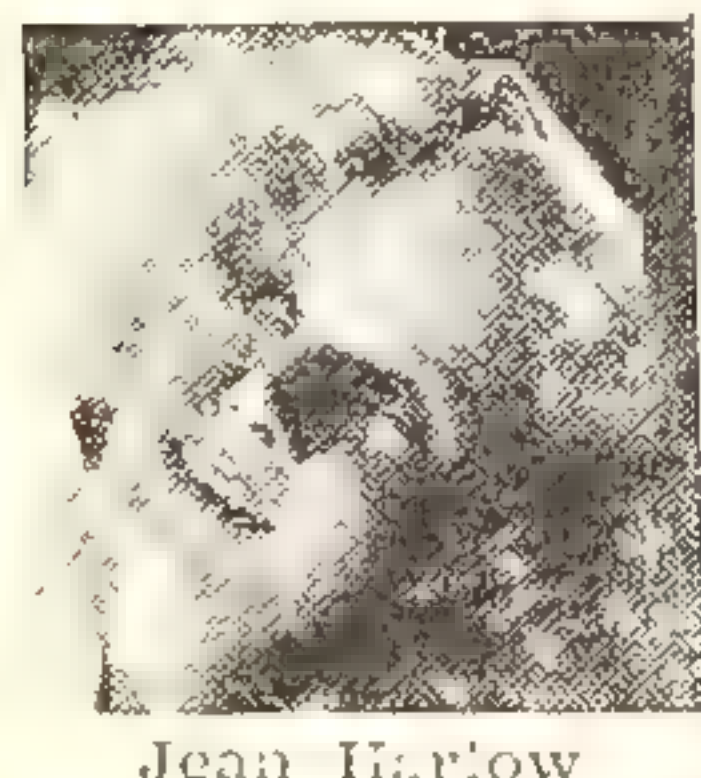
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Camera Romance!

Continued from page 27

"I like experimenting with light effects. Oh, that reminds me: Johnny Mack Brown and his wife gave a party not long ago in honor of Jeanette and me. As we arrived, I heard the guests congratulating each other that here was *one* party where there were no cameramen. Not even Hyman Fink, Hollywood's own!

"I'll fix that," I whispered to Jeanette.

"Later, when we were all seated at tables with tall candles, I brought out the Leica.

"It was fun trying to figure out the lighting, because sometimes we had just one candle, sometimes the other lights were on, sometimes there was a big lamp above and to the side. I'd never tried this before, so next time I think the results will be a hundred per cent better. I rather like the single candle one of Jeanette, looking down.

"I love to get informal shots of Jeanette. Here are a few I shot when she was sitting by the pool at Palm Springs. I did a whole strip of heads, each one just a little different, like those old-fashioned things people used to have done of their kids.

"Now that I've discovered color, I'm so excited about it that the black-and-whites seem tame, and I'm always making her wear this or that for a color shot. For these, you have to get special film and you can't make prints from it. You mount the film itself and throw it on your little movie screen. It's simply amazing!

"At Palm Springs I had Jeanette wear a big black cowboy hat, a red-and-white checked shirt, gave her my blue handkerchief for her neck, and shot her against a white mountain with a green bush beside her. With her coloring, the result is magnificent!

"I find the best way to get pictures of Jeanette is to put her where I want her, start kidding until she laughs, then when she can hold still enough to shoot, grab the picture! Once, though, the horse began to laugh too and that ruined the shot!"

Gene gave Jeanette a small black Newfoundland pup for Christmas.

"He looked like a bear cub," says Gene, "and we used to get swell stuff of him, walking bowlegged. Now he's as tall as that table. My dog is a big brown fellow, a much better camera subject because he'll lie down or sit up or do whatever I tell him. He knows he's having his picture made."

"You can get excellent silhouette stuff on a set. Here's one on the set of 'Life of the Party' with director and crew and all the paraphernalia in silhouette while Harriet Hilliard is lighted. This one is rather nice of Harriet with the prop boy in silhouette."

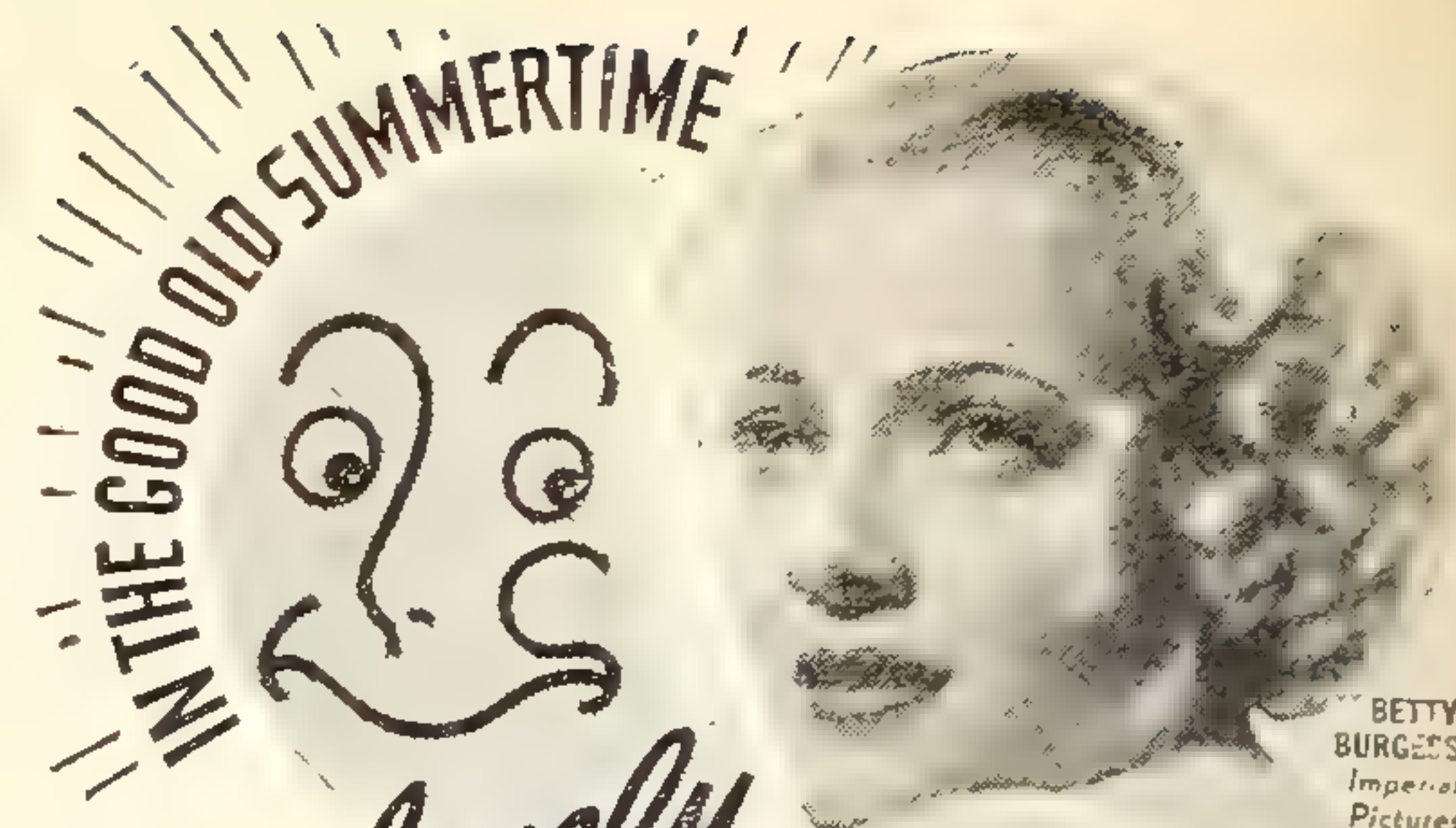
Informality, according to Gene, is the thing to aim for if you want a really candid shot. If you can catch your subject when he's absorbed in something else, you have a real triumph.

"On a set, people are used to cameras. They don't freeze so easily. Their attention is centered on what they are doing, and you can creep up and snatch an informal without being detected. I have some stuff of Harriet with the director and with various members of the crew that make good informals. Take this, where she's making a face, and this, where Seiter's hand is whirling around while he talks.

"If you can get above your group when you're making an informal shot, you usually get less self-consciousness."

Gene doesn't do any laboratory work on his pictures, chiefly because he hasn't time.

"I know there are things only the man who takes the picture can do in his own

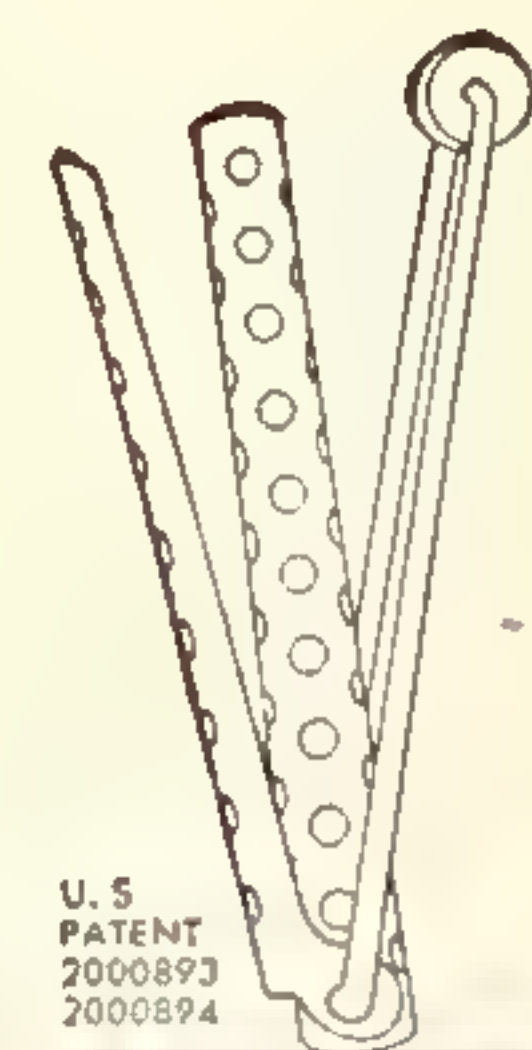


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dark room," he commented, "because only the 'artist' knows what he hoped to get. Misty effects in certain shots—which I believe can be managed in the blowing up of the film—printing part dark, part light—framing only a piece of a shot, and so on.

"You can cut down foreground after you get your finished print, or instruct your printer to go after the effect you think you want, but it isn't the same thing as trying out inspirations among the chemicals. Or so they tell me.

"I know picture takers who get their subjects to stand on pedestals and then squat down on the ground and shoot up, making their victim look very tall and as if they were against the sky.

"Trick shots that show just the feet and ankles, or hands holding a bitten apple, or shadows of people lighting cigarettes are often proudly exhibited to me. These are swell, if you're interested. But as for us—Jeanette and I—we take pictures, as I said before, for the sake of keeping happy memories."

Paris

Continued from page 61

holiday Frank had his motion picture camera in his hands at all times, snapping everything he saw. His trip in Russia interested him especially. He wanted to stop there longer and visit more carefully the studios, but he was anxious to move on so as to show his native Italy to his wife. The Paris Exposition, though officially open, reminded him too much of a movie studio with its scaffoldings and unfinished parts to attract him, so Frank and his wife set off for the South to stop a short time with Dick Barthelmess at Cap d'Antibes en route for sunny Italy.

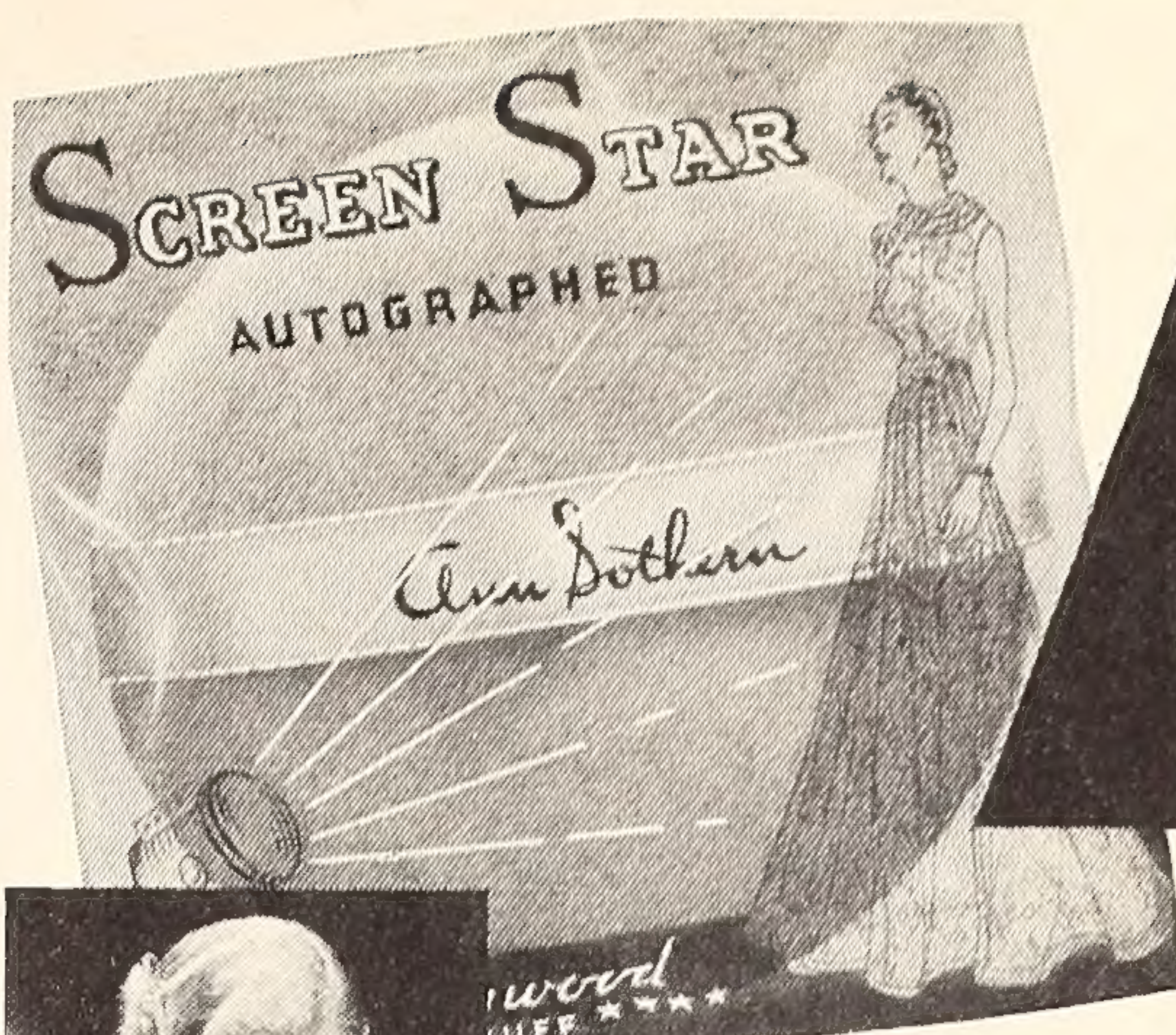
Another power behind the scenes, or in this case one should say power behind the skirts, is looking Paris over. This is Adrian, who has made such a reputation "glamorizing" the gals at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. He is missing nothing in Paris, so soon after his return I am sure you will see the Garbo and Joan Crawford strutting about in creations with that little Parisian touch added to them.

Fernand Gravet has been making a French film here but will return soon to make his second film in Hollywood which we all hope will be as good as his gorgeously amusing first one, "The King and the Chorus Girl."

While Paris is bemoaning, one by one, the loss of her favorites, she dried her tears and turned on her best smiles to greet her prodigal daughter—even though that daughter is over on a short holiday. So a radiant throng greeted a still more radiant Simone Simon when she returned to her own "Seventh Heaven," the old home town. We have missed her greatly and will, naturally, ask her lots of questions about that big exciting place called Hollywood after she quiets down a bit from the vociferous greetings of her droves of old friends. Speaking of old friends, there arrived on the same boat train that brought Simone an old, old friend of the silent days. This, in the person of Pearl White. To you young things that name may mean nothing, but to the old-timers it will call up fond memories of a startled-faced young girl dangling over the edge of a cliff or dashing along in a motor car driven by the villain—the outcome of the dangling or motor-driving only to be discovered "next week." My dears, she was the serial queen of the good old silent days! Pearl saved her serial money and is now interested mostly in her racing stables and homes in Paris and Egypt. So here is one star who outwitted the villain!



Simone Simon is just another name for wistful charm in this picture.



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Olivia Looks at Love

Continued from page 21

continued, "I was violently intense and everything took on an exaggerated importance. Then, I began to see that the things we consider so desperately necessary didn't mean so much when once we got them. So when I was about sixteen I seemed to make up to the idea of selecting what I really wanted, letting the rest slip by. After all, we only have twenty-four hours each day in which to live!"

Without doubt, this concentration of interests is the secret of Olivia's amazing success. Following her first sensational triumph as the poetical *Hermia* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," she gave fine dramatic portrayals as the heroine in "Captain Blood," "Anthony Adverse," and "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Then came her outstanding performance of the love-sick *Katherine* in "Call It A Day," that revealed a surprising flair for comedy. Now, in "It's Love I'm After," another comedy recently completed, she continues her amusing hero worship in the antics of a rich girl pursuing a matinée idol, portrayed by Leslie Howard. This picture promises to proclaim her as one of the screen's most adept comedienettes.

"Both of these characters were very real for all young people are hero worshippers," said Olivia. "It's part of those early years when we mix idealism with realism. Adolescence is so terrific, and so funny. I wouldn't want to live those years of my own over again for the joys were too ecstatic, the hurts too unbearable; I suffered untold agonies."

"My earliest heroes were characters from books. I vividly recall my violent passion for *D'Artagnan* of 'The Three Musketeers,' and how I hated *Milady*. I idolized Keats and declaimed his poems all over the house, and at all hours. To me he was the Chopin of literature. Stage stars always thrilled me and a red letter day in my life was when I saw Eva LeGallienne and Josephine Hutchinson in 'Hedda Gabler' and then haunted the stage door to beg for their autographs. While I was in the convent we were permitted to see the picture, 'Beau Geste,' and Ronald Colman became my idol, and then, there were Paul Muni, Leslie Howard, and several others. The only fan letter I ever wrote in my life was to Leslie Howard after seeing him in a picture. Funny, how things happen! Now, only a few years later, I've played with him—my part being a bothersome fan who keeps on adoring him even after he tries



Here's looking at you! At the studio water cooler, Olivia de Havilland sips a toast to health and more of it.

to make me hate him. But," she added, with a gay laugh, "I don't win him in the drama; Bette Davis does that."

"All my screen heroes have been fascinating—Errol Flynn, Fredric March, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Patric Knowles, Leslie Howard, and now, Brian Aherne in 'The Great Garrick.' Later in the summer, Errol Flynn and I will be together for the third time in 'Adventures of Robin Hood,' a Technicolor film. As he's the screen's No. 1 tease, this means a lot of laughs. There is only one thing I can think of that I'm actually afraid of and that is a snake, and while making the exterior scenes along the river for 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' Errol made pets of several harmless water snakes for my benefit. As far as I was concerned, they were boa constrictors!"

During the next half hour over luncheon in the famous Green Room Café at Warner Brothers studio, Olivia chatted freely on many subjects, which revealed interesting phases of her radiant personality.

She's glad she was born in Tokio, Japan, and she likes to believe she absorbed some of the Oriental appreciation of the beauty of simplicity. For instance, she adores the idea of a single rose placed to catch a special ray of light, instead of crowding dozens of flowers into a huge vase.

When she was four she was brought to San Francisco for the very unromantic purpose of having her tonsils removed. The

family went to the nearby town of Saratoga for her to recuperate and decided to remain, and here in the sunshine and mild climate she grew into a sturdy, beautiful girl. In looking back over her twenty-one years, Olivia says her life has been sharply divided into two parts. *B.H.*—meaning Before Hollywood, she was a dreamer, spending long hours alone in her room with her books, being one of those earnest young persons who carry the weight of the world on their shoulders. Now that she's launched on a movie career, she is learning to laugh as she goes along and finds herself in an exciting whirlpool of activity with little time for dreaming.

Her one big dream at the moment is to go to England. She hopes to become acquainted with her relatives, whom she has never even met; she wants to see where her father and her mother spent their childhood, and visit the places she has heard so much about. Then she'll "prowl" through the Shakespeare and "Lorna Doone" countries, and explore Dickens' London.

Olivia's mother and sister call her *Livvy*! This may be a shock to those who know her only as the glamorous heroine of film romances but in real life, the funny nickname exactly suits her. Perhaps because she is so down-to-earth, so girlishly real and unspoiled.

She confided that she had always been in a hurry to grow up; she wanted to live her own life, be independent, and decide her own questions. During her boarding school days she fiercely resented the prescribed rules that governed every movement; she hated the "must" that made her hang her nightgown on a certain peg; that forced her to fold her stockings inside out and place them in the top left drawer, when the lower right drawer would have been more convenient. But her deepest grievance was when she was forbidden to keep a diary. She wanted one terribly; wanted it to guard her poems. She admits the poems were pretty awful, but precious, being all about bees and buttercups and moonbeams.

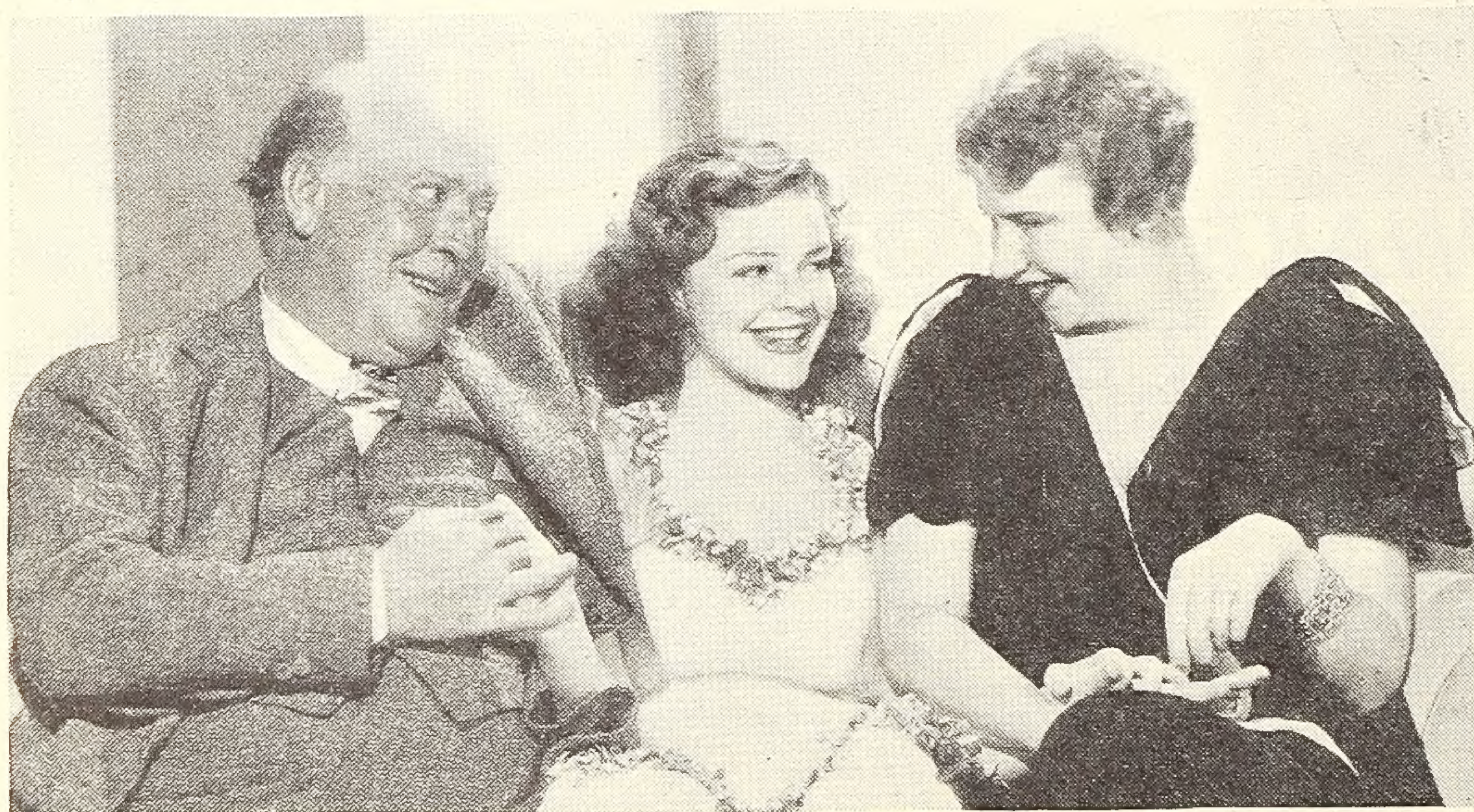
Olivia is radiant with pride over the screen success of sister Joan Fontaine, which parallels her own. Joan is a year younger and they are unusually close friends; like the gay Musketeers, it is all for one and one for all. There'll never be any jealousy between them.

Olivia is going forth to meet fame with some curiosity. She has an intuitive awareness and fully understands that success means many things; an emotional excitement of high pressure, a satisfaction that may harbor an element of fear, an abnormal independence that unfits one for any other life. However, to her, life is very sweet; she has no inhibitions and is finding only happiness in her work.

Questions about love and romance always amuse her. She says that everybody seems to feel she should have a love-life but as she has never been in love, never had a romance, she doesn't see what she can say. Perhaps she is beginning to turn over a new leaf for recently, after being strictly a stay-at-home girl, Olivia has made several surprise appearances at social affairs in company with such charming bachelors at David Niven, John Arledge, and Phil Huston. Believe me, this caused excitement!

With a wholly disarming laugh, she met my questions: "Nothing serious, nothing at all," she insisted. "Just having a few good times—you see, I like to dance. Of course, real love is something every girl hopes for sooner or later, but right now, honestly, I'm too busy for romance or many dates or parties. They'll have to wait their turn."

Then, with one of her sudden changes in mood, Olivia slowly added, "I'm only twenty-one, I hope love doesn't come too soon. I have so much I want to do—*first!*"



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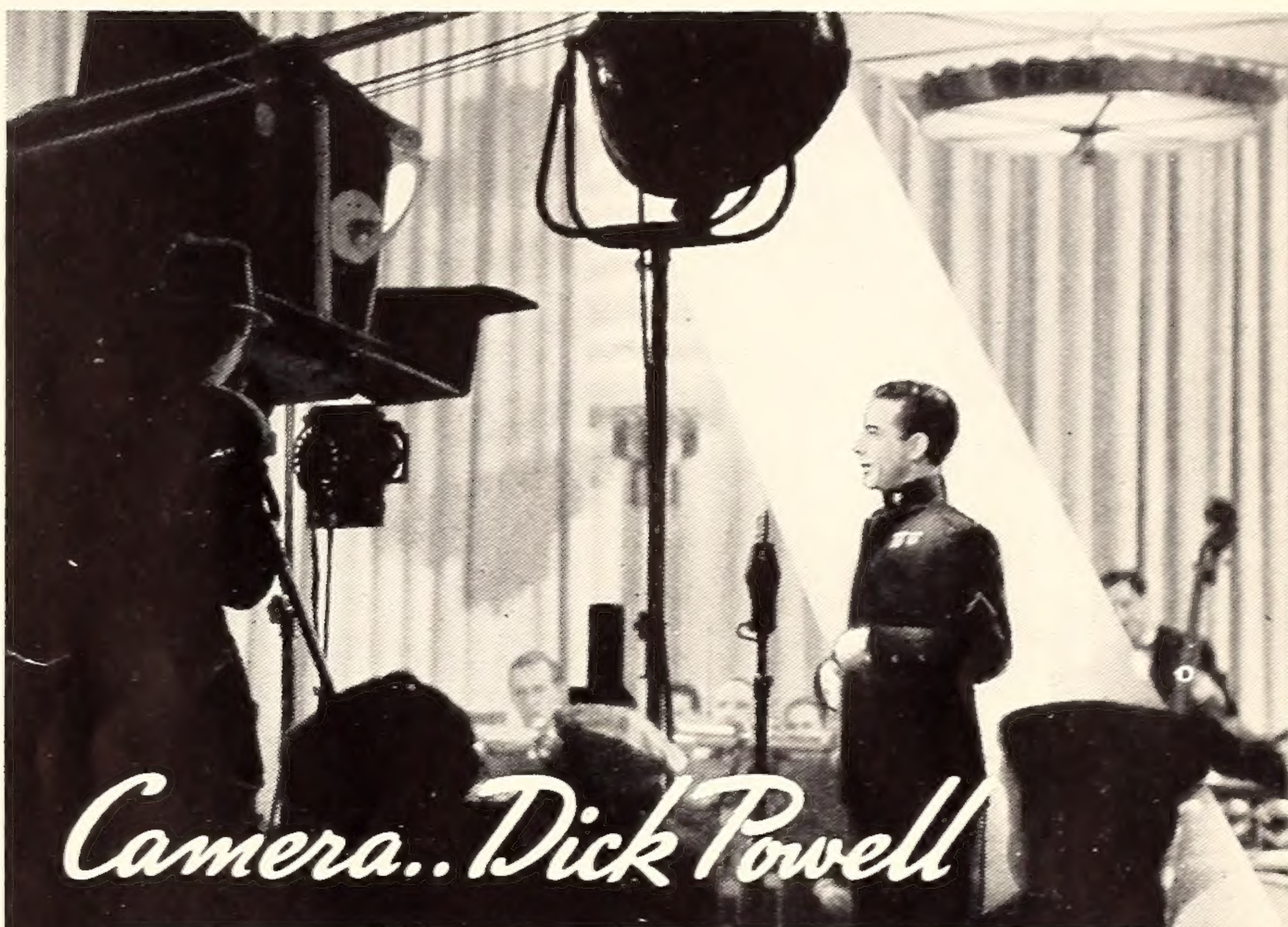
GLORIA DICKSON—Here is a candid camera shot of her, taken on the set of her new picture — **"THEY WON'T FORGET."** Gloria Dickson says: "I don't expect a dentifrice to work miracles, but when it comes to keeping my teeth sparkling, I have never found anything quite as efficient as Calox."



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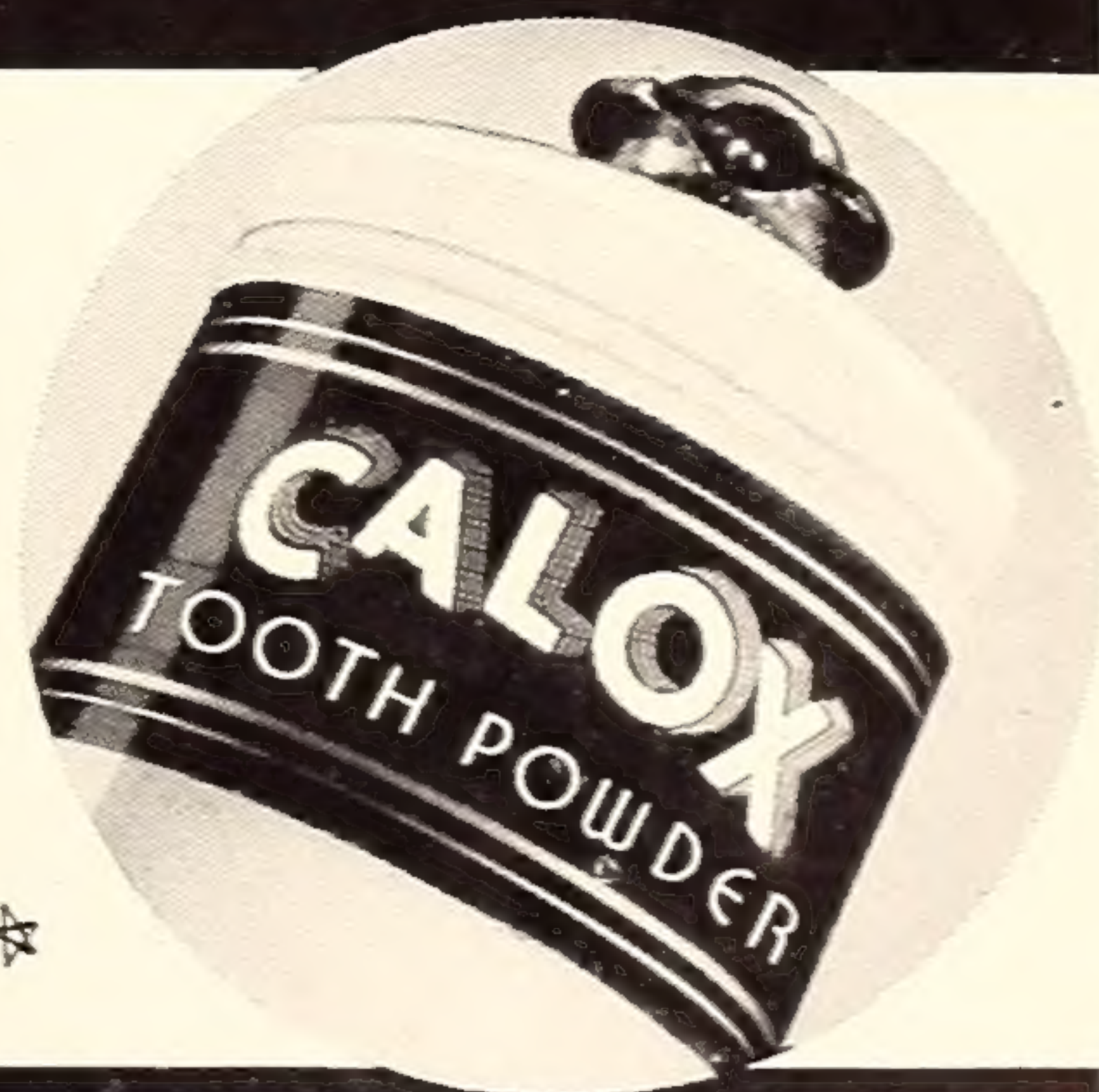


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